WEEK ENDING AUGUST 31, 1929

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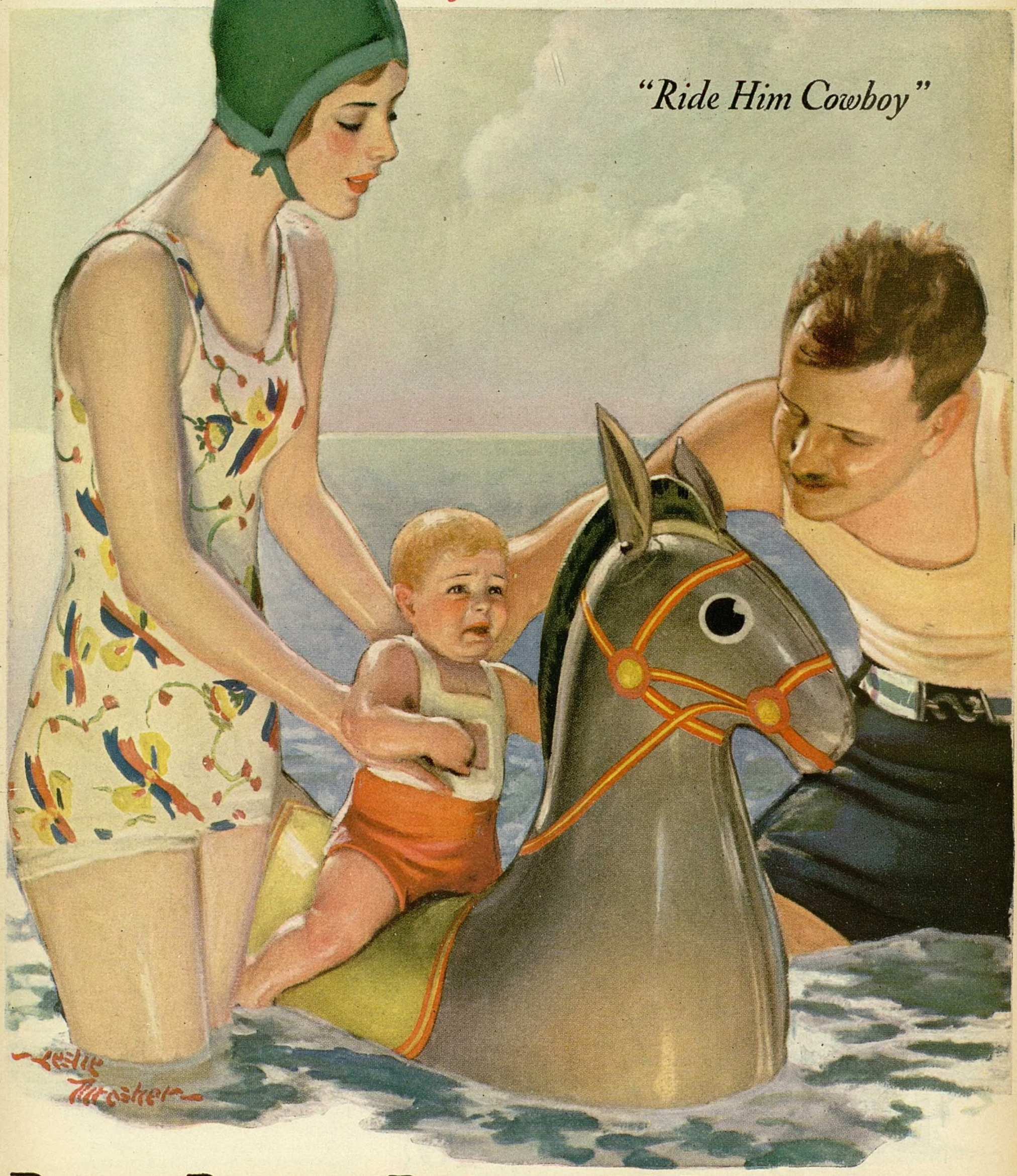


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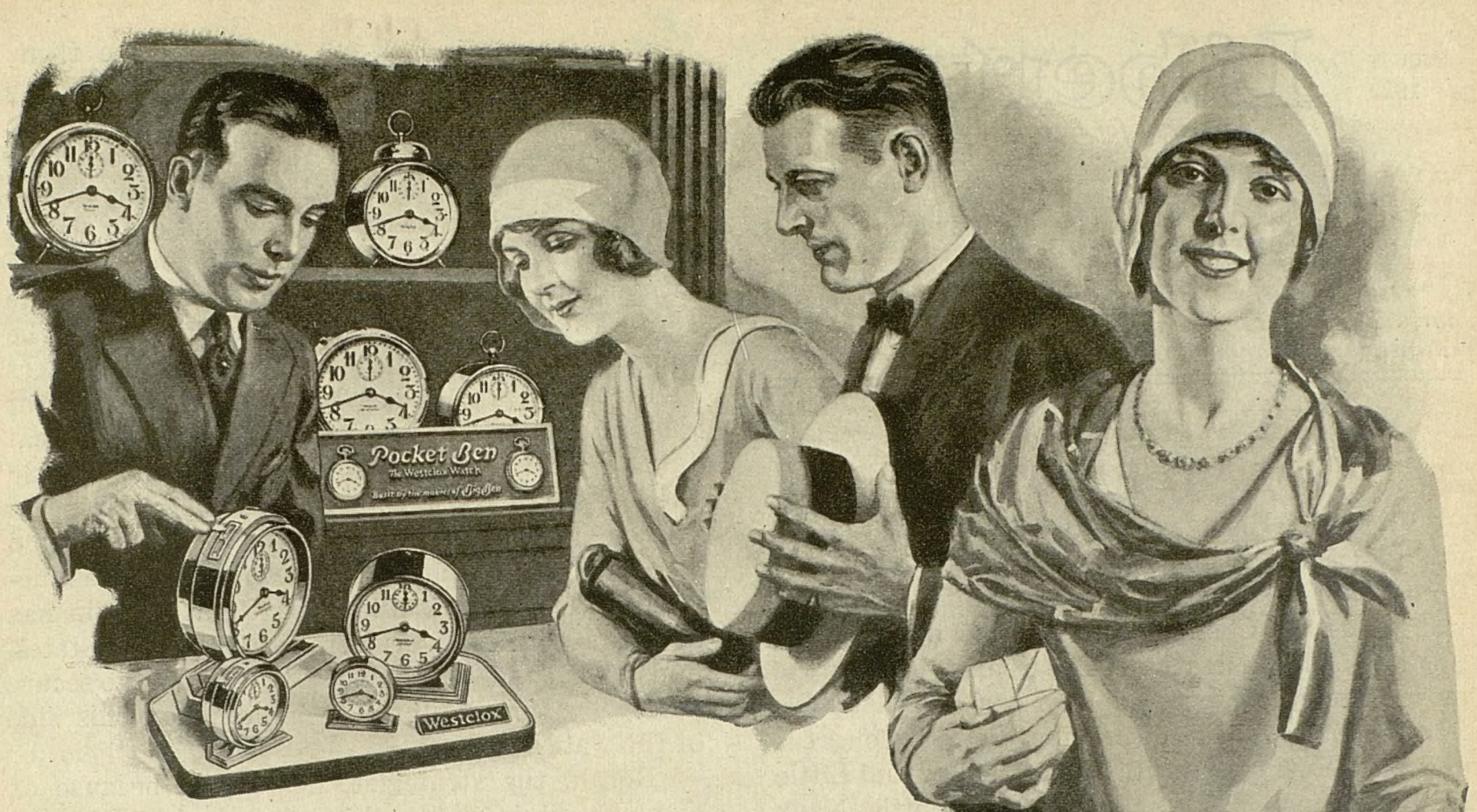


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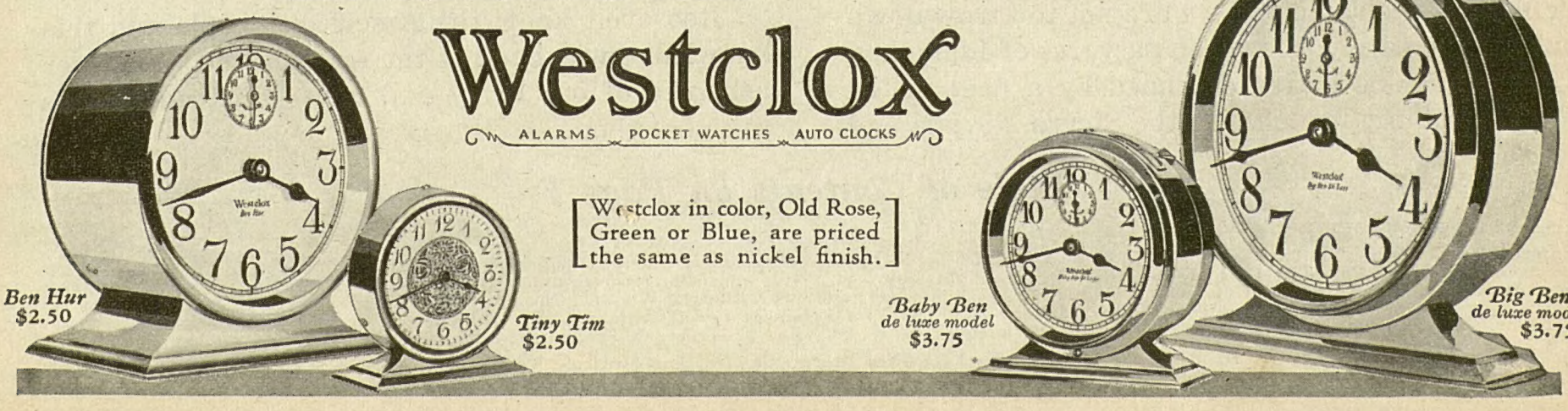

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AUGUST 31, 1929 **Liberty** VOL. 6 NO. 34
*A Weekly for Everybody*
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*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."* —*Stephen Decatur.*

# LET US HAVE PEACE— AND PARITY

President Hoover recently announced that he was going to suspend, by executive fiat, construction of the first five cruisers for which provision was made by Congress in the last days of the Coolidge Administration. The Cruiser bill was the most bitterly contested and discussed bill before that Congress. The discussion divided Congress and the country generally into Big Navy and Little Navy groups. The leaders of the Little Navy crowd are Borah, Brookhart, and King. The Big Navy forces are under the leadership of Senator Hale, chairman of the Senate Naval Committee, and Congressman Britten, chairman of the Naval Committee of the House.

When President Hoover had made his announcement, Senators Borah, Brookhart, and King were quick to applaud, and Senator Hale and Congressman Britten, supported by Commander McNutt of the American Legion, were as swift to deplore. This together with Mr. Hoover's remarks that we are spending too much money on our army indicates that he lines up with the pacifists.

Well, this is a democracy, and doubtless he believes that the wishes of the majority should prevail and that the views of the majority are best indicated by the views of women and preachers who are particularly vocal on questions of pacificism versus preparedness.

Mr. Hoover believes, and believes properly, that the vast majority of the people in this country prefer peace to war, but he is not a sure judge of public sentiment if he thinks that the majority of Americans are too stingy to spend insurance money on preparedness and against defeat if war comes. We ought to be able to convince Borah (Idaho) and King (Utah) that, if any degree of defense is desirable and we are not to throw down our arms entirely, the sheep pastures of Idaho and Utah would be better defended by a fleet in the Pacific than by trenches in the Sierra Nevada and Cascade ranges. But we can't convince them. There are no navy yards in their districts.

Ever since the Harding conference and the establishment of the 5-5-3 ratio it has been held that there should be naval parity between the United States and Great Britain, that each should be equal to the other, each strong enough for its own defense, and therefore each unable to operate across the sea against the other. They should be equal partners in the hegemony of the deep waters of the world and it has been generally felt that they would wield this responsibility, with as great fairness, and certainly more effectively, than would the League of Nations, if that league had a navy.

The great point about parity is that it should be parity on the water and not merely in the blueprints. As things stand now, Great Britain has four times as many cruisers as the United States, and it is hard to see how Mr. Hoover hopes to secure parity by stopping cruiser building on this side of the water.

Borah, the strategist, holds that because of airplanes it is useless hereafter to build battleships. He calls them "floating palaces," useless for modern war. Maybe, but we don't know; Senator Borah doesn't know; nobody knows. But there is one thing it is safe to go by: If Great Britain, which has had a wider experience than the United States in this matter of navies as well as in the matter of war planes and which is much less able to afford battleships than are we, feels that it is wise to build more, we can afford to follow her lead, even if it be a mistaken one. In fact, we can't afford not to. Later, if Great Britain gives up building battleships, so can we.

Whether he be pacifist or no Mr. Hoover can count on the support of the people of the United States if he leads them to equality on the seas. The great majority of Americans want to see us equal to the English on the water.

We have only to go back to Roosevelt to see that our people admire and follow a leadership that makes us strong and self-respecting. Roosevelt made our army and navy modern for the first time since the Civil War, and more effective than it had ever been, but he never came near getting us into a fight. On the contrary, he did more for the cause of peace when he brought about a settlement of the Russo-Japanese War than any other man of his time.

Roosevelt knew the American people and this knowledge was back of the fact that he was never ashamed of our army and navy—instead he was proud of them.

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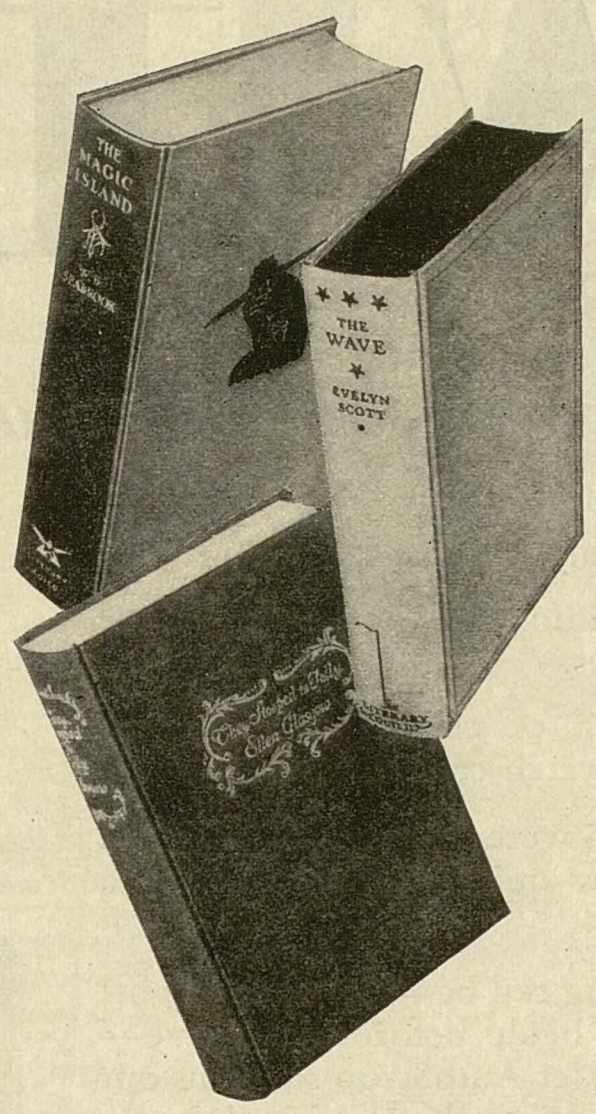


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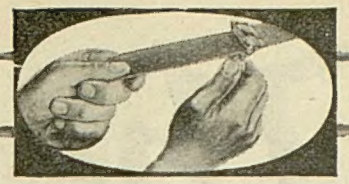

# *Why take it out on the* wife?

## *blame yourself when shaving makes you grouchy*

"You brute . . . I'm going straight home to mother!"
A line that has brought a million laughs—in cartoons.
And a million tears—in homes.

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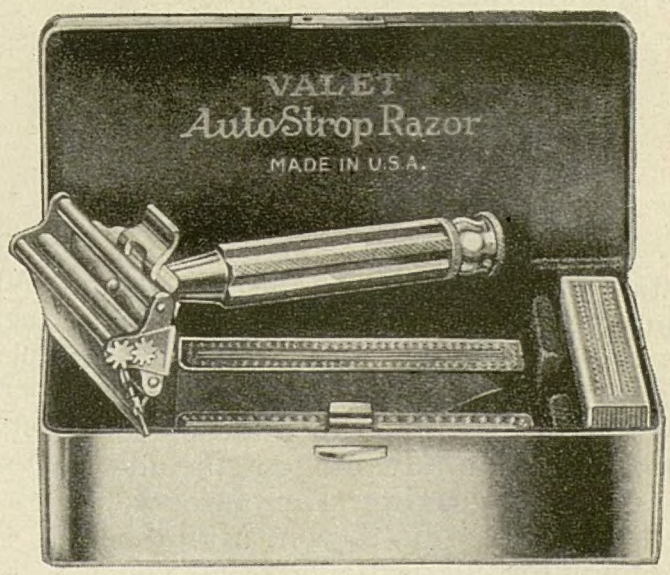


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# Locksmiths Laugh at Love

*A Story of the Way to a Woman's Heart*

By ELMER DAVIS

*whose White Pants Willie is one of our merriest memories. He was born in Indiana, and taught school and went to college there, then stepped over to Oxford as Rhodes scholar. All this he survived to do brilliant reporting for the New York Times and delightful fiction for the rest of us.*

*Pictures by* RAYMOND SISLEY

"I THINK it would be lovely," she said, "if we had an affair."

"Delightful!" he agreed, dropping her hand in hasty panic. Sylvia leaned back against the wall of the restaurant booth, smiling faintly.

"I mean it, Stan." He supposed she did. She was emancipated, candid; she meant everything she said, and said everything she meant. "I'm sorry you're not enthusiastic about it," she added rather acridly.

"But of course I'm enthusiastic! It's only that—"

That the idea startled him? Not that. The young people he and Sylvia knew were savoring the first thrill of putting themselves over in New York, making a good living at interesting jobs. Few of them wanted to get married, just yet; fewer still had scruples against unofficial attachments that were quite apt to end in marriage. He and Sylvia approved of that, in theory. But in practice—

He flushed. Their long comradely friendship had taken on a new warmth of late; whenever he kissed her good night, he wished that he never need leave her. But marriage might interfere with his work; and he had never thought of anything else with Sylvia. Back home their families lived next door; they had grown up together; he had promised her mother that he would take care of her in New York.

"It's only," he amended, "that I'd never dreamed you cared so much."

"Oh, Lord, Stan! This isn't 1884! I'm not in love with you, if that's what you mean—or with any other man. I'm not the type that falls in love—the way our ancestors meant it. But if you—if you—"

She broke off. The stuffy warmth of the restaurant was thick with the clatter of voices, the high cackle of laughter. He hated noisy crowds; there had been a time when Sylvia hated them, too. But probably she had got used to places like this going around with Bull Cardigan. . . .

He realized that she was waiting for him to say something.

"You know I've always been crazy about you," he began dutifully.

"Rot! It's just because I know you haven't that I suggested this. I wouldn't have an affair with a man who was crazy about me, unless I was crazy about him, too. It wouldn't be fair. I've always said that."

Her emphasis on the "always" sounded as if she had said it recently, and with a personal application. He scowled; everybody knew that Bull Cardigan was crazy about her.

"But you and I," she went on, "like each other, and trust each other, and know all about each other; and there's never been any nonsense or sentiment between us. . . . Oh, yes, you asked me to marry you, once, back home—because it was your duty; because we'd been intended for each other ever since we were babies. It always made me sick, knowing that everybody expected us to get married. As if what we thought about it didn't count."

"I remember what I thought about it the night I asked you."

"There was a moon that night," Sylvia recalled. "And the roses and honeysuckle were in bloom on the porch, and the band was playing in the City Park. You felt a perfectly natural biological impulse."

"Biology's out of my line," he growled. "I'm a physicist. But I still remember how much it hurt when you told me that you wouldn't marry a man you didn't love."

"Did I say that? But, my dear, I was only seventeen! Of course I used the Victorian phraseology; it was all I knew. What I meant was that I'd be damned if I'd marry

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LOCKSMITHS LAUGH AT LOVE
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the boy that father and mother and the whole town expected me to marry. Oh, I felt biological, too, that night. If you'd been anybody else I'd probably have thought I was in love with you; and if I had, you'd still be clerking in the bank back home and I'd be raising babies in a bungalow in the North End. But as it was—"

AS it was, she was one of the best girl press agents in New York; and he was the brightest of the bright young men attached to one of the great research laboratories; and neither of them wanted to get married. So it had all turned out for the best, even if it had hurt at the time.

"As it was," she finished, "you went back to college and I went back to school; and the next time we saw each other our little flurry was over and we've been the best of friends ever since. But, lately—"

"What's the matter with lately?" he demanded.

"Not a thing!" said Sylvia, reddening. "I was surprised when you first began to make love to me—I'd been afraid that all those platonic years had given us a taboo. But they didn't, thank goodness. Only, you know, Stan, we can't go on like this. So I thought—"

"But—my God, Syl! I promised your mother I'd take care of you!"

"I promised your mother the same thing. But I'd much better have an affair with you than with somebody else; and you'd much better—"

"Who said anything about an affair with somebody else?"

"My dear, you needn't think you're the only man who finds me attractive. And I—well—" She broke off brooding. "But I despise companionate marriages!" she said. "Making promises with your fingers crossed because you're afraid of what people will say. When I get married I'll mean it. But in the meantime—well, I'm twenty-five—"

"Oh, well," he said furiously, "if you just want to have an affair as a matter of principle—a declaration of independence—"

"You know it isn't that! . . . Or do you?" she speculated. "I suppose you've had lots of affairs with women, haven't you, Stan?"

"Certainly," he said with dignity. She laughed in his face.

*Sheila had just collected two drinks from the kitchen, and she gave him one.*

"Liar! I know better. You're always buried in your laboratory. But if you keep on playing around with Sheila Kron—"

"Sheila Kron? Why, I only like to talk to her!"

"Give the girl time, Stan; you only met her last week. . . . Oh, you needn't look so sniffy; if she wants you she'll get you. You'd be perfectly helpless in the hands of a woman of her age."

"She's exactly one week older than I am!"

"That's her story, is it? Anyway, she was married before you were out of prep school, and divorced twice before you graduated from college. Since then—well, the less said the better."

"NOW, listen. If you're going to talk scandal about Sheila Kron—"

"You needn't rush to the defense of what our ancestors would have called her reputation; she'd laugh at that herself." (He knew it.) "But she'd be blue ruin for you, Stan. She's insatiable of a man's time; no more of your forty-eight-hour experiments if you tied yourself up with her. And when she's through with you she'll put you in her next book of poems, nailed up on the barn door for everybody to laugh at."

He knew that, too. Picking out the men who figured in Sheila's poems was the easiest of cross-word puzzles.

"So," he said, "this idea of yours is just a missionary impulse? You'd have an affair with me to keep me away from Sheila Kron?"

*On his empty stomach it had instant effect.*

"Why not? You're my best friend; I'd be good for you and she'd be poison. You're not in love with her and you know I'm ten times as good-looking as she is; and I wouldn't make demands on your time, and I don't write poems— Honestly, Stan, I think your mother would thank me if she knew. . . . Not that I'm suggesting that you tell her."

"Well, I'll be damned!" he snorted. And then Sylvia looked up, and gasped, and tried desperately to hide behind her compact.

"Oh, Lord, there's Bull Cardigan! I told him I was working tonight."

BULL CARDIGAN indeed, coming down the alley between the booths, pausing at almost every one to greet somebody he knew. He filled the alley pretty thoroughly (he had been a half back at Georgia Tech), and above his broad shoulders his wide face beamed with the well-being of the bond salesman who puts all his own money in common stocks and watches them rise like skyrockets.

"Hello, Stan— Hello, there, Sylvia! Got out earlier than you expected, eh? . . . No, thanks, Stan; can't stop for a drink now. I'm going on to play poker at the Harvard Club. I took a bunch of fellows for sixteen hundred there the other night, and I've got to give them a chance to get it back. But how about dinner tomorrow, Sylvia?"

"Why, I—I guess so," she faltered. "Stop in at the office about six; I ought to be through by then." He passed on.

"Look here!" said Stan fiercely. "If you're going to have an affair with me, I won't have you playing around with Bull Cardigan!"

"An affair with you? But I thought you turned me down!"

"Well, I—I— We'd better think it over," he concluded weakly.

"That's what I told Bull," she said.

"Bull? Do you mean to say he's dared to ask you—"

"Now, listen, Stan. I like Bull—"

"Oh, you do? I hate the big gorilla!"

"Well, I like him!" said Sylvia defiantly. "In a way. And he attracts me—impersonally—just the way you do; no sentiment about it. But I'm afraid of him, too. He's so tremendous and dominating; and he has a terribly crude philosophy about women. When he wants a woman he just goes and takes her. . . . But he says I'm different."

"You certainly are! But if you're falling for that old line—"

"Bull wants to settle down," she said, "with a home at Great Neck, and two children, and three cars, and a speed boat, and a police dog. He's told me all about it. He knows I don't want to get married, but he's so ruthless and overwhelming that I'm afraid—"

"That he'll seduce you under promise of marriage?"

"Idiot! That he'll marry me under promise of seduction. If I had an affair with him I might lose my head and do anything. That's why I'd rather it was you. Because I can trust you not to—not to—"

"Not to become too interesting?" he growled, flinging a five-dollar bill at the waiter. "Huh! So it's me or Bull, is it?"

"I didn't mean exactly that, but— I like you both," said Sylvia desperately. "And if he keeps at me— Anyway, you needn't look so up-stage about it. I know perfectly well, even if you don't, that it's me or Sheila."

He stood up.

"You," he said, "and me. . . . Come on!"

She shrank back.

"But, Stan! I didn't mean right away—"

"Oh, you didn't? Well, I did." He seized her hands; drew her up. "Come on!"

She went with him meekly.

## II

OUTSIDE the spring air was damp and cold. A taxi slid up to the curb; he put her into it, climbed in after her.

"D. K. E. Club," he told the driver. She was startled. "Got to get a suitcase," he explained, "to get into a hotel."

"Not a hotel, Stan! It seems so common. Besides, somebody we know might see us."

"Well, I can't take you to my club; and you can't take me to yours."

That exhausted the possibilities. If she wouldn't consider a hotel— He felt an amazing relief.

"I moved yesterday," said Sylvia. (He thought, "Damn!") "Marigold Palmer went to France and left me her apartment on Washington Place. You've been in it, haven't you? Remember that lovely view over the gardens between Washington Place and Fourth Street? . . . But I don't know," she said. "People might see you come in—"

He felt reprieved. . . . But if they didn't see him come in tonight, they might see Bull Cardigan tomorrow. . . . He gave new directions to the driver and settled back on the seat as far from her as possible.

He ought to be wildly happy, he told himself as they drove downtown in silence. He was going to get the girl he wanted, the girl who was his best friend. . . . But she was Sylvia, who had grown up with him. He felt a terrific responsibility, beginning an affair with her. Sheila Kron, now— An affair with her entailed no responsibility; it was only part of the routine of seeing New York.

Their hands tingled to the touch as he helped her out, but neither spoke till they were going up the stairs.

"I do hope we can get in," said Sylvia.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ LOCKSMITHS LAUGH AT LOVE
Continued from page nine ]

"Why couldn't we?" he asked with reviving hope.

"Marigold had a morbid fear of burglars. She had a big trick lock put on the door and the key doesn't work very well. Once, last month, when Bull and I brought Marigold home from a party, it wouldn't work at all. Bull had to get out on the fire escape and climb over to the window and unlock the door from the inside. I was afraid he'd break his neck."

Stan wished he had.

"Well, I hope the key works this time," he lied.

But it didn't; no matter how they twisted it and turned it and shook the lock. In the unlighted corridor they looked at each other helplessly.

"Where's this fire escape?" he asked with grim resignation.

"Right here—at the end of the hall. . . . But don't try it, Stan! It must be four feet across to the bathroom window, and that's too narrow for you to climb in. You have to swing from it to the sill of the living-room window. You could never do it. . . . No, you'll have to take me back to the club; they'll put me up. And we can—think this over."

He regarded that prospect as the shipwrecked mariner regards the smoke of the passing steamer disappearing beyond the horizon.

"Oh, I can't do it, can't I? Bull Cardigan did it."

"But, darling, that's his stuff!" (She hadn't called him darling for years. Creating atmosphere, he reflected drearily.) "You're a physicist, not an athlete. Please, Stan! It—it doesn't matter."

Her trembling hand clutched his arm, but he shook it off.

"Oh, it doesn't? (If I don't do it now, he may do it tomorrow.) I just unlatch the door," he asked her, "after I'm inside?"

She nodded; without a word she followed him to the fire-escape window. Her pale, anxious face peered after him as he climbed out.

HIS legs wound round the fire-escape railing; he looked for the bathroom window. Four feet? It looked like forty. Beyond that, a little lower, the sill of the living-room window that his groping foot must reach. And a four-story drop to a paved areaway below! . . . But Bull Cardigan had done it, and might do it again. . . . Stan leaned out as far as he dared; lunged forward. His hands caught the bathroom window. Hanging from that he swung his legs through the air, groping for a footing on the other sill—and missed.

He wondered why the jerk hadn't torn his hands loose from the sill of the bathroom window, but they were hanging on for dear life. You didn't appreciate that phrase when you read it in an armchair. He looked up. Sylvia's frightened face stared from the fire escape like a pallid flower blooming in the night. . . . That line was from one of Sheila's poems. Sheila would never get a man into a jam like this. . . . He looked back at Sylvia. Why didn't she call for help? . . . Of course! She didn't want anybody to know. Damn her, she'd let him die for fear of what people would say. And she called herself modern!

With a tremendous effort he swung again, and this time his foot caught something. He looked—the blessed window sill. One more swing, a slithering lurch of his body along the blank brick wall, and his hand clutched the framework of the living-room window. He let himself down cautiously—thank God, the window was open—and a moment later his feet stood on the firm, the broad, the immovable floor. He wondered why he had never appreciated floors till now. A man stands on them all the time and never thinks about them—till he stands on nothing.

He fumbled for the light switch, turned it on, and unlatched the door. Sylvia stumbled in and fell in a heap in the nearest chair, staring up at him in silence. But Stan was moved to speech.

"Well!" he said. "You're in—and I'm out. You make me sick. I hope I never see you again!" Her eyes opened wider, but still she didn't speak. "You've made a fool of me long enough!" he cried. "You know damn well I'm in love with you—yes, what our ancestors called in love! I always have been. That time I asked you to marry me, back home, you turned me down so hard I didn't dare mention it again. But lately I've thought— Well, never mind that, I know better now. You wanted an affair—but not with Bull Cardigan; you're afraid of him. You wanted somebody you didn't care a hoot about; somebody you could throw over when you got tired. Well, I won't play Madame Butterfly to your B. F. Pinkerton! I'm no toy to enjoy for a while!" Her hand moved weakly.

"But you can't live up to your own principles!" he jeered. "You almost broke my neck tonight because you wouldn't go to a hotel. People might see you! People might talk! Huh! And you think you're modern! Go on—have your affair with Bull. He'll dominate you; the first thing you know you'll be Mrs. Robert Toombs Cardigan with two children and three cars and a speed boat—and it will serve you right!"

The door slammed behind him; she heard his feet pounding down the stairs. And still she could not stir.

## III

MOROSE and hollow-eyed, he came to the laboratory next morning. Here and here only he felt at home—in an austere atmosphere where men measured in millionths of a centimeter, and thought about quanta and wave lengths, not about women. Among coils and condensers, electric circuits and vacuum tubes, you knew where you were. If you did thus and so, and did it right, such and such things would infallibly happen. No surprises, no humiliations, no appallingly persistent aches . . .

For eight hours he watched a spot of light, reflected from a mirror, move across a ground-glass scale; timing it, and starting it over again, and timing it once more. Eight solid hours of that without thought of food or drink or Sylvia. And when he had finished, he spent three hours more plotting the curve of his results with the help of the most recondite mathematics. And when he had done that—when the results of his experiment lay plain before him—he sat and stared. He had proved that some of the world's greatest scientists were wrong.

Or maybe he was wrong. He might have made a mistake in his figures; the harmonics in his high-frequency alternating currents that had troubled him from time to time might have invalidated his results. Yesterday he would have been sure that it was the world's greatest scientists who were wrong; but he hadn't discovered yesterday how wrong he himself could be when he had a chance.

He was tired and hungry; his head ached; he wanted a beefsteak and a baked potato. But when they lay before him at the restaurant around the corner, he couldn't eat them. He swallowed a cup of coffee, but his head ached still. He wanted—No, he didn't want Sylvia; he was through with her. He wanted a drink; he wanted a noisy crowd; people who talked and laughed, people who didn't matter.

They wouldn't be hard to find—Vic and Mary Salter were throwing a party tonight at their studio on Fourth Street. Half the people he knew would be there. Sylvia and Bull Cardigan might drop in— No, not tonight. . . . He didn't care—he never wanted to see her again.

But Sheila Kron would be there certainly.

## IV

SHEILA was the first who greeted him. (It was one of those parties where half the guests never see the host and hostess at all.) She had just collected two drinks from the kitchen, and she gave him one of them. On his empty stomach it had instant effect, powerful and gratifying.

He looked down thankfully at her flat-nosed face, her colorless hair, her washed-out eyes that mutely admitted

that she knew just how homely she was. Men always began by feeling sorry for her.

"And they call this fun!" she said, looking at the chattering crowd. "I'd call it the Bronx Park express. This smoke makes my eyes smart. Let's get out of it. We can talk on the fire escape."

The word made him jump. "Mustn't let myself get a phobia about fire escapes." He helped her through the window; they leaned against the railing in the cool spring night. Below them, gardens filled the whole interior of the block. In the light from the studio windows the back walls of apartment houses took clearer shape across the gardens. Those houses fronted on the other street. He had just realized that the other street was Washington Place when Sheila began to talk.

"The trouble about parties like this," she said, "is that somebody always ends up at Port Chester."

"Port Chester? What's that?"

"It's a town up the Sound where you can get marriage licenses in the middle of the night. Many a boy or girl has got stewed at a party, and gone to Port Chester in a coma, and waked up next morning in the Pickwick Arms at Greenwich with a wife or husband they never saw till the evening before. . . . That happened to me when I was sixteen."

"Poor kid!" he muttered, and slipped his arm about her shoulders.

*Sylvia whirled about and stared at him. "Where's Bull?" he demanded, the frenzy of battle still on him.*

"And the strange thing about it, Stan, is that I tried to make that crazy marriage work. I didn't get much coöperation, but I tried. Oh, I know I'm more or less of a joke around town now, but I was full of good intentions at sixteen. Everything might have been different if that first man had been the right sort." He stroked her hair sympathetically. "It's funny," she said, "for me to be telling you all this, isn't it?"

"Not a bit!"

Yesterday that would have meant, "I suppose you tell everybody." Now he could only muse on the strange sweet fatality that had drawn them together—two bits of driftwood—

"I don't suppose you can understand a woman like me," she said, her face half hidden on his shoulder. "You're so aloof and austere. But— What's the matter?" she asked as he stirred suddenly.

"Sheila! I see a burglar! One of those houses across the gardens. See—on the fire escape!"

She turned and looked and laughed.

"He's coming out, not going in. Probably somebody's husband got home too soon."

His eyes were used to the dusk now. He saw a man straddling the railing of the fire escape—a man with wide bulky shoulders. . . . Bull Cardigan! So Sylvia had locked herself out again—

"Look!" Sheila gasped. "Oh, he'll break his neck!"

"I hope he does," Stan muttered.

But he didn't. Powerful and agile as a gorilla, he swarmed from the fire escape to the bathroom window, from bathroom window to living-room window in one quick movement. They saw the light switched on; they saw Bull Cardigan pull the shade down clear to the sill.

Sheila turned to speak to Stan, but Stan had gone.

## V

HE ran frantically down the narrow iron steps of the fire escape. From the ladder at the bottom he hung and dropped on the pavement of the area. Across the gardens, panting, sobbing. A high board fence blocked him; he leaped, caught the top of it, pulled himself up, and swung over. The barbed wire on the top slashed his hands open, but he never knew it. He had forgotten everything—except that Bull Cardigan must be kept away from Sylvia. He would throw Bull out with his own hands—preferably out of the window.

The ladder of the other fire escape—Sylvia's fire escape—hung above him beyond his upraised arms. He leaped, caught the lowest rung, hauled himself up. He ran up the narrow iron stair. The fourth floor—Sylvia's floor. He straddled the railing, leaning toward the bathroom window. Driven by red fury, he lunged and caught it as easily as Bull Cardigan. He swung himself over to the other window; he let himself down and in, under the lowered shade.

WITH a rattle and bang it flew up. Sylvia, standing by the table, whirled about and stared at him. She was alone.

"Where's Bull?" he demanded, the frenzy of battle still on him.

"Bull? He went home. I sent him home as soon as he let me in."

"You sent him home? Then you— Then he—"

"He didn't like it," said Sylvia, "but he went."

They stood and stared at each other; then, slowly, they moved forward, drawn irresistibly.

His arms went around her; she pulled his face down to hers. . . . At last he drew back, looking in her eyes.

"Sylvia! You said you wouldn't have an affair with a man who was crazy about you—but you're going to."

"I said I wouldn't, unless—" She laughed hysterically. "Unless I was crazy about him, too."

"Sylvia! You don't mean—in love the way our ancestors meant it?"

"God pity my ancestors," she said, "if any of them ever felt what I felt last night when you hung by your fingers from the window sill. Darling, I've always been crazy about you, but I didn't know it till I saw you hanging there. Then something hit me—the way the hurricane hit Florida. I tried to scream for help, but I couldn't make a sound. I couldn't stir. Afterward—when you were bawling me out, and I deserved it—I wanted to tell you, but I still couldn't say a word. And then when you walked out on me—"

He released her; she drew back, hurt and bewildered.

"Put on your hat," he commanded. "We're going to Port Chester."

"Port Chester? Where's that?"

"We'll ask a taxi driver. . . . It's a place where you can get a marriage license in the middle of the night."

"But you don't want to get married! Your laboratory—"

"I do want to get married—to you. I know you don't, but try and get out of it."

"No danger," said Sylvia blithely. "All day long I've been kicking myself because I didn't say yes that time you asked me back home—even if it would have meant a bungalow in the North End."

From the fire escape across the gardens, Sheila Kron saw what happened in the room where the window shade had flown up, and had never been pulled down; she saw Sylvia put on her hat and open the door; she saw Stan turn out the light. Then she went back to the party.

A tall young man seized her arm as she came in.

"I wanted to see Stan. Where is he?"

"God knows," said Sheila. "But if you want to call him up tomorrow morning, you'll probably find him at the Pickwick Arms in Greenwich."

THE END

# Is the Panama

## What the Recent War Maneuvers Have Shown

By

BRIGADIER GENERAL
HENRY J. REILLY, O.R.C.

P. & A. photo

*a West Pointer of military lineage who has seen war on three continents, studied international affairs the world around, and distinguished himself also in journalism and authorship. He resigned from the army in 1914 to join the Chicago Tribune staff, but from 1917 to 1919 he was back in uniform, commanding a regiment and later a brigade in the Rainbow Division, A. E. F Since then he has been a writer for newspapers, a contributor to* LIBERTY *and other magazines, and editor (1921-1924) of the Army and Navy Journal.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE—In Floyd Gibbons' story, The Red Napoleon, recently concluded in LIBERTY, the importance of the defenses of the Panama Canal was brought out by the events of an imagined war of the future. Here is an article by General Reilly in which he discusses the actual defenses of the canal as they are today.]

ONCE more the question as to whether or not the Panama Canal could be safely held by us for our own use in time of war has been tested.

The results of the maneuvers just held by the United States fleet and the garrison of the Panama Canal Zone are now being carefully studied by the general board of the navy and the War Department general staff.

Of one result there is no doubt. The success of an attacker, or of our defense, rests on the question of control of the air.

The public has vivid conceptions of the use of airplanes to carry out destruction on land and sea by bombing. The public does not realize that aviation has also tremendously added to the power of guns on ships or in coast defenses.

John Adams Davis photo

*A Vought Corsair amphibian of all-around utility in warfare.*

An age-old maxim of war is: "It is the duty of the commanding officer to use all the means he possesses to their maximum capacity, in order to accomplish his mission."

The mission of the commanding officer of an attack on the Panama Canal is to deprive us of its use. There are two ways to do this. The first is to put the canal out of working order, without trying to capture the Canal Zone. The second is to capture the zone without damaging the canal, thus securing it for the use of the enemy's war and merchant fleets.

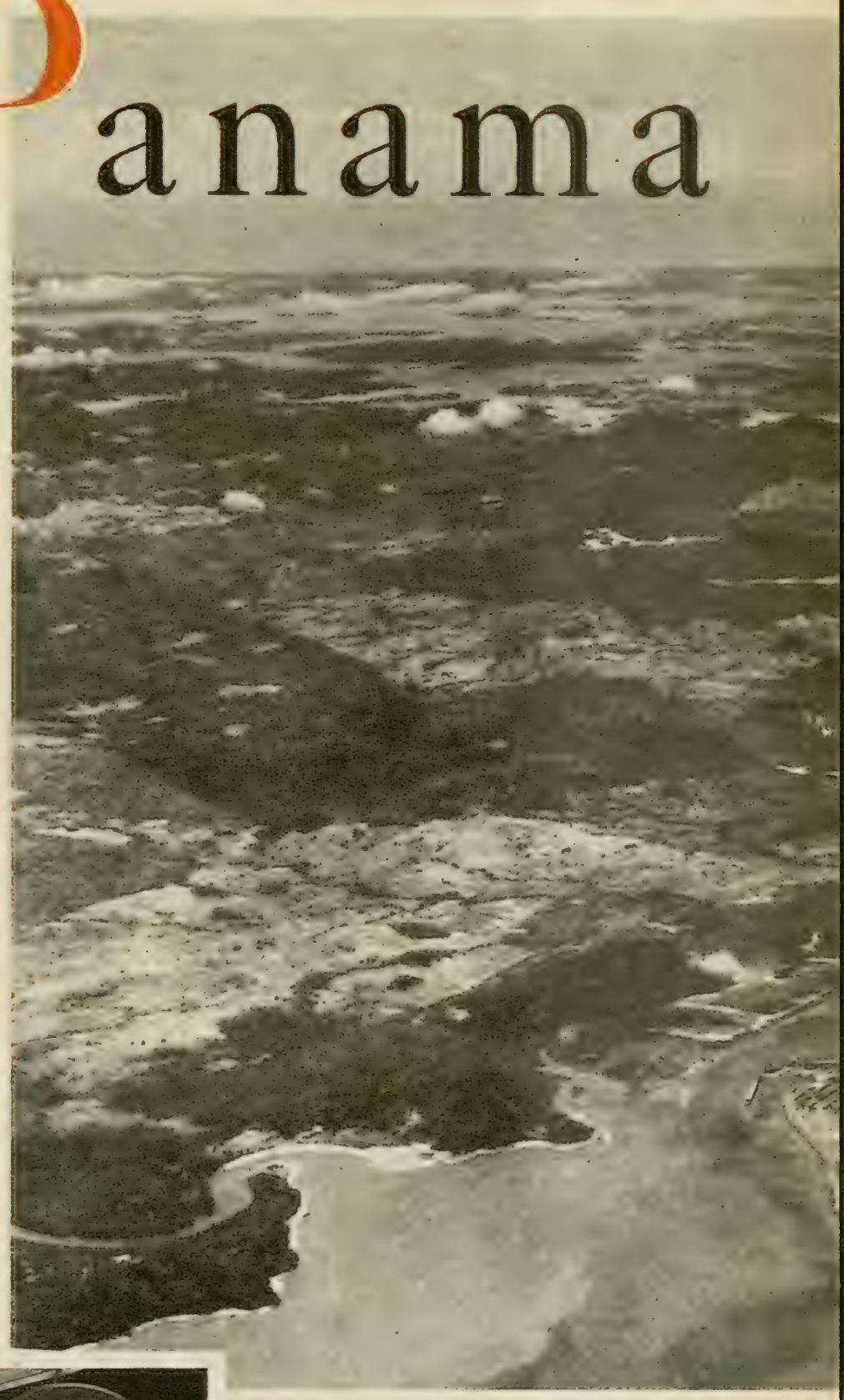
In the recent maneuvers, the mission of the attacking commanding officer was so to damage the canal as to prevent its use. To do this, he had to destroy one or more of the canal locks or the spillway of the Gatun Dam. The latter, if destroyed, would let the water out of Gatun Lake in a torrent, which would quickly reduce the draft in the canal below the level usable by any ship.

The means at the disposal of the attacker were seaplanes of all types, guns, and torpedoes carried by planes, destroyers, and submarines.

The means at the disposal of the defender were sea and land planes of all types, guns on ship and on shore, torpedoes carried by planes, destroyers, and submarines, submarine mines, and a mobile force of infantry and field artillery.

To test out fully all these means of attack and defense, the attacker made two attempts at destruction. The first was a bombing airplane attack. The second was an attack with his heavy guns. No attempt was made this year to land any forces from the attacker. However, the infantry and field artillery of the defense engaged in maneuvers to determine how quickly they could get to the positions assigned them for defense against landing attacks on the Pacific side.

The attacking force, called the Blacks, was under



*The Panama Canal as it looked fro*

# Canal Safe?

© Henry Miller

*the attacking "Black" airplanes above the Pacific off Panama City. In the distance are Colon and the Caribbean.*

command of Admiral William V. Pratt. The defenders were called the Blues. The Blue sea force was under command of Admiral Montgomery Taylor, and the Blue land forces under Major General Malin Craig, the commanding general of the Canal Zone.

Admiral Pratt's force consisted of eleven battleships, the airplane carrier Saratoga, the aircraft tender Aroostook, the cruiser Omaha, thirty-eight destroyers, a number of submarines, and a train of fifteen ships needed for the maintenance and supply of his force.

THE eleven battleships carried three squadrons of observation planes. These are launched by means of catapults, and their most important use is for the observation and correction of the fire of the battleships' guns. The Saratoga carried two squadrons of fighting planes, two squadrons of scouting planes, a squadron of torpedo and bombing planes, and a squadron of light bombing planes. The Aroostook carried a heavy bomber, which constructively represented a squadron of bombers.

Admiral Taylor's force consisted of four battleships, five light cruisers, the airplane carrier Lexington, the aircraft tender Wright, thirty-two destroyers, and a number of submarines, besides several mine layers belonging to the army and the navy forces based on Panama. His battleships carried one observation plane squadron. The Lexington carried one fighting plane squadron, one scouting plane squadron, one torpedo and bombing plane squadron, and one light bombing plane squadron. The Wright carried a torpedo and bombing plane squadron.

Theoretically a force of Blue battleships was rushing from Hampton Roads to the canal, in an endeavor to get through it and join Admiral Taylor on the Pacific side before the Black force could destroy the c nal.

The troops engaged were all on the Blue side, and consisted of the 10,000 coast and field artillerymen, infantrymen, and airmen who make up the present garrison of the Canal Zone.

The hostile Black fleet under Admiral Pratt could steer any course it pleased in moving to the attack on the canal. As a matter of fact, it sailed from San Pedro, California.

It was Admiral Pratt's business to get close enough in to the canal to carry out, first, his bombing attacks with his planes, and, second, his attack with his guns, despite the ships of the Blue fleet under Admiral Taylor.

It was Admiral Taylor's business to use his ships to detect, as far out as possible, the position of the hostile force—this because the use of the airplane has made it

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

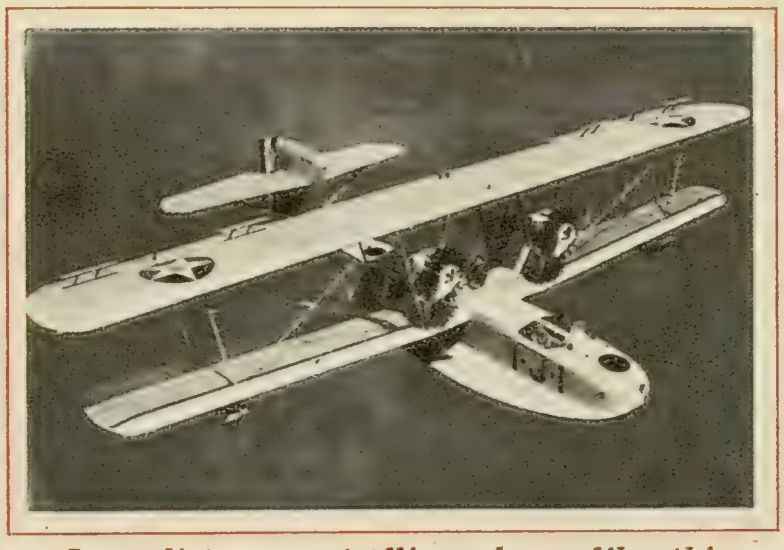
[IS THE PANAMA CANAL SAFE? Continued from page thirteen]

necessary to have warning of the enemy's approach at distances never before dreamed of.

There are two reasons for this.

The first is that an attacking airplane can come from a distance far beyond the range of any gun.

The second is that the best defense against attacking planes is by defending planes. However, since in air fighting the planes which are higher up have a great advantage, it is important that they should reach their highest "ceiling" before the attacker arrives.



*Long-distance patrolling planes like this took part in the defense of the canal.*

However, while ships on the sea or troops on the land can remain in combat formation for days at a time, fighting planes can do so only for a relatively few hours. Therefore the defending planes must have sufficient warning to be able to get up and reach their maximum altitude prior to the arrival of the attacking planes. As the higher up planes are, the greater the advantage they have in an air fight, it is important that the warning be given in ample time to permit the defending combat planes to reach their maximum altitude. This means the defenders must be warned when the enemy is well over 100 miles at sea.

Thus Admiral Taylor's first duty was to discover the Black airplane carrier Saratoga and aircraft tender Aroostook far enough ahead to prevent their sending out their planes to attack the canal locks and Gatun Dam before the defending planes could reach the necessary altitude to attack and defeat them. If he could destroy the Saratoga and Aroostook, so much the better.

With his inferior force of ships, Admiral Taylor could not hope to get at these two ships with his guns if they were adequately protected by their own battleships. However, once the positions of these two ships were discovered, he could, by using the planes of the Blue airplane carrier Lexington and the aircraft tender Wright, attack them from positions beyond the range of the Black fleet's guns. Admiral Pratt, in order to give the Saratoga the maximum chance, detached her from his main force and sent her, with the cruiser Omaha and two destroyers as an escort, on a long detour to the south near the Galapagos Islands.

AT the same time, well to the rear of his main force, the aircraft tender Aroostook, with a battleship escort, hunted for a sheltered piece of water, protected by land, on the south side of the isthmus, from which she could launch her heavy bomber in an attack across the isthmus on the spillway of the Gatun Dam.

She had to do this, because as yet heavy bombers cannot be launched from plane carriers. They must rise from the surface of the sea and from reasonably calm water.

Touch between the two forces was established by a Blue destroyer, which located Admiral Pratt's main battleship force well out to sea. Though the umpires promptly ruled the destroyer out as sunk by the gunfire of these ships, she had time to give the warning.

The consequence was a sea fight between the Blacks and the Blues. The Saratoga, which the Blues were hunting for, not being in sight, it was decided to attack the Black battleships with the Lexington's planes. In the bad weather then prevailing, the Lexington got too close to the enemy. The clear weather suddenly following a squall showed her to the California and four other Black battleships, which promptly opened fire with their fourteen-inch and sixteen-inch guns at the easy range of 16,000 yards, and theoretically blew the Lexington to pieces before she had launched her planes.

The next morning the Blacks lost the Saratoga. The battleships supposed to protect her during the raid of her planes upon the Miraflores and Pedro Miguel canal locks missed their rendezvous.

The Blue cruiser Detroit found the Saratoga well before daylight and radioed the Blue force. However, the Saratoga had managed to reach a good position well over 100 miles off the Canal Zone, and by daylight had launched almost 100 planes in the attack.

THE Detroit's warning did not reach the zone in time to prevent the attacking planes from flying over the locks, attacking them, and getting away before the defending planes could rise. All the Saratoga's planes got safely away except four, which were forced to land.

While she was picking up her returning planes, the Blue battleships, responding to the Detroit's warning, came up and sank her, theoretically, with their guns.

In wartime she could have escaped by taking advantage of her speed of thirty-three knots as against the twenty-one knots of the Blue battleships. This would have necessitated leaving her planes to their fate.

While this was going on, the Aroostook had found her quiet water and launched her bomber. After a long flight across the isthmus, the bomber theoretically dropped her heavy bombs on the Gatun spillway. However, being unable to return, she was forced to land, and thus, in case of real war, would have been captured or interned.

The three days of maneuver, culminating in the airplane bombing attack, had demonstrated that such a surprise attack could be made.

However, its efficacy was open to question for two reasons. First, because of the great increase since the Great War in the range, rapidity of fire, and accuracy of fire of anti-aircraft weapons. Second, because only the one plane launched by the Aroostook from a quiet bay could carry the heavy bombs to do great damage.

John Adams Davis photo

*A Vought Corsair type available for either fighting or observation.*

For these reasons, and also to gain the experience such a maneuver would give, an attack upon the Miraflores locks with ships' guns was ordered.

To carry this out, the Black fleet entered Panama Bay the following night. The Blue cruisers and destroyers, acting as scouts, watched this movement and reported to Admiral Taylor.

Admiral Pratt's job was one which required excellent judgment. He had to get in close enough to use his guns on the Miraflores locks. To do this, he had first to drive Admiral Taylor's force out of the way. As that force was considerably weaker than his, it could be done. However, as he closed in, he would meet greater and greater resistance. He would come first within easy reach of the submarines based on the shore defenses; then into waters which were mined; and finally within range of the coast defense guns.

By using only ranges possible with his heavier guns, Admiral Pratt could fire on the locks and the coast defense batteries without risking a return fire from other than the heaviest of the shore batteries. The sixteen-inch and

fourteen-inch coast defense guns, while long ranged and using heavy projectiles, fire with comparative slowness. The twelve-inch mortars, which are fired in groups of four together, are very dangerous for ships. Also, the six-inch guns, with their capacity for long sustained rapid fire, are extremely dangerous. By keeping out of range of everything but the sixteen-inch and fourteen-inch guns, Admiral Pratt could greatly reduce his chance of being mauled by the coast defense fire. As his battleships carried ninety-four fourteen-inch and twenty-four sixteen-inch guns, he had a heavy preponderance of gun strength over the shore batteries plus the Blue battleships.

The Great War showed that due to the small targets presented by coast defense batteries and the greater accuracy of their range-finding systems, ships attacking them always get the worst of it.

Since the war, however, the development of aviation has given ships a better chance—this because, with their observation plane squadrons high enough up in the air to see the shore batteries, ships no longer have to come close enough in to see them from their masts. They can lie out of sight below the horizon and still fire with accuracy.

Similarly, observation air squadrons enable shore batteries to fire on ships below the horizon.

Therefore, in such an attack as Admiral Pratt planned and executed, one of the first essentials is to secure control of the air.

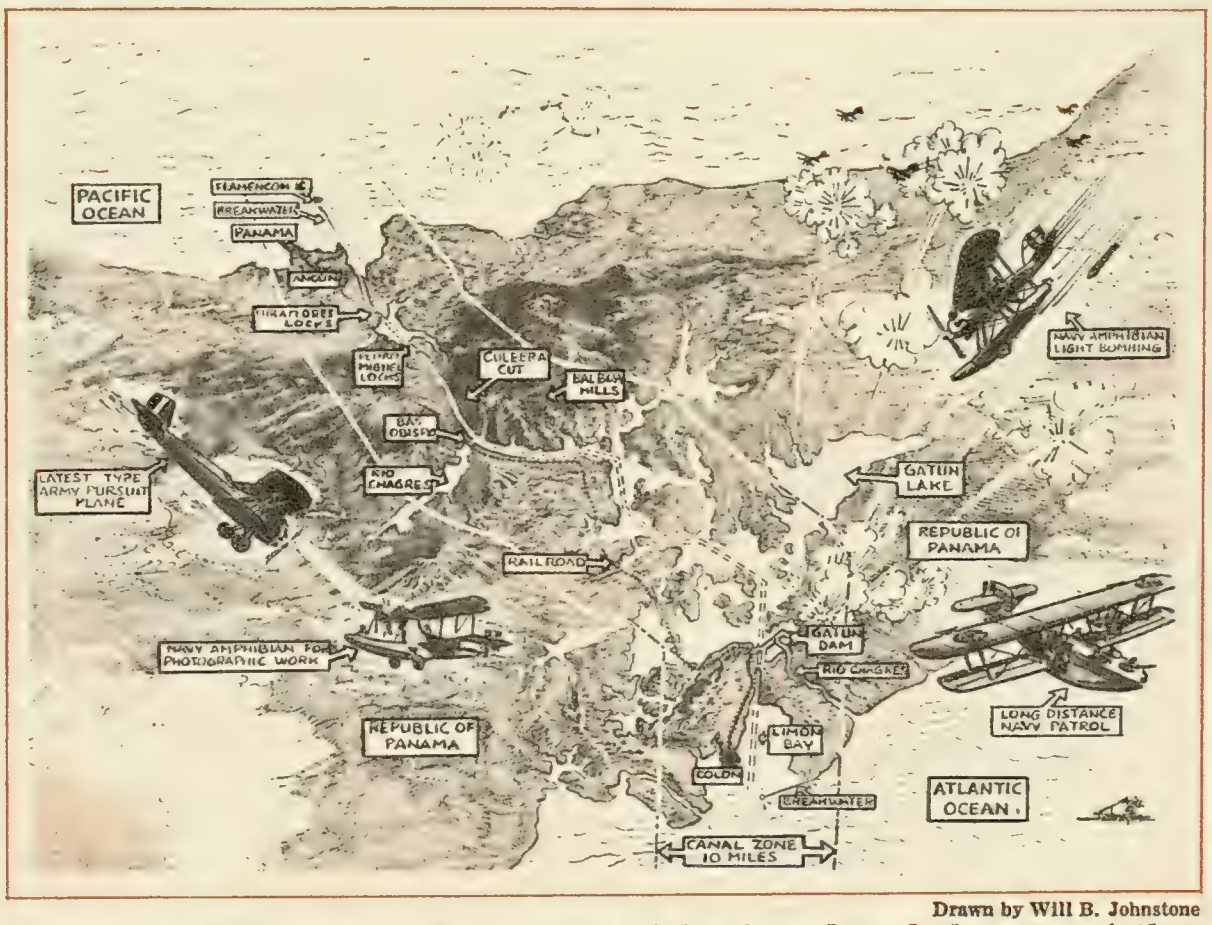
In this case, however, due to islands off the coast, Admiral Pratt, to get within range of the Miraflores locks, had to come within sight of some of the coast defenses. To make it difficult for these to observe accurately, both his destroyers and his smoke-laying planes were ordered to lay a smoke screen between his ships and the shore.

DESTROYERS while doing this move with such speed that they offer relatively poor targets for coast defense batteries. The only way to stop planes laying a smoke screen some distance off shore is to have them brought down by an airplane attack. Thus in still another particular the success or failure of such an attack depends upon control of the air.

Therefore both Black and Blue made preparations for the following day, which led to a maneuver as close as maneuvers can get to a kind of battle not yet seen in actual war, but undoubtedly typical of what would happen in any war today or in the near future.

Before daylight of the fifth day, Admiral Pratt's and Admiral Taylor's planes had taken to the air—the scout planes to discover the exact positions of the enemy, the bombing planes to attack the enemy's ships, the fighting planes to bring down all enemy planes. The Blue army planes and planes from the navy shore bases joined in. The observation planes carried by the battleships were launched from their catapults.

While all this was going on in the air, the destroyers of the Black and Blue fleets carried out their tactics of endeavoring each to screen their own fleet, while making torpedo attacks on the enemy's. Using its superior strength, the Black fleet, hidden behind a black and white smoke screen laid down by its destroyers and airplanes, drove back the Blue ships, so that the battleships assigned could open fire on the shore. The battleship observation planes, thousands of feet up in the air where they could clearly see the locks and the shore batteries, were in a position to radio to the guns the corrections which would have been necessary in war to bring the bursting shells accurately on their targets.




Drawn by Will B. Johnstone

*Showing the Panama Canal from its Atlantic end, and the uses of the different classes of planes in an attack on it.*

At this stage the Blue submarines came out from shore and attacked the battleships. They themselves were attacked by Black airplanes with bombs.

WHEN the maneuver had gone on long enough to give every one engaged a complete tryout, it was stopped. This ended the period of joint army and navy maneuvers. The naval forces followed this period with maneuvers of their own.

The joint maneuvers enabled the 10,000 troops making up the garrison of the Canal Zone to try out the plans for the land defense of the canal against attack both from the sea and from the air.

The great amount of air activity gave the anti-aircraft troops a thorough opportunity to test out whether or not they had enough guns of different kinds and had them properly emplaced. Only war will settle the dispute between this service and the Air Service as to how effective the fire of anti-aircraft weapons is against attacking aviation.

The number of coast artillery troops not being sufficient to man both the Atlantic and Pacific coast defense batteries at the same time, the plan by which all of them are concentrated on the side attacked—in this case, the Pacific one—was tried out.

In this year's maneuvers no marines were actually landed from the Black fleet to represent an invading force, as has been done in other maneuvers. Nevertheless the infantry and field artillery assumed that a landing had been made at a certain point and tested their plans for repelling it.

A joint critique of the army and navy was held after the maneuvers were over. In it different officers of both services explained what had been done and why. No decision was given as to which side had won.

Maneuvers are different from sham battles. Sham battles are arranged to give a satisfying spectacle, in which a definite victory comes to one side. Maneuvers are for the purpose of testing out weapons, organization, tactics, and officers and men under conditions as closely as possible resembling war ones. Such testing inevitably brings up points which would not be brought out by merely theoretical preparation and discussion.

What happens in them furnishes the basis for subsequent careful studies of the general board of the navy and the war plans section of the general staff, to say nothing of all the technical corps of the army and navy.

Maneuvers bring out two things. One is obvious defects of all kinds. The other is what movements in

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ IS THE PANAMA CANAL SAFE? Continued from page fifteen ]

attack or defense might be made with reasonable chances of success.

War is nothing like a chess game. While there are general principles, the application of these principles varies widely. This is not only because of new weapons and changes in old ones, but, above all, of the tremendous differences among the men who apply them. Man is still more important than his weapons.

While there are things which obviously are mistakes and others which obviously would be successful, between these two extremes is a great mean in which the best that can be said is that a movement has enough chance of success to justify it being attempted.

Critiques, besides bringing all this out, give the officers who participate in a maneuver a chance to know what everyone did and why. This stimulates discussion which inevitably later bears fruit.

There are certain rules which umpires apply. They may vary in different maneuvers.

The Navy War College has a very complete and excellent set of umpire rules, worked out over a long period of time. These rules take into account every factor which can operate in a battle at sea. By them it is determined where a ship is hit, how much damage is done, whether she is slowed down but is still capable of fighting, whether she is so badly damaged that she is put out of the line altogether, or whether she is sunk. They are the basis of the rules used by the umpires in such maneuvers as those recently held at Panama.

The umpire rules used by our coast artillery are not nearly as complete nor as effective. However, like the navy rules, they are based on probabilities.

Such maneuvers as the Panama ones cost but little, if anything, beyond the ordinary upkeep of our army and navy. The troops used are only those habitually stationed in the Canal Zone. Their maintenance costs no more on maneuvers than when in their garrisons at Panama. The Panama Railway transports them free.

The ships used by the navy are only those habitually in commission. Therefore their maintenance costs no more than it would were they not maneuvering. What exercises and maneuvers the navy can have each year is determined by the amount of money for fuel appropriated by Congress. The more liberal Congress is, the more exercises the ships engage in.

THE principal lesson of these maneuvers is that air development has greatly increased the chance of a successful attack to damage the Panama Canal. Deprivation of the use of it could easily mean the decisive defeat of our navy in war and the consequent invasion of the country. The effectual movements during the Great War of hundreds of thousands of British troops from Europe to the East, and of our own 2,000,000 across the Atlantic, show that the oceans alone are no longer barriers to the invasion of large armies.

Wide World photo

*The Gatun locks and spillway, with Camp Gatun, as seen from the air*

The possession of the Panama Canal means that we can always quickly unite the whole of our fleet in either ocean. It also means that we can deny this same quick concentration to any enemy. To get from one ocean to the other would mean, for an enemy, going the approximately 12,000 additional miles around South America.

As our fleet cannot be tied down to the defense of the Panama Canal, the canal should have sufficient defensive forces to defeat any surprise attack.

The maneuvers show the anti-aircraft defense and the airplane squadrons to be considerably below the minimum necessary war strength. Previous maneuvers have shown the infantry and field artillery garrison also to be far below the strength necessary to repel such troop landings as could conceivably be made for the purpose of destroying the locks, power plants, or other critical parts of the canal.

Also, as in previous years, the recent maneuvers proved the necessity for submarines based on the Canal Zone to keep enemy ships, be they airplane carriers or other types, at a distance.

The voyage of the Black fleet from San Pedro to Panama emphasizes the fact that the distance between these two bases of ours is nearly 3,000 miles. Hawaii, our principal Pacific base and outpost, which protects our Pacific coast from invasion, is 4,700 miles from Panama, or about the same distance as it is from Manila. These distances show that our fleet, if it is to be accompanied by its submaries, an essential part of its combat strength, must have submarines capable of cruising long distances.

THIS same distance between bases emphasizes the necessity for us to have large cruisers.

At the Washington Arms Conference and subsequent ones to consider limitation of naval armaments, other powers whose naval bases are more numerous than ours, and are separated by shorter distances, have argued to impose limitation on the size of submarines and cruisers, which would deprive our fleet of these necessities.

The maneuvers show that destroyer squadron leaders and more cruisers are badly needed by our fleet. The theoretical loss of the airplane carriers Saratoga and Lexington, both by gunfire, shows these types to be necessary if fleet aviation is to function.

The decisive work performed by these two carriers shows we should build the five new 13,800-ton carriers that would complete the 135,000 tons allowed us by the Washington Arms Conference.

The heavily armored and heavily gunned battleship shows that it still has the power, even after receiving tremendous blows, to shove its way through the opposition of other classes of ships.

The general lesson of the maneuvers, in so far as our navy is concerned, can best be summed up in a quotation from the recent testimony before Congress of Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of our navy's aviation:

"It is now agreed by all close students of naval operations that supremacy on the surface in any naval engagement between forces of comparable size can not be had with inferiority in air strength. . . .

"It becomes ever more apparent as we gain experience that the airplane does not and can not perform any new basic function in war which has not been performed in some manner or other for years past by other naval agencies. At the same time it becomes ever more apparent that there is no type of vessel, and no class of naval service, whose effectiveness in war is not greatly enhanced by the coöperation of aircraft in one form or another."

The Panama maneuvers were not war maneuvers in the European or Japanese sense. In such maneuvers everything is put on a war basis.

Had the money been appropriated to carry out the recent Panama maneuvers on a real war basis, our lack of readiness to face a real attack on the canal would have been immediately evident.

The army and navy are not only both below effective war strength, but have not at the present time the means of bringing quickly even such fighting units as the regiments and ships which they now possess to an effective war strength.

THE END

# Harry Creighton and Blanche

## A Story of Hoofers' Hearts

*HARRY taught her a waltz clog, buck-and-wing, and a soft-shoe dance.*

By

JOHN E. WISE

*who knows his vaudeville, having been a headliner for years. Before that he played with Ethel Barrymore in Edna Ferber's Our Mrs. McChesney. He always cherished a desire to play Hamlet, but comedy got him.*

*Pictures by* C. H. TAFFS

PEG O' MY HEART was busy making a record down on Broadway; hobble skirts had just gone out and the hesitation was just coming in; the Shuberts were booking the Hippodrome and the war hadn't started, when Blanche Merril joined up with Harry Creighton and formed the well known team, Harry Creighton and Blanche.

Harry was an old stager of twenty-two when he met Blanche. It was up at Remey's Dancing Academy. Harry knew all the ins and outs of vaudeville. He came from Brooklyn and at one time, when he was seventeen, he had been with Gus Edwards. A friend had induced him to go up to the dance hall and during the course of the evening he was introduced to Blanche.

She was a pretty little blonde thing—sixteen—with long curly hair and eyes that were trusting yet hungry for adventure and change.

Harry saw that she was pretty. To show his great importance in the cosmic scheme and to draw her attention to the difference between him and the rest of the young steppers in the hall, he said in a confiding tone, "Say, kiddo, how'd you like to go upon the stage?"

And she had answered eagerly, "Oh, I'd love to. How can I get on?"

He gave her the works.

"Well, I tell you, baby, I can fix it. I can put you into vaudeville. You've got looks and class."

Blanche colored. She was not used to such frankness. "But what can I do?" she said helplessly.

Harry thought for a moment, his hands deep in his pockets, his forehead wrinkled, and his eyes on the ceiling.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I think you got the goods. I'll teach you. You know I've been with Gus Edwards. He thinks a lot of me even yet. I was the hit of his act the two years I was with it. Stick to me, kid. I'll get you on the big time."

He really hadn't meant a thing he said. It was just kidding—the kind of stuff you hand out to a new skirt to sort of get acquainted and have something to argue about.

Blanche took it seriously. She worked in a department store at eight dollars per. She and her mother worked hard for a scanty living. She couldn't believe that she was meant for such uninteresting work. Something would come along. . . .

"When can I begin?" she said simply.

"Well, I tell you. Give me your phone number and I'll ring you up."

"We haven't any phone. You give me yours and I'll call you."

He meant to give her a phony number, but his brain was not quick enough. He blurted out the number of his boarding house and she had it down in her notebook before he could retract.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*" I've had enough. I'm through, I tell you! " He yelled the last words hysterically.*
*" All right," said Blanche quietly.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Blanche telephoned four or five times before she was lucky enough to get him on the wire.

" When are we going to start practicing, Harry? " she said plaintively. " You know I've quit my job."

" Quit your job? " Harry gasped. " Why, you shouldn't have done that! "

" That's what mother says, but I say if you're going to do a thing, you've got to do it."

Harry reflected on this bit of wisdom. He didn't know what to say to her. He was in an act that wasn't working and he was too worried himself without bothering with amateurs. Still, he had promised the kid. He might teach her a few steps. She could get a job in the chorus—a pretty girl like her.

" Well," he said, " come on up to the room."

She came. She came every day for two weeks. Harry's act could not get any further booking, so Harry formed the combination of Harry Creighton and Blanche. He taught her everything he could. They began on the essence—Harry hummed the Suwannee River until he could never listen to it afterward without fatigue. He taught her a waltz clog, buck-and-wing, and a soft-shoe dance that they did for many years.

It was a hard grind. Blanche would never make a great dancer, but she was slender and had nice legs. She could sing. Harry was quick to see that she had personality and would be able to put over a song. She was slow in learning. He took to nagging, complaining, and then to swearing at her.

She was persistent and eager. Eventually they learned the routine and tried it out.

To Harry's surprise, the act went over with a bang. Blanche sold her stuff like a million dollars and they went on the big time sure enough.

Harry naturally figured that it was his dance that really put the act across, because it stopped the show at almost every performance. But he was proud of Blanche. He made her. She was his work, the product of his brain and showmanship. When she sang her ballad in that easy, pleasant manner of hers, he was thrilled.

A year after their partnership was formed, Harry saw that she was going to make a pretty good performer, so he married her. It was better to have the money going into one pocket anyway, and, besides that, he loved her. Everyone liked her. He tried not to fall in love. It sort of put a crimp in his ambitions. It makes a fellow try a little harder if he doesn't know what's in store for him in the future. It's too easy for a fellow who gets married to think that life's settled for him and to say, " Well, that's that," and let things go. And Harry was ambitious. But he could not help himself—he married Blanche.

THINGS went very well for Harry and Blanche for years. The office gave them a good route at the beginning of each season and a steady increase in salary. They became known as a standard act—not a riot, but a good next-to-closing act for any bill. Harry, however, was not content. He was still ambitious. It was a great disappointment to him that no manager ever thought of putting them in a revue. He always wanted to get into a Winter Garden show or the Follies. He tried to get Max Hart, the actors' representative, to handle them, but, somehow, Max couldn't seem to see the act.

One year he paid for new material, wrote some new songs, faked up new dances, and bought a lot of new scenery and costumes. He felt that he would startle the managerial world into grabbing them out of vaudeville and placing them in a show. Harry Creighton and Blanche was a pretty well known name—it meant something. The new act was doomed to failure. The office liked the old frame-up best. Harry was bitterly disappointed. Something was wrong. He finally concluded that that something must be Blanche. He had not deteriorated. His dance with the Russian steps and the high jumps still knocked them.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

*At 25 Rue Ste. Gudule, is the salon de beauté of Fontaine, proud possessor of warrants from the Queen of the Belgians and other titled women of distinction.*

# FONTAINE *of Brussels*

***Beauty Specialist by Appointment to Her Majesty, the Queen of the Belgians***

## advocates this twice a day treatment to keep skin lovely

*"The one way of ensuring that the skin is thoroughly cleansed of all impurities in the pores is the regular use twice daily of a really good soap—and in my experience the soap to use is Palmolive."*

Fontaine

25 Rue Ste. Gudule, Brussels

*Monsieur Fontaine giving a facial treatment in his salon. Fontaine believes in the twice-a-day use of "le savon Palmolive," which, he says, is used with great success for facial massage in his establishment.*

VISITORS to the beautiful city of Brussels often stop before a certain shop window, opposite the stately Cathedral, to note with interest several distinguished crests—one the seal of Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians. In this shop Fontaine has acted as beauty adviser to lovely women of the European aristocracy. Here he has received, with pride, warrants from the Queen and from such dignitaries as Madame la Princesse Napoleon... proclaiming him official "Fournisseur," as was his father, since the year 1866.

This season Monsieur Fontaine is attracting much attention from Continental women of fashion because of a brilliantly unusual metallic coiffure of his own design.

*"The first step in beauty care"*

One of Fontaine's specialties is a facial massage for which he employs "le savon Palmolive qui rend a la peau la veloute" (Palmolive Soap, which makes the skin as smooth and soft as velvet). "The first care of a beauty specialist," says M. Fontaine, "is to see that the skin is in a condition to respond to treatment in the Salon. Many complexions begin to lose their freshness and youthful suppleness long before their time because the skin is never allowed to breathe. For skins do breathe—through the pores. If the pores are allowed to remain clogged up indefinitely with powder, rouge, fine dust, etc., the delicate tissues must suffer and lose all their vitality.

"The one way of ensuring that the skin is thoroughly cleansed of all impurities in the pores, is the regular use twice daily of a good soap . . . Palmolive. The value of palm and olive oils is well known—and it is a mistake to suppose that the same thorough cleansing can be got by other means.

"That is why I always insist that before my own preparations are applied, the skin must first be cleansed with Palmolive."

What Fontaine advocates, in *Brussels,* is recommended in *London,* by such authorities as Madame Bertha Jacobson; in *Paris,* by Cavalieri, Payot, Massé, Vincent, Delord et Bion; in *Vienna,* by Pessl; in *Berlin,* by Elise Bock. In fact, every authority of consequence, all over the world, gives this same advice on the care of the skin: protect beauty with Palmolive Soap. Massage the skin for 2 minutes with Palmolive lather; rinse with warm water, then cold. That's all. Its simplicity is one reason why this is the world's most popular treatment.

*Retail Price* 10c

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THE experience and progress of twenty-two years of building quality motor cars have entered into the construction of the new Superior Whippet Six—the Six that is giving thousands of owners an advanced idea of automobile value. In addition to being the only inexpensive Six with *all* the fundamental advantages listed at the left, the new Superior Whippet is also stronger and safer, having more frame cross members and a larger braking area than any of its competitors. The new Superior Whippet Four also embodies features not found in other cars of its price class. Both the Whippet Four and Six are notable for outstanding beauty, larger bodies, more speed and power, and economical operation.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

They went back to the old routine. Harry was disconsolate. He felt that they were slipping. After each performance he demanded a rehearsal. Blanche was all wrong. He picked on every word, gesture, and look. They went over and over every dance. They tried new songs.

"You're not good, Blanche," he would say irritably. "Why don't you do what I tell you?"

"I try to, honey," she would answer with an effort to hold her temper, "but you keep changing things."

"Now, see there. You always give me an argument. You're still an amateur. You never will be anything else. You talk up stage; you walk on my laughs; you can't plug a point without yelling it so loud that Houdini himself couldn't work a laugh out of an audience."

"I guess I'm pretty rotten," Blanche said one day, half sarcastically and half in earnest.

"I'll say you are," he agreed.

"Well, that song you wrote for me is worse," she retorted with a sneer:

"The tears that I shed, dear,
Are not for the dead, dear;
The tears that I shed are
for you."

She laughed. "And I'm supposed to goal them with that!"

"That's right!" Harry fumed. "Never give me the slightest encouragement; knock everything I do. Well, I'll tell you. It ain't the song—it's you that's rotten."

"And you, of course, are perfect."

"Alongside of you I am. Say, if it weren't for me you'd starve to death."

Blanche was frequently hurt at these encounters. She hid her feelings with a laugh.

"Oh, I would?" she said inconsequentially.

"Yeah, you would. I guess I won't ever get anywhere with you. I wish to God I'd stayed single. I wouldn't be plugging along like this—just making a living. I belong up there with the big boys. You're holding me back—see?"

Blanche took his criticism seriously. His continued insolence began a seige on her morale. She became self-conscious. She faltered. The assurance, the swagger necessary to a successful artist of the variety stage began to slip away. If the big hand failed to come after her ballad, she forgot to say to the act following, "You'll find out," or "The gorillas out there don't know what it's all about." She commenced to feel anxious. Maybe she wasn't putting it over. The audience wasn't liking her any more.

SHE examined her face in the mirror; smiled, made eyes at herself, frowned. Oh, it couldn't be that! She was still young and slim. With her make-up she couldn't look over twenty-two. But with Harry's constant nagging a doubt sprang up in her heart. She worked too hard. She forced her lines, faked her smiles, and dabbed the rouge with too nervous a hand.

It was at the Regent one very hot summer night that the climax arrived in the career of the act Harry Creighton and Blanche. They were fighting, this time, for money and a route. Harry was in a temper. He had acted like a cad for an extended period. Blanche, of course, was the victim of his unreasonable faultfinding. She had suffered—and in silence—until she thought she would burst with anger and resentment. She had spent much time in weeping, but after a time there was no relief even in that.

It was the last performance in the week. That night was stifling—the audience anæsthetic, busy with fans and handkerchiefs. Harry Creighton and Blanche were merely endured. Even Harry's dance failed to get a ripple. The gab went flatter than a pancake. Harry was overwrought. His nerves were near the point of prostration. God! What *was* the matter?

Blanche!

She was the rottenest feed in vaudeville. She could kill more gags than an orchestra leader. Her number was a funeral dirge—worse and worse. Why, they didn't earn one decent bow.

After the act he bawled out at her loudly: "Here we are looking for time and you go out and die like a dog! What's the matter, kid, weakening?"

*When Blanche received her tryout, Harry was in the audience.*

BLANCHE gathered her costumes and hurried to her dressing room. A storm was brewing and she did not want the whole theater in on it.

Harry stalked in after her. "Say, listen," he said roughly, "when I'm talking to you, don't walk out on me—see?"

Blanche glanced at him—not with admiration. He was dripping wet with perspiration, heat, and nerves. The curl of his lip and the moisture on his hands and face were repulsive. She was ashamed of her feelings. Poor dear. He did get so upset. She would try to control herself.

"I'm sorry, honey. I only wanted to get in here to change. It's so beastly hot."

"You ought not to be hot," he muttered savagely, "the way you worked out there. My God! You've got to snap out of it if we're ever going to get any time. I've never done such a flop since I've been in the business."

She answered nothing. She found that policy the best during such tirades.

Harry was busy with soap, water, and towel. Nothing seemed to cool him off. He sweated the more with each rub of the towel. The damn weather was ruining his disposition—and the act . . .

"I tell you, Blanche— Oh, gee! It's getting on my nerves. I've told you so often before. Won't you ever learn? Can't you read a line and hold it until I get the laugh? Can't you?"

The devil prompted her. She smiled up at him sweetly. "Must I hold it that long, dear?"

She shouldn't have said it—she knew that the instant the words were out of her mouth. The lid was off. Harry steamed like a frozen radiator.

"I've had enough. I won't stand any more. We'll break up the act. Life's too short to spend it with an idiot like you. I've been patient. This sticking to a bum wheel is a pretty sentiment, but it don't mean anything. I'm through! I'm through, I tell you!" He yelled the last words at her hysterically.

"All right," said Blanche quietly. "All right. You're through. Don't get excited. You're through—that's fine. Well, so am I. What do you think of that?"

"After all these years," he went on, paying no attention to her words, "after I've spent my time and energies to make something out of you; build you up—why, you were a shopgirl when I met you. Don't forget that. Eight dollars a week. That's gratitude for you. God! It makes me sick! I'm through! I've said it before, but I mean it this time. You can starve to death for all I care. You're not going to hold me back any longer."

Blanche was curiously unexcited. She was not angry. His tantrum beat against her heart though. The words were not unusual—he had said them before, but she had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HARRY CREIGHTON AND BLANCHE
Continued from page twenty-one]

come to the very end of her endurance. Unconsciously, she had come to a decision.

"I've held you back, haven't I, Harry?" she said meditatively.

"Have you? And how! Say, do you know how many offers I've turned down because of you? They wouldn't take you. They wanted me—see? My dance. Ever since I was with Gus Edwards—"

"Yes. . . . Well, you'll have your chance from now on." She turned to her mirror and began removing her make-up.

"And you!" he said sarcastically. "What'll you do? Go back to the notions counter or tag along after me and twiddle your thumbs?"

She wheeled around and faced him squarely. "Neither. Whatever I do will be my own affair, mister. But if it will ease your curiosity a bit, I'll tell you. I'm going to do a single."

"You a single!" He broke into an unseemly fit of laughter.

She returned to her mirror indifferently. There was not a lot of conviction in his laugh. She'd show him—the fool!

"Why, listen, kid," he said when he had quieted down. "Why, if it wasn't for me, you couldn't even step out on the stage. I put you over. You haven't any stage presence—no dramatic instinct." He had heard these terms from a Broadway juvenile. He thought they might be effective. "You've got to have more than a good pair of legs to do a single—you've got to have personality! Ever hear of that?"

She rose from her dressing table and crossed over to him. He was struggling with his tie before the mirror on his side of the room. She had made up her mind. She was determined, but she did feel as if she wanted to give in completely. She wanted to put her arms around him and beg forgiveness as though she had really done something to be forgiven for.

He expected that. He had deliberately tried to hurt her. He wasn't through. She knew that. He was too weak for such a decision. Well, she was! As a doormat, her days were over.

"Harry," she said calmly, "you have insulted me for the last time. If the act hasn't gone over these past few months, you're the one to blame—not me."

"I'm laughing."

"You said you were through. Well, so am I. We just gave our final performance. I will hold you back no longer."

He was not astounded at the words—he had heard them before—but her manner and her voice were unmistakably sincere. He did not know what to say. "Through" meant so much. Years of very close association. No married couples are quite so close together day in and day out as the average vaudeville team. They are almost as one person.

THROUGH? You can't just say, "I'm through," and let it go at that. There's those other years; there's those joint hopes and ambitions—dreams. You are, after all, Harry Creighton and Blanche. Your friends think of you both as one. One is really incomplete without the other.

"Well," he laughed to hide his fears, "hurry up and get your things on. I want to get out of this morgue."

"Am I holding you? Good-by." She busied herself with her make-up. He should not see the tears. . . .

"Say, what's come over you?" he said crossly.

"Just this, mister. You are much too good for the common people, and I'm stepping out. I'm going to make a name for myself in this business. I'm going to show you—"

"Well, you won't use my material, my songs, or my dances," he yelled at her in exasperation.

She sighed. "Yours? Yours? Haven't I anything after fourteen years? But never mind, dearie. Put yourself at rest. I don't want any part of you or yours."

He bolted out of the door and slammed it. Halfway across the darkened stage, he stopped. He did not know what to do—whether to go to the hotel, the restaurant, or to wait for her. He tiptoed back to the door of the dressing room and listened.

He thought he heard her weeping. He opened the door suddenly, but Blanche saw him first. Her face, convulsed with weeping, immediately assumed a comic mask and the laughter that followed was unpleasant.

Harry was not certain. He did not know what made him say it, but he had to have some excuse for breaking in upon her.

"Come on. I can't let you end up in the old ladies' home. You're too old to try any new tricks."

"I'm too old? Well, maybe I am. But I am also too old to play football to your bad temper any longer."

"You're serious?"

"Have no doubts. I am."

"Well, then—good-by."

He turned toward the door. "I guess you can use the routine in the act if you want."

"Thanks," Blanche said huskily, "but I won't need it."

"Mark my words," he flared up suddenly, "you'll be sorry for this." He hurried out of the dressing room and this time he did not return.

"Sorry?" Blanche sobbed, burying her face in her arms. "Sorry? You fool, I wish I could die this minute."

AFTER the dissolution of the team, Blanche began her campaign. She'd show that man—show everybody.

Songs! That was what people wanted nowadays. She could sing a little better than most people. She was good-looking and slender. Costumes? She'd wear the darnedest get-ups. She visualized herself in gowns of different kinds, colors, and intentions.

A thing she had learned from listening to Harry's discussions of baseball with any one who would listen to him—"change of pace" was the thing. Pitchers had to use it. Everyone who wanted to fool the public needed it. She added to the idea; change of mood, character, appearance, tempo. She would simply shock people into coming to see her.

The first thing was a press agent. It was her idea to flash; to glitter, shine, dazzle. Her name was to be everywhere. Blanche Creighton! They must hear of her in San Francisco, Galesburg, and Bridgeport. A press agent—Allan Dalzell! Who better?

Allan had more ideas a minute than most of us have in an hour. And what ideas! He knew just the thing to make people stop, laugh, sneer, and talk. He could lie—so beautifully and with such humor. He was the man. . . .

Allan undertook the job. Blanche had a little money. She hadn't worked fourteen years for nothing. But Allan was not so keen for money. She told him the situation and he fell for the idea. It amused him. Here was an opportunity to show his versatility. He would, as he said, spread himself.

In the course of six months, according to the newspapers, Blanche Creighton lost her jewels, threatened to marry the famous Duke of Devonshire (and rumor had it also—Lindbergh), made three unsuccessful attempts to fly the Atlantic, played a game of golf with Bobby Jones, and acted as a witness in a notorious murder trial. It was also given out that she wrote poetry, dabbled in chemistry, and painted scenery during her idle hours.

Within six months after her separation, Blanche had played a two weeks' engagement at the Palace, the Riverside three times, the 81st St., and Loew's State. She had signed a contract with the big circuit for two years' booking with headline honors and a salary that staggered her.

Allan Dalzell arranged everything. Allan was simply a peach. Brains will always win, he used to tell everyone who wanted to talk about Blanche.

Harry languished and faded from the scene. At first, he could not believe that Blanche was serious. What could she do without him? Why, he had taught her everything she knew. It was just a gesture—he was amused.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

# Roses, Radishes —and Reader Interest

DURING the first 6 months of 1929—the period ending June 30—more than 143,000 letters were received by LIBERTY from its readers. Enthusiastic endorsers crossed pens with carping critics . . . Pæans of praise and padded bricks bounced into the editorial sanctum . . . Today's mail brought roses . . . Tomorrow radishes! . . . More than 50,000 proud parents sent us the scintillating sayings of sonny or sister. And, though last year women readers bought 56,644 copies of the LIBERTY cookbooks, in *6 months* this year they have already purchased 31,413 of these handy helps for harried housewives . . . During this same period beauty booklets to the number of 10,187 have been requested by feminine followers . . . Vox Pop made itself voluble on 5,830 occasions.

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CIRCULATION
There will be no increase
in Advertising Rates

So much for figures . . . Now for the psychology: What this army of men and women had in common was INTEREST. The force that motivated to written action was interest. Interest with an upper case I overcame the combined handicaps of hurried hours, initial inertia, penman's procrastination.

Far more than most magazines, LIBERTY stimulates definite evidence of interest on the part of its readers . . . prods people to put-it-in-writing. LIBERTY, younger, more vigorous,

holding the mirror closer to this colorful, controversial day, naturally attracts younger-minded, more alert, more responsive readers . . . Attracts more than two million families of them each week!

Out of all this comes the inevitable reaction. Reader Interest has its natural ricochet into the advertising pages . . . Reader Interest pyramids the thing called pulling-power to new peaks of effectiveness for advertisers.

With wealth so widely distributed *buying power* ceases to be the major worry in weighing magazine values. Today the big question is *reading power* . . . Knife-edged competition for the public's reading time has made it so!

The assurance that you are getting reading power is newsdealer sales. LIBERTY carries the highest obtainable assurance of reading power with its 99% newsdealer circulation . . . That's why more and more sales managers prefer LIBERTY for meeting actual sales quotas!

Grand total of LIBERTY cookbooks purchased by women readers—271,164

LIBERTY

A Weekly for Everybody

[HARRY CREIGHTON AND BLANCHE
Continued from page twenty-two]

His amusement was soon to melt away. He made no attempt to get a new partner. He couldn't work without her. For a time he could not eat or sleep without her. When he finally came to realize that she had really left him, he felt unreasonably bitter. He got drunk. For weeks he played around with no definite plan for the future.

He thought of asking her to come back to him. As her name began appearing in all the papers and she began making spasmodic appearances in neighborhood theaters, he gave up the idea. He had to maintain his dignity.

When she received her tryout at Proctor's 58th St., he was in the audience, all athrill. Her name was flashed on the announcer, "Blanche Creighton." It was hard for him to keep still. "That's my name," he wanted to shout. "I gave her that."

Blanche with her piano player proceeded to shock the audience into a demonstration. Those who did not like her thought they ought to and applauded with the rest.

In her first number she was a demure little girl who "did not paint or powder—a modest little thing" who was able to wheedle the most extravagant things from her older constituents. She dressed the number as simply as she could—yet richly. Her eyes did what her voice could not, and she demanded the audience's attention from the very first and would not let them go until she finished the song and was off stage.

Her next was an Eva Tanguay number having to do with Mae West, Texas, and me. On her entrance the audience sat up expectantly. She was ablaze in a gown of scarlet plumes—a steal from the famous Eva—there was little material where there should have been plenty, and a myriad of waving, dancing ostrich plumes where there is usually little. The 58th St. audience was uproarious in its demands to hear and see more. Blanche accommodated by several stories which went over with telling effect.

Harry's heart was a thing leaden and sad—an uncomfortable weight in his body. He did not want to stay for the rest of the performance, but he was in a seat far from the aisle and did not like to disturb the others. He'd sit through it if it killed him.

To his astonishment her third offering was the song she sang in their act. Why on earth did she sing that thing?

The tears that I shed, dear,
Are not for the dead, dear;
The tears that I shed are for you.

He had never realized how silly that song really was. No wonder Blanche used to have such a hard time with it. . . . She was wrapped in an opera shawl of beautiful embroidered silk. She was lovely. He smiled—but that song! She finished. The house would not let her continue with her repertoire. She had to repeat. She sang the chorus three times.

"The tears that I . . ."

HARRY pushed his way past everyone's knees and over their feet to the aisle. He hurried out of the theater without glancing back at the stage.

He got the idea, damn her! She only wanted to show him that she could register even with that song—that song he had written which she didn't like. She never liked it. It was only to humiliate him.

Well, she did. He saw that he was licked. She had her revenge. He would never bother her as long as he lived. He'd step right out of her life.

Then he did a silly thing. Harry got sick. He lost his appetite. He began to grow weak. He seemed to wilt gradually like a flower deprived of its daily drink.

Friends came in to see him. He asked the hotel people to admit no one and he was alone. One morning he was delirious, and the maid, hearing his mumbling, called the doctor. He was a young chap, the doctor, not long out of college—brusque and businesslike but with understanding. He insisted on the story and after a few visits coaxed it from the sick man.

"Don't be a quitter!" he scolded when he learned the details. "Don't be yellow. She's shown you, hasn't she? Well, show her. Don't let a fool woman get the better of you."

"I can't show her," Harry sighed. "I haven't the stuff. I'm just a dumb hoofer."

The doctor was impatient. "Don't be a sap! I've seen the jane. She hasn't a thing."

Harry sat up angrily. "You lie!" he shrieked. "You lie!" He fell back again on the pillow. "It's me, doctor. I'm the lame duck. She's got personality. She's wonderful. She's—"

"YEAH, I know, and you're sick. Two to one you've got it on her, but my God, man, are you going to just lie down and die? Get yourself a new mama and give her a run for her money."

"I can't—"

"That's because you're sick. Now, I'll tell you what to do. Get on a train and get as far away from this town as you can. Get back your nerve—it won't take long—and then have a go at it again."

Harry carried out the doctor's orders. In a few weeks he was ready to try things again. He recovered his health, and he had steeled himself to the situation. Blanche was a hit, a headliner, and an ex-wife. He would let it go at that. He returned to the white lights.

Polly Stanton was out of work. He had known her for years. Blanche had always been a little bit jealous of Polly. She was a real good fellow and men liked her instinctively. Harry had always been fond of her. She would probably fit very nicely in Blanche's shoes.

When he broached the subject to her, Polly was more than eager to line up with him.

"I need the money, old dear. I haven't worked in an age."

Harry Creighton and Polly got booked without much trouble. Harry was as good as ever and Polly was always a first-rate performer. The act registered. A few sarcastic remarks in Variety were all that bothered Harry. One reviewer suggested that they ought to call the act "Mr. Blanche Creighton and Polly" and the act would have a better draw.

They were getting along splendidly until they were booked into Albany at Proctor's. Harry hadn't noticed the bill. It was sure to happen at one time or another anyway, but when he came into rehearsal early one Monday morning, his mind was made up to cancel.

"Blanche Creighton" was in lights in front of the theater, on all the billboards, in the ads in the newspapers, on the street-car fronts, on the screen—everywhere he turned.

"I can't play your theater," he said to the manager.

"It's too late to cancel now, Harry."

"I can't play," Harry said doggedly. "My partner's sick."

At that moment Polly came in breathlessly. "Oh, Harry, guess who's on the bill—Blanche!"

The manager turned to Harry curiously. "You'll have to stick it out, son. I'm sorry."

Harry Creighton and Polly was a next-to-closing act. So was Blanche Creighton. Blanche was the headliner. Harry's act was shunted to number two.

There was no help for it. He simply had to stand the humiliation. Polly needed the money; the manager could not get another act; and, well, he would not run away. He had done nothing to be ashamed of.

Blanche came into the theater at 2 o'clock. She was all atremble and her heart pounded furiously. She knew that Harry was to be at the theater. She had arranged her booking that they would meet. It had not been fair, but she felt that she had to see him.

Harry's turn with Polly came all too soon. He hurried past Blanche's dressing room. Her door was open, but he did not look in. He wanted to.

Blanche stood in the wings watching his act. She could hardly keep back the tears. Polly spoke to her. They chatted a moment or two, but Harry ignored her. The act went badly. He stammered his lines. He forgot the words of his song.

When Blanche made her entrance she was applauded. She smiled proudly, hoping that Harry might be looking at her. Harry was not. He was in his room—listening. Polly was there. She smiled encouragement. She applauded.

" You are really wonderful, Blanche, dear. I've always said you have the most marvelous—"

" Oh, Polly," Blanche interrupted, taking her arm, " please come into my room for a few moments, will you? "

" Sure," said Polly wonderingly.

When they were safely in the room with the door closed, Blanche spoke up: " Polly, I want you to do me a favor. Don't say you won't."

" Well, if I can," Polly hesitated.

" Polly, listen. I want to get back my husband."

Polly straightened in astonishment. " In the act? "

Blanche nodded.

" Why, Blanche, you're crazy. You couldn't do a thing like that. Why, look at you! Why, you're a sensation. You've got a career. Oh, no, honey. You don't want to do a thing like that. Oh, no."

Blanche laughed ruefully. " The pace is too fast, Polly. I love my husband. I've got to get back with him. Fourteen years—"

" But Harry is so proud."

" I know. I'm just hoping he still cares for me. I tell you, this is my chance. Do this thing for me please."

" I? What can I do? "

" You get on a train and go back to New York. . . . Now, wait, Polly. I'll pay you your salary just the same until you join another act. You won't lose anything. I'll buy your clothes. I'll give you money besides. Please, Polly. I know you'll do this for me. It's so serious."

" Well, of course, I'll do it. I think you're making a mistake, though."

It was all agreed. Blanche kissed Polly gratefully and escorted her to the New York train.

" I wish you luck," Polly said, " but I still think you're silly."

WHEN it came time for the supper show, Polly had not arrived at the theater. Harry was frantic. There was one thing about him—he was always on time. He sweated and cursed. " Damned inconsiderate women! " Ten minutes before he was to go on, he called the manager:

" I'm sorry, but Polly isn't here. I can't go on alone. You better get the third act ready."

" Oh, it's all right," the manager said calmly. " She'll be here."

" Well, she won't be able to get ready, anyhow. We're out of the show, I tell you."

" Are you ready? "

" Yes, but, don't you see—"

" Well, don't worry."

Harry thought the manager must be a little off. It wasn't his fault. He refused to worry. The first act was in its last number. He fumed and fretted. The third act was nowhere in sight. He called the stage manager. " What's the matter with everyone around here? "

" Go do your stuff, kid," said the stage manager, " and quit your bellyachin'. Here's your partner now."

Blanche was frightened. She was afraid of his reception. She had waited till the very last moment. Harry was too much the man of the theater to let his pride interfere too materially with the run of the show.

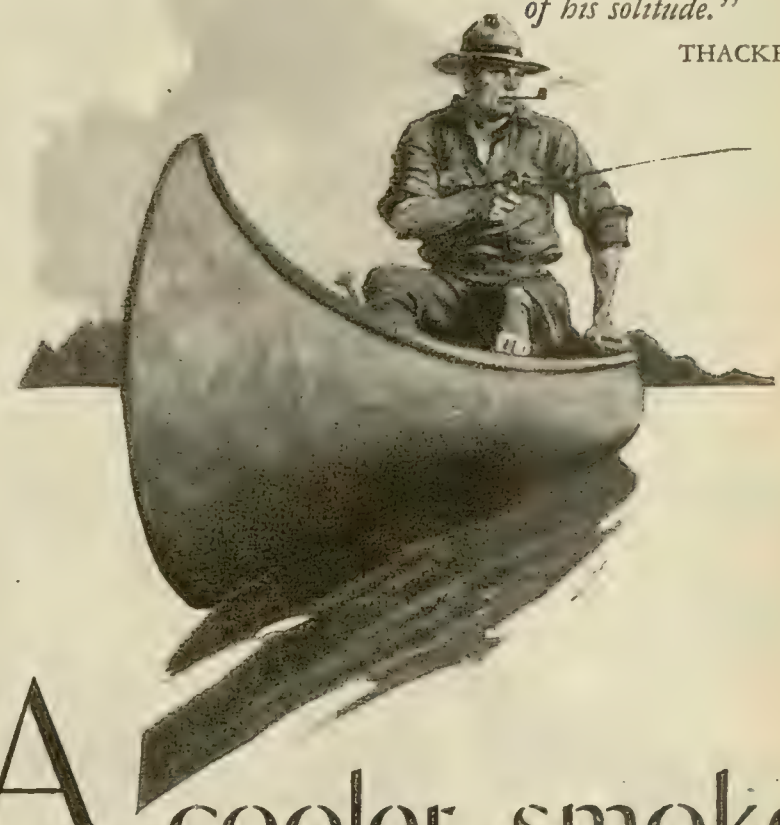
He saw her and gaped. The orchestra played his entrance music.

" What do you mean by this? " he hurled at her. " Where's Polly? You've got a fine nerve! Do you think I'll let you get away with this? "

The orchestra repeated his music.

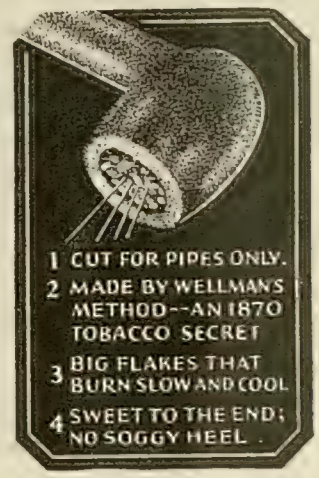
" Why, you—" He turned from her helplessly. " Wait till I come off."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

*"The fragrant companion of his solitude."*
THACKERAY

A cooler smoke in a DRIER pipe

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And note how it *tastes* — prime old Kentucky Burley, cut the *one* right way for a sweet, smooth smoke.

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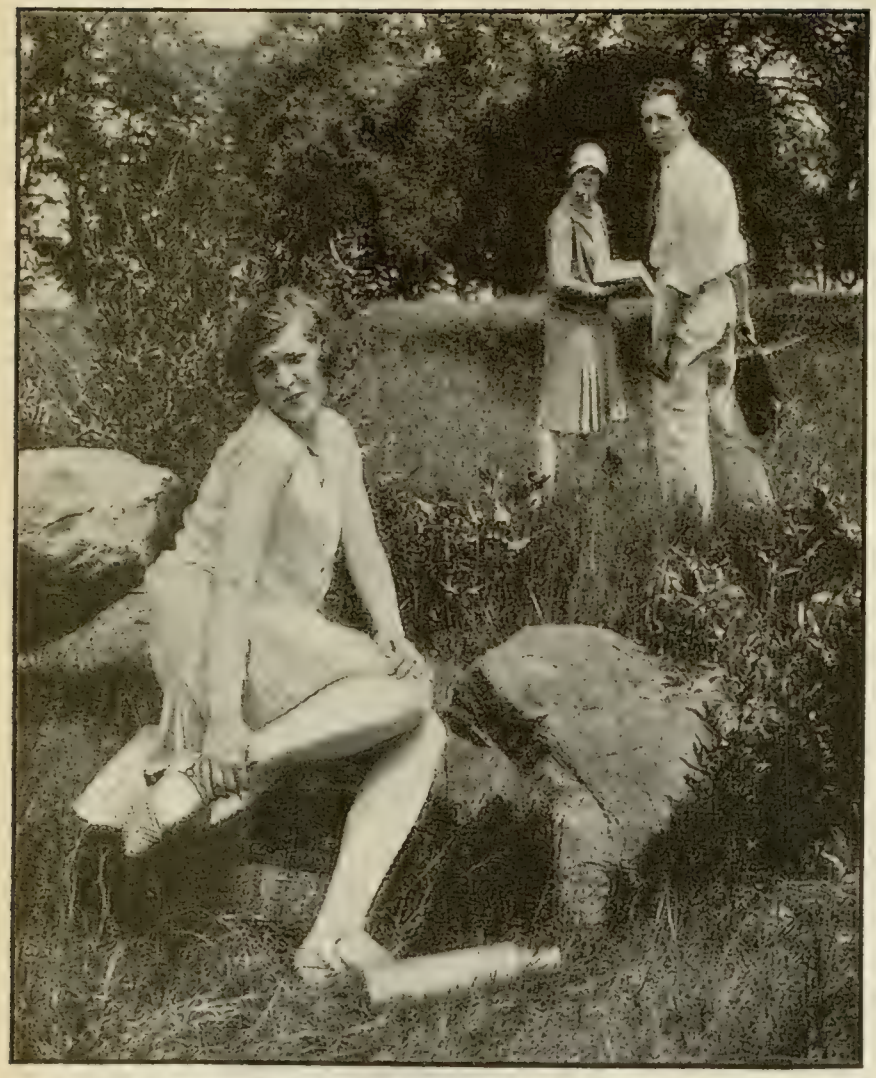
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

*. . . in more pipes every day!*



# BE PREPARED
## *-take along Absorbine, Jr.*

OFF for an outing—miles from home—suddenly a fall bringing painful sprains and bruises—the day is spoiled! No, it need not be if you use Absorbine, Jr. Rub it on full strength at once. It will reduce swelling; draw out inflammation. Absorbine, Jr. is antiseptic. When used full strength it eliminates the danger of infection in cuts, skin bruises, wounds and abrasions. For prompt relief use Absorbine, Jr. on wrenches, muscular aches, sunburn, insect bites and burns. Keep a bottle in the car. It is a reliable first aid—easy to use, and does not stain the skin.

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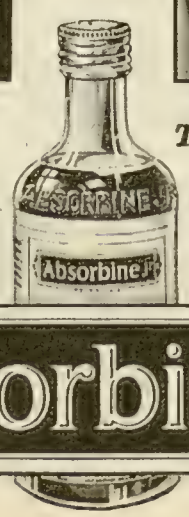
*To Relieve Sunburn*

Splash on Absorbine, Jr. to take out the burn. It leaves the tan.

*To Heal Children's Hurts*

Use Absorbine, Jr. full strength. It is soothing and antiseptic.




Absorbine Jr

[HARRY CREIGHTON AND BLANCHE]
Continued from page twenty-five

He ran down to the footlights and began the act. Blanche entered from the opposite side. The house recognized her and applauded. Harry was forced to say a few words in explanation.

"Ladies and gentlemen: Owing to the illness of my partner I was unable to go on with my act until Miss Blanche Creighton—"

"Mrs.," Blanche interrupted, smiling.

Harry glared at her. "Until Mrs. Creighton kindly condescended to assist me."

The house applauded once more. Blanche smiled and bowed and they continued with the act. Harry was in a daze. But it made no difference, for everything he did seemed to be approved of. His dance stopped the show. The real hit of the act was Blanche's song. He ground his teeth as she sang with utmost feeling the idiotic lines, "The tears that I shed, dear . . ."

The act went over well. Harry brightened as the audience showed that it liked him as well as Blanche, but when they had finished he rushed from the stage to his room that he might not see her. Blanche was not to be thwarted. She knocked at his door.

"Come in," he said gruffly. "Oh, it's you! What do you want?"

"You," she answered timidly.

"What's happened to Polly? Tell me that!" he cried. "Everyone seems to know my business but me."

"I sent her away."

"You did what?"

"I'm coming back into the act."

"Say, can't you let me alone, Blanche? Haven't you done enough to me? What do you want now?"

"I want you, I said. Let me tell you something, mister. You can feel as sorry for yourself as you please, but you brought everything on yourself."

HE jumped from his chair angrily. "Will you get out and leave me alone?"

"No. And you listen to me. You told me I was no good, didn't you? I was holding you back. I couldn't sing, dance, act, read lines, or anything else. I was dumb, a fool, an idiot. I'd starve to death without you."

Harry held up his hand. "Haven't you had your revenge? I'm licked. You win. What more do you want?"

"I want you back, Harry," she sobbed. "I set out to show you—and to show myself. Well, I did, didn't I? I showed everybody. But what difference does it make? I get back a little respect—even though I know it was only publicity that put me over. I'm no better than I was before. Allan Dalzell deserves the credit. But I'm not rotten, am I, Harry?"

"Yes," he hissed.

She laughed in spite of herself. "I knew you'd say that."

"But I don't mean it, Blanche. Honest, I don't. I never did. Wasn't it me who said you had looks and class that first time I saw you?"

"Well, I'm quitting my act, Harry. I'm coming with you."

"You can't do that," he said wistfully. "You'd never be satisfied, kid. Once a headliner, always one. You can't drop back. No, you'll have to go on."

Blanche was cheerful. She knew that she had won out. She only said the things he wanted to hear and they were easy because she wanted to say them.

"But don't you see, Harry? I have to work too hard. All my money goes out for publicity and clothes. You have to dress the part. I haven't a nickel. Supposing I was sick. I'd just have to die, that's all. But I'm not listening any more, Harry. I'm telling. It's Harry Creighton and Blanche from now on. You'll be kicking me around before long, but I'll have these past successes behind me. I won't mind any more. You still got a kick in you—ain't you, honey?"

He laughed happily. "I'm not dead yet."

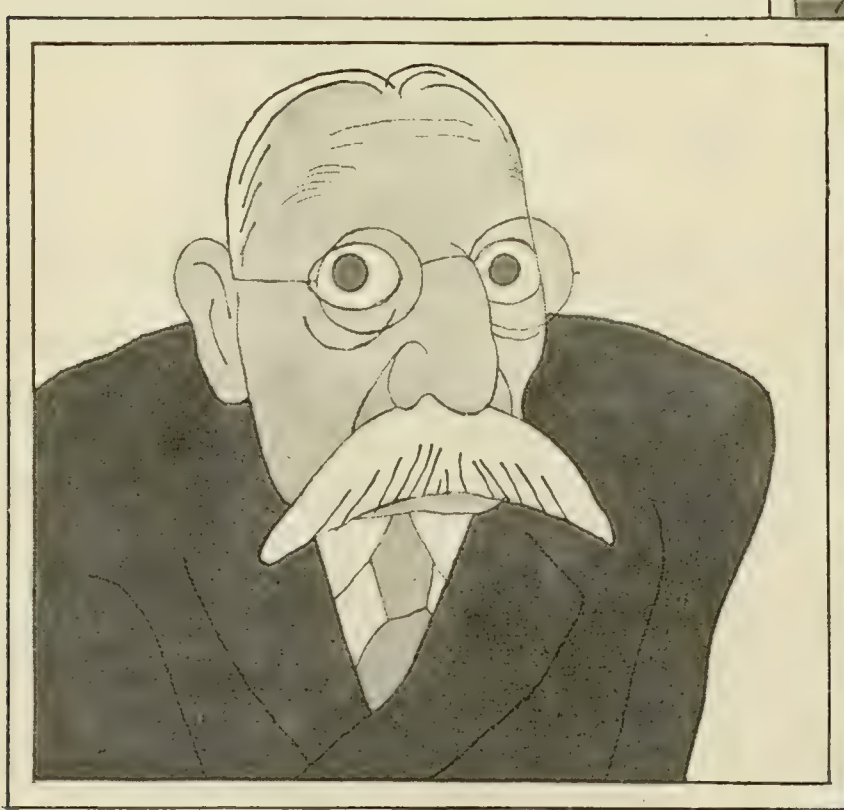
He held his arms toward her, and the lady who jilted the Duke of Devonshire and three times unsuccessfully attempted to fly the Atlantic crept gratefully within.

THE END

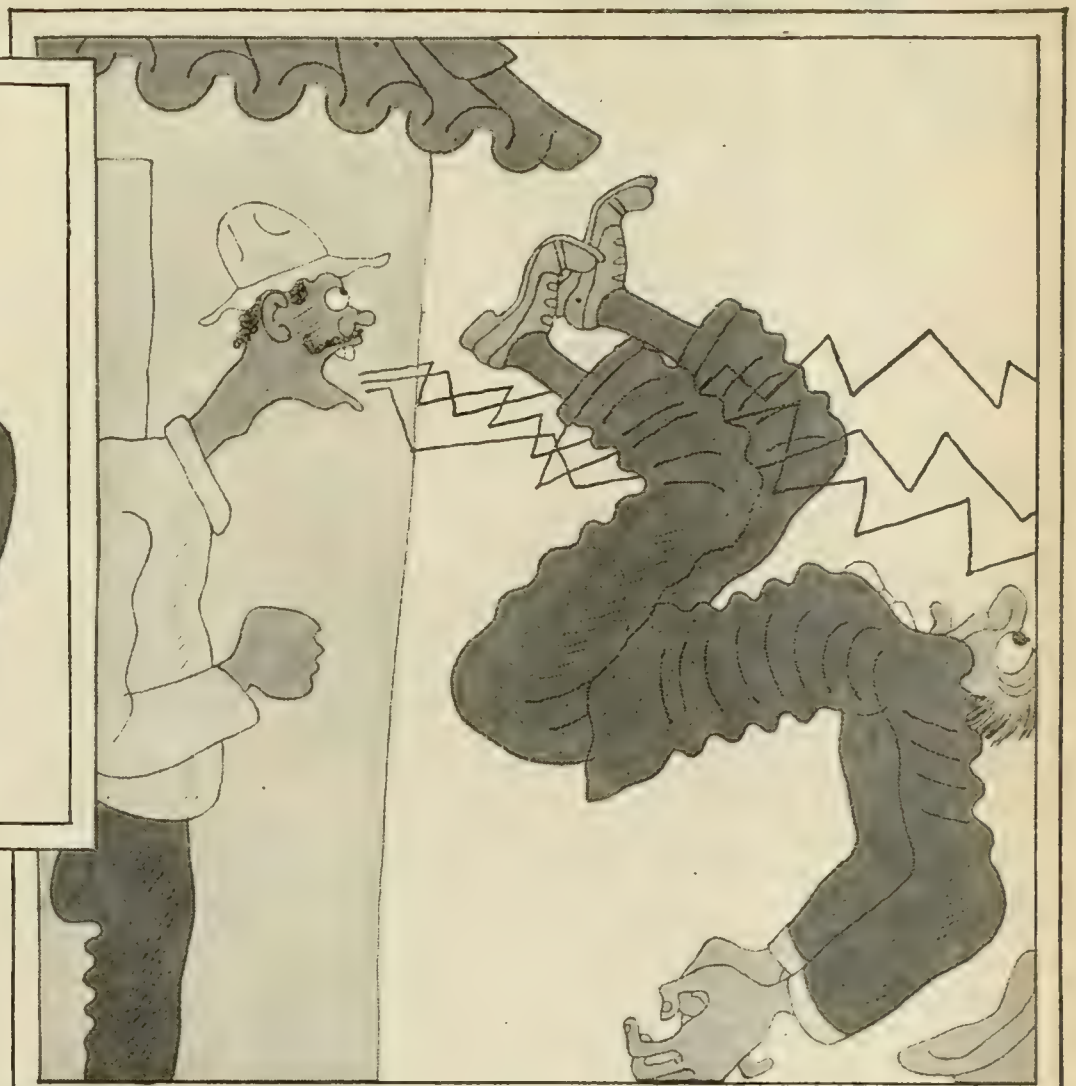
GRAPHIC SECTION

# News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



STUDIO PORTRAIT OF GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM, head of President Hoover's National Law Enforcement Commission, contemplating the fact that Scarface Al Capone still has an absolutely blameless police record in the city of Chicago.



THE OFFICIAL BREATH-SMELLER in the new Ford factory in Rome has his first experience with garlic.

FIFTEEN MARRIAGES OUT OF EVERY 100 in America end in the divorce courts, and eighty-two in a morbid terror of the alimony laws.

PESSIMISTIC NOTE ON WORLD PEACE. What the Man in the Street likes about the disarmament conferences is the big long argument that always comes out of them.

# How They Drink in

## The Record of Liquor Control in the Province of Quebec

By FREDERICK PALMER

THIS is the second article of a series by Colonel Palmer, who is touring Canada for LIBERTY. He has already told of conditions in the Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, which are dry.

"MOTHER, we don't want to put a foot on a brass rail or an elbow on a bar—we ask only this!"

I could overhear the talk of this old pair who had a table for two in the dining room of a famous Canadian hotel overlooking the St. Lawrence, where you may know Americans by what they drink and how they drink it. Two at another table were drinking beer.

But not beer for Father, who had young twinkling eyes, or for Mother, who still had roses in her cheeks. The "only this" that they asked for was in a long slim bottle set in the ice cooler which is now relegated to speakeasies and night clubs in the United States. Father and Mother had chosen wine of the eminent 1921 vintage of the Rhine, which comes to maturity this year.

They passed their glasses under their nostrils to appreciate the bouquet before they took a taste. Then they sipped slowly during their meal.

They were courting again in a country lane. They were living over their honeymoon in Europe, when they had had a table for two overlooking the blue Mediterranean. They toasted their children and grandchildren.

After dinner, when they adjourned to a sofa in the lounge, Father drew a cigar from his case, and mused:

"Anyway, at home they have not yet taken this away from me, and I guess we'll keep our smokes while I live."

He puffed slowly as he had sipped, and he and Mother held hands, looking very well dined and content.

There was one American at that hotel, a fierce ice-water drinker, to whom they were a pair of bibulous old reprobates. Three American men of still another type, as soon as they had registered, had set forth, like soldiers sent on a detail, to the government liquor store.

When they returned each was bearing a bottle of whisky under his coat. As they marched straight to the elevator, the girl at the telephone switchboard exchanged understanding grins with the bellhops, anticipating the calls for cracked ice from the bottle-bearers' rooms. So there were, and further calls as the musketeers by a rapid succession of "kicks" were attaining the grand concussion. One of the three, who had been the most expeditious in his progress, appeared later in the lounge, apparently under the illusion that he was expected to make a public address. But his articulation was unequal to the mighty message he would impart. He was conducted back to the elevator by his companions, who were still of the view that a first-class souse should be a confidential matter among friends.

Looking at them and at the fierce ice-water drinker, Father remarked:

"That's the combination that took my glass of wine away from me."

To this, doubtless, the beer drinkers would have said "Aye, aye!" with reference to their beer.

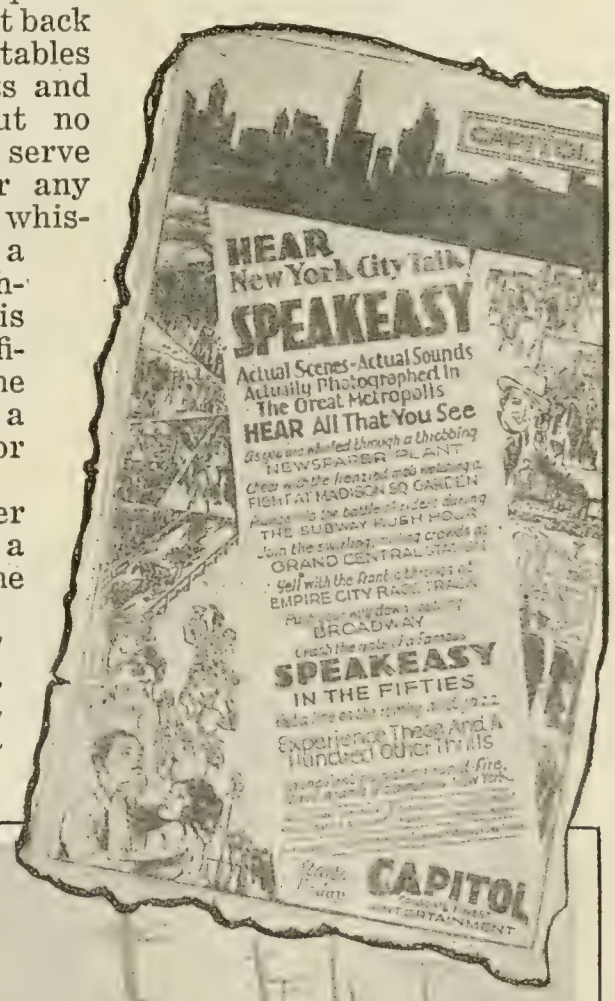
The next morning the beer drinkers were feeling well. The three musketeers, with their whisky bottles empty, were still calling for cracked ice. One with whom I talked said that he was still for prohibition at home if not in Canada. It removed temptation from the young, and kept labor sober.

Father and Mother were fresh and cheery. He said that he felt equal to eighteen holes of golf; and Mother felt equal to walking around the first nine with him.

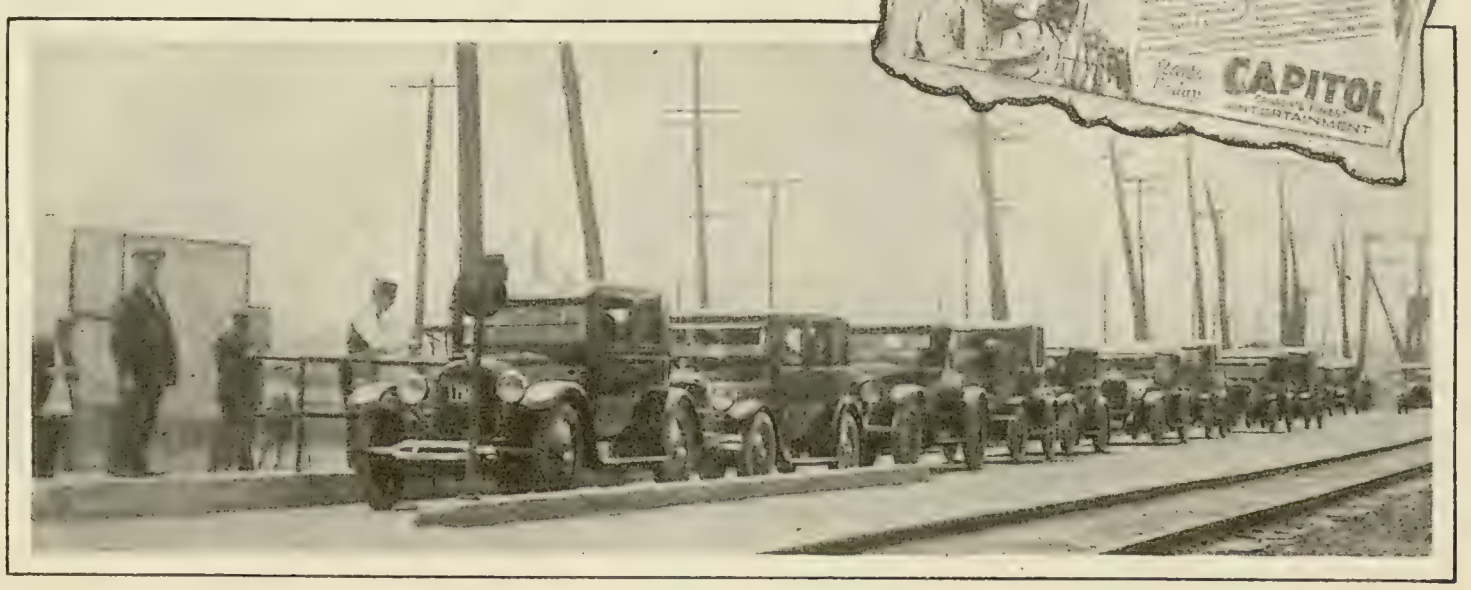
The liquor control systems of the other six of the seven out of nine Canadian provinces which have repudiated prohibition would have served the drink purpose of the three musketeers equally well. In the other six, all alcoholic beverages must be bought at the government store and taken to the home or hotel room for consumption.

Only in Quebec province is the wine list back as of yore on the tables of the restaurants and dining cars. But no public place may serve a gin cocktail or any hard stuff; and a whisper in the ear of a bellhop and a ten-dollar bill in his hand are not so efficacious as at home in negotiating for a bottle of whisky or gin.

Quebec was never dry. It did pass a law prohibiting the



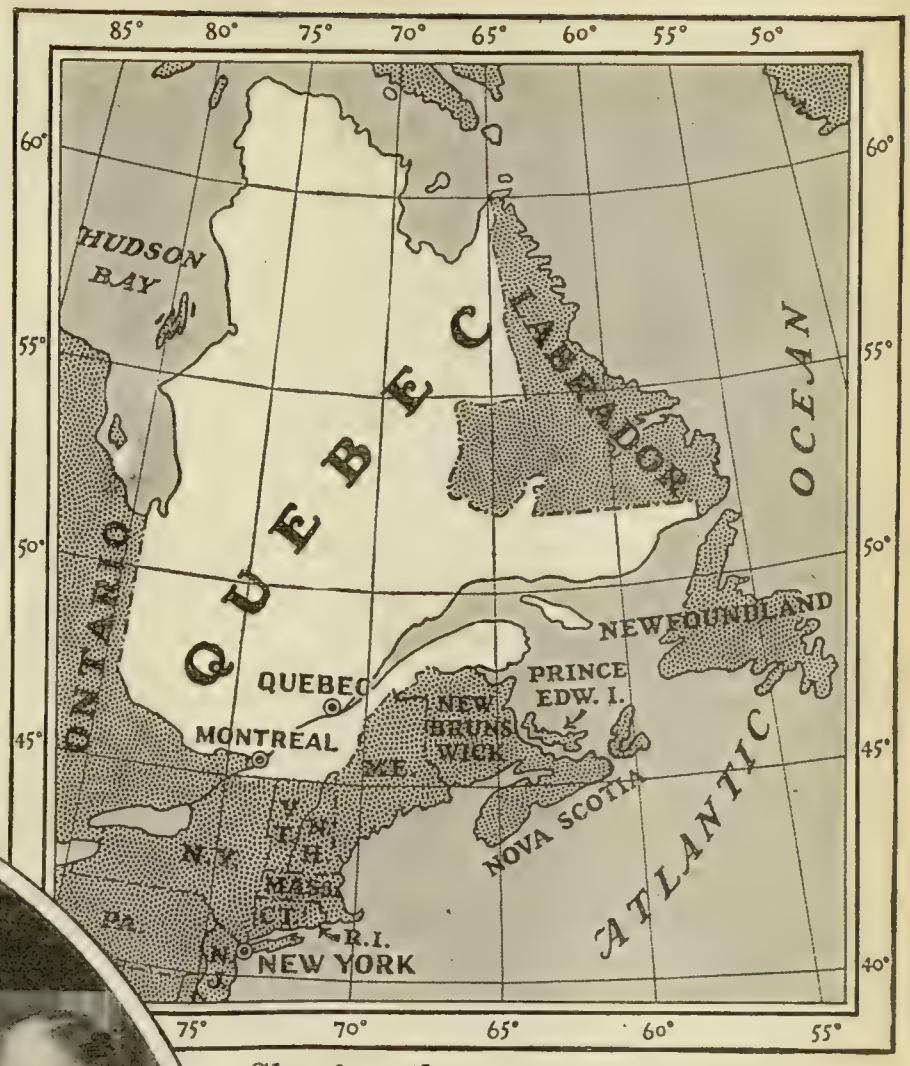

*To get speak-easy thrills in Quebec, you must go to a talkie made in New York.*



P. & A. photo.

*Tourists from "the States" entering Montreal over the Victoria Bridge.*

# CANADA



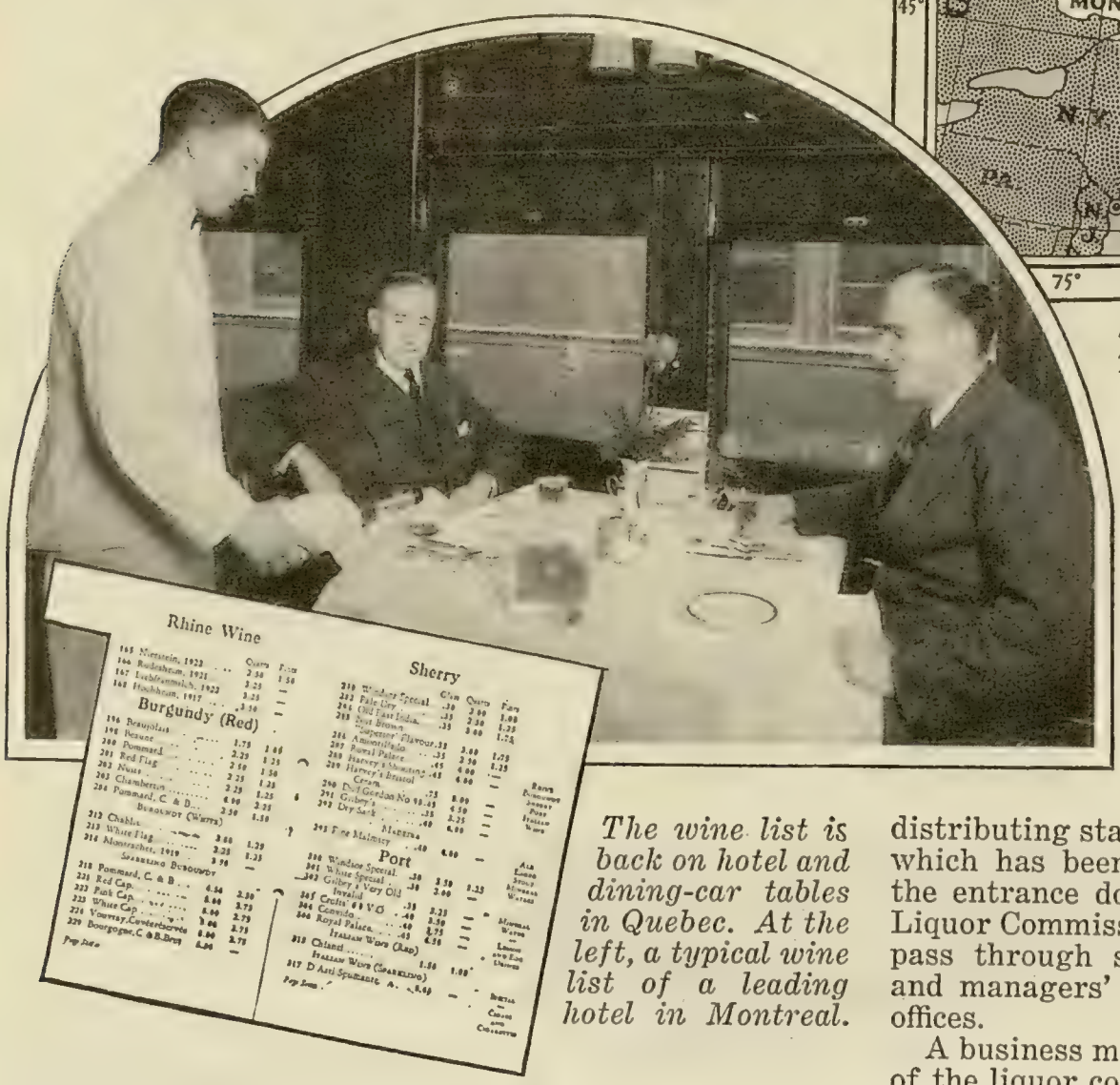

*Showing the vast extent of Quebec province, where a liquor control plan has now had seven years' trial.*

sale of hard liquor but not of wine and beer at the time prohibition swept over the United States and Canada.

But those who wanted hard drink were still getting it. Bootlegging and illicit stills flourished. Alcohol was even being made out of leaves.

L. A. Taschereau, of French descent, was premier of the province. About four-fifths of the nearly 3,000,000 people of Quebec province are French; and so are 3,000,000 of the 9,000,000 in all Canada, and two-thirds of the 1,000,000 population of Greater Montreal, which is the sixth city in size on the American continent.

It is growing fast, and is highly prosperous, as is all Canada. From the wharves, which send and receive ocean cargoes by the great waterway of the St. Lawrence, to the wealthy residence section of Sherbrooke Street, it has all the social problems which run through so widely varying strata and interests. Only New York surpasses its shipping totals; only New York entertains more visitors. After dining in New York you may take the sleeper and breakfast in Montreal.




*The wine list is back on hotel and dining-car tables in Quebec. At the left, a typical wine list of a leading hotel in Montreal.*

NO Montreal business is increasing so fast as the tourist business. A new bridge building across the St. Lawrence is called the Tourist Bridge. New hotels rise, new signs of "Rooms for Tourists" appear on the residential streets. Not the winter sports nor the summer holiday season but an all-year-round reason brings well-to-do New Yorkers and people from our eastern seaboard to Montreal. Those desiring a day's souse at the end of a shorter journey may have a "wallow" just over the border from Vermont or New York state.

In 1921 Premier Taschereau had found himself between two fires. The outcry that prohibition, or half prohibition, was promoting drunkenness, license, and lawlessness was countered by the demand that there should be no return to the saloon. Taschereau hit upon a compromise plan which made him known as the father of liquor control, and which has now been on trial in Quebec for seven years.

OF all the liquor control provinces, Quebec is the most outrageous example to those who are against the principle of the government being in the liquor business. Very conspicuously Quebec makes liquor control a business. The main headquarters, storehouse, and distributing station are in an old jail in eastern Montreal which has been remodeled out of recognition. Beside the entrance door on a modest plaque is "The Quebec Liquor Commission," which also appears in French. You pass through soundless corridors from the directors' and managers' rooms to the clerks' in strictly modern offices.

A business man, J. A. Seymour, was the first chairman of the liquor commission. His successor was L. A. Cordeaux, who still serves. He is a lawyer who had won his K. C. (King's Counsellor), and had been lieutenant governor of the province. His pay is $14,000. Upon retirement he will receive a pension as judges do. A new member of the commission is J. E. Caron, who was for twenty years minister of agriculture. The medical member is Dr. E. Merrill-Desaulniers.

Another member is William C. Hodgson, of an old Montreal business family, who has increased his inheritance and held wide public respect. These are the types, then, which are in control of Quebec's liquor business.

It is no trouble to show goods. The plant is open for inspection. Liquor and wines are bought in bulk as well as bottles, in order that high-grade products which do not bear famous labels may be sold cheaper and at higher profit to the province.

On one floor stand rows of great wooden vats of whisky and wine which are being filtered and matured. When they are ready the contents flow to the floor below, where the latest improved American labor-saving machinery fills, corks, and labels the washed and sterilized bottles.

"On all this lot," said General Manager Roderick Kane,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA
Continued from page twenty-nine]

who showed me around, as we looked out over an area of piles of wooden cases, "the national import and excise taxes have been paid. They are ready to be loaded on the trucks to fill orders. And here is our mailing department"—where girls at tables were wrapping bottles in the paper which the commission has specially manufactured for the purpose. It carries a blue thread like our bank notes to prevent imitation.

When you ask for figures you are referred to the elaborate 1927-28 annual report of the commission with its charts and graphs. In that year the commission paid the Dominion government $50,060,428 and turned over a profit of $35,739,470 to the provincial government. Explanation enough of why drinks are not cheap in Quebec!

The provincial profit goes to hospitals and roads. American tourists, who ride over the rapidly spreading network of improved roads in Quebec, may be assured that they are helping to pay for them with every bottle they buy from a government liquor store or order from a hotel wine list.

Drys said that the commission did well to turn over its gains from its traffic to hospitals which it would help to fill. But let us finish with the distribution of the product before we turn to its effects on the consumers.

Like all great business plants, this has a laboratory. Its two chemists in their white blouses can tell you by a quick test whether a sample of rum, gin, or whisky is poisonous or not; whether raw or aged in the wood; if fit to drink, just how fit it is; and just what its cost of manufacture ought to be.

They stood a long row of bootleggers' bottles, with fake labels, on a shelf. In cases where the simulation of the label of a product of Scotland was perfect, it was found that the bottle was of an American make which Scotch distillers never use.

But the real test was in the analysis of contents, which were alcohol with a little coloring matter, sometimes poisonous. The exhibit suggested what many Americans who think they get the real stuff are actually drinking.

The contents of a dozen bottles of champagne of different brands in a recent consignment were being analyzed. They came from famous makers; but that was not enough. Expert tasters assist the analysts in making sure that all goods are kept up to standard. Cordeaux, K. C., and business man Hodgson do not mean that any distiller, brewer, or wine maker shall gyp the commission if care can prevent it. They are protecting their stockholders.

Also, in keeping abreast of market demand they have to consider all the varying and changing tastes of consumers who are of both British and French origin. The British have the wealth. They largely control the great railroad and banking systems and industries.

WHISKY was the liquor of their inheritance. As a class they drink more heavily than the French, and British names are more frequently on the police station blotter for drunkenness than French names.

Among the poorer French, especially in the rural districts, raw *whisky blanc*, diluted alcohol, carried a big kick for little money. In lieu of that, the hardened trappers, *coureurs de bois*, and lumbermen found quite as prompt oblivion and more taste in "caribou," which was a mixture of pure alcohol and native port wine which cost only $1.75 per gallon.

And just how far has the commission's business method expanded sales to gain dividends? This was pictorially illustrated by a visitor to the plant who was representing prohibition propaganda in the States. He photographed the wine casks and whisky vats and the chemists, and then a display of drunks in the streets.

"Take a photographer and range Montreal by day, and a certified accountant and range it by night," was the challenge I had from the liquor commission, "and do this for weeks, and see if you can find in the same space the number of drunks that this photograph showed—unless you plant them."

Naturally, the commission is sensitive on this point. It relates to how far liquor control, as applied in Quebec, promotes temperance or intemperance. There are the figures of the annual report. They can no more be gainsaid than the income receipts of the government or a factory's report of its production.

In 1924-25 716,000 gallons of spirits (hard stuff such as whisky, gin, and rum) were sold, and in 1927-28 919,000 gallons, an increase in three years of about 200,000 gallons. The increase of 1927-28 was 41,000 gallons against 126,000 gallons for 1926-27. By the figures, then, hard stuff is still on the increase, although its price is purposely kept high. A bottle of gin, rum, or whisky costs from $2 to $6, the better brands as much as champagne on the commission list.

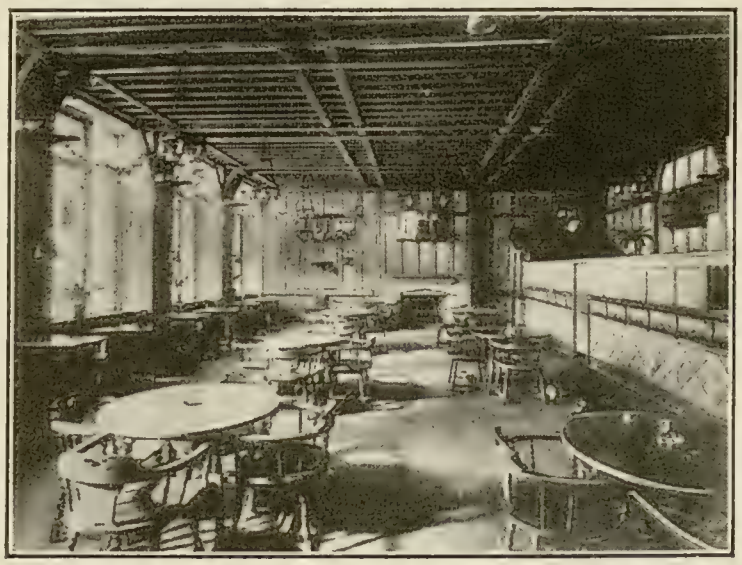
COMMISSION authorities make the point that prosperity and high wages have increased all kinds of consumption. They think there has been a decrease of hard stuff *per capita* among residents. Tourist consumption has doubled from year to year. The "caribou" habit is said to be passing. The sale of alcohol is better controlled.

Recent figures of quantity refer to much whisky which has less alcoholic content than formerly was the rule. That means less kick for the same amount of liquid.

As a consequence of eliminating bootlegging and illicit stills, the commission is convinced, a vast amount of spirits formerly procured illegally is now bought through regular channels.

The decrease in alcohol and *whisky blanc* has been 11 per cent in a year. The highest increase of spirits is in French liqueurs. There is an increasing fondness, especially among women, for iced crème de menthe and cordials taken with water. Next to liqueurs, the highest increase is in Scotch whisky, with rye a close second.

What of wines? More light stuff and less hard stuff is one of the arguments for liquor control. Two thousand less gallons of wine than of spirits were sold in 1924-25. The next year 141,000 more gallons of wine than of whisky were sold, and the total in 1927-28 was 1,433,878 gallons of wine against 910,000 gallons of whisky. In three years the increase of wines has been 100 per cent.



P. & A. photo

*In a Montreal tavern, where beer, ale, and wine, but nothing "hard," are served.*

The heaviest item of wine increase, 254 per cent, has been in the beverage of prosperity, champagne. Again appears the American tourist. At the hotels I was told that champagne and beer were the favorites of the well-to-do Americans. Waiters remarked that some Americans complained at the hotel price of $8 a quart for champagne, which the liquor commission sells at half that price, when they can get the same brand for $7 at home.

One little reason is that none of the cost of the home bootlegged article goes to hospitals or road building. The big reason is that while the synthetic home champagne may have a kick under the fake label of the famous brand, you are perfectly safe in betting all the money you have—subject to the test of analysis and by an expert taster—that in New York or any other city 300 to 400 miles from the border you cannot get the real article in any brand of champagne or wine for five times the price on the Quebec commission's list. The bootlegger pockets the difference.

After champagne, the largest increase is in burgundy, closely followed by vermouth and sherry. Much of the vermouth is used in making cocktails. Vermouth as well

as sherry is becoming common as an appetizer. Vermouth cocktails are the only kind served in hotels and restaurants, as gin comes under the forbidden spirit class. Sauterne, lightest of wines, has jumped 120 per cent in three years. It was ever the favorite of women.

"I travel a great deal in the States," said one Canadian. "There I find your young girls taking gin from hip-pocket flasks, which are out of fashion here, where our girls take sauterne, vermouth, or sherry."

"And why is it," asked a waiter, "that the Americans I serve—many of them seem pretty influential people at home—are always complaining of your law and yet do not change it?"

The visiting American has to explain not only that the American drys do not come to Canada to get a drink, but also the Constitution of the United States.

And what of beer and ale? The Canadians prefer ale. It is supplied directly under license and inspection to the licensed taverns and restaurants by the brewers. An ocean of ale! The 28,000,000 gallons of 1927-28 was an increase of 1,000,000 gallons over 1925-26.

So the big stride is in wine. It is said that once a drinker turns from whisky to wine he rarely reverts. And native wine is sold very cheap.

The commission cannot follow the custom of other businesses in adding more branches as fast as there are profitable openings to develop trade. Local option under the Scott Act prevents this.

No government store for the sale of all the commission's wares, and no tavern for the sale of wine and beer, may be opened without the request of the local mayor, council, and clergy. If the clergy hold out, that is enough.

A mighty man is the rural priest, scourge of the "caribou" tipplers among his flock, in French Quebec, where, as in medieval times in France, the church tithes are officially collected like the civil taxes. The church is for temperance.

In 1924-25 267 municipalities in the province had licenses and 1,070 had not, and in 1927-28 295 had licenses and 1,044 had not. That is, about one-fourth of the whole number of municipalities permitted sale of any alcoholic beverage. As to numbers of population, the division was about equal. The cities and towns are for stores and taverns, and the villages are not; the rural regions dry, and the urban wet.

THERE are 101 government liquor stores where liquor may be bought but not consumed on the premises, which are bare and uninviting, with no chairs. Only one bottle of hard stuff may be bought at a time. No permits are required or individual records kept. You may walk around the block and buy another bottle in the same store.

Cases of a dozen bottles of any kind of stuff may be delivered to your home. If you order too many, however, the commission inspector, protecting the stockholders, wants to know if you are doing a retail business against the law or running a tavern without a license and permit.

Seventy-nine of the 101 stores are in the Montreal district and only twenty-two in all the rest of the vast province, including the old city of Quebec, the capital.

Of the 613 taverns which may sell beer and wine to be drunk only on the premises, one-fifth are outside the Montreal district. This percentage holds true for all restaurants and hotels and for clubs which must also have and pay for a permit.

Such are the stretches of country where there is no store or tavern that, if we were to apply the system to the United States and get similar geographical results, citizens of dry Kansas might have to go all the way to Kansas City, or maybe St. Louis, to get a drink; and citizens of dry Iowa to wet Milwaukee. But the Kansan or Iowan could get his beer, wine, or whisky by parcel post in a package that bore the label of the Missouri or Wisconsin liquor commission.

Advertisements of ale and whisky appear in the newspapers of the province and flash in electric signs from the roof tops of Montreal; this is not allowed in the other liquor control provinces. In the shop windows of the main street displays of hip flasks are as frequent as in New York or Chicago. But the cocktail shaker is rarely seen. The American tourist can buy that at home.

P. & A. photos

*Premier Taschereau of Quebec, "father of liquor control"; at the right, L. A. Cordeaux, who is president of the province's liquor commission; and above, the commission's headquarters, formerly a prison, in Montreal.*

OVER doors here and there in big Montreal, and over one door in each smaller town that has a license, is the word "Tavern." This really speaks the vital difference to the mass of people between the Quebec and the other provincial systems of control. Because of it the Quebec system is known as the most "liberal."

The tavern is the substitute for the old saloon. There is no bar, no brass rail. Only wine, ale, and beer are served, and they must be drunk seated at a table.

No sound of revelry comes from within. Music is not allowed. If it were, the French-Canadians who are so fond of singing would make the taverns rock with song.

Contrary to the custom of French cafés and German beer halls, women are not allowed in the taverns, as it was thought this would encourage prostitution. So in that man's world men sit and smoke and quaff their wine and ale which Canadians prefer to beer. A Quebec tavern is a relatively solemn place.

"You take even your beer and wine in prayer," said a visiting Frenchman.

I noticed in the towns where there was a tavern fewer youths than we see at home standing on the street corners looking as if they had no place to go or did not know what to do—youths of the kind who take theirs in a slug from a hip-pocket flask in dark doorways. In Quebec towns they have a place to loaf, if they will loaf.

At first the tavern closing hour was 10, and P. M., not A. M. as in some night clubs. Quite aside from meeting the complaints that no one had a place to go but home at that hour, the businesslike commission raised the hour to 11.

But even then those who had the money to spend wanted to "move on somewhere" after the tavern closed. It is the hour when the speak-easies and night clubs begin to liven up in our big cities.

The commission had allowed up to 11. That was enough.

Finding that speak-easies still flourished, and of course without paying a license, while selling illegal liquor illegally, the commission, ever protecting its monopoly, went on the warpath. When police eyesight was poor, "We'll show you where they are," was the retort.

When raids haled to court well-known citizens, caught in speak-easies or road houses which served drinks after hours, there was a row. But a test in the highest court gave the decision in favor of the arrest of guests as well as of padlocked hosts. Apparently that has put a crimp in the speak-easies.

I could find no night-club life as it is known in our big

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA
Continued from page thirty-one]

cities. It requires both drinks and music. The commission inspectors, themselves under plain-clothes espionage, are not deaf even if they cannot see through house walls. After 11 o'clock the habitué of the 32,000 speak-easies which Grover Whalen tells us exist in New York City might find Montreal appallingly dry.

I was told of one New York rounder who said as the result of his visit to Montreal:

"Give me little old New York where you can tap the synthetic at any hour, though they say it shreds your kidneys quicker than the real stuff."

Not only that, but instead of going home at dawn in a taxi, a New Yorker with the speak-easy habit might be sobering up before Recorder Hugh Semple, who holds that there is a legal way to get a drink in Montreal in legal houses, and if you take an illegal way—well, the recorder has sat on the police-court bench for many years and he can be a stern judge.

I made it a business to range Montreal late Saturday night, looking for drunks. I saw three young men come out of a tavern at 11 feeling gay. They started to sing, but a policeman stopped them.

Down along the water front, and in other regions which are not called genteel, I saw three drunks. At another time I saw two in a small town that had no store. Evidently they had received theirs by mail, and were surely in for a lecture from the local priest if he heard of their transgression.

In that ninety-page annual report of the liquor commission there is a chapter on "moral effects." It quotes official statistics. Convictions for indictable offenses and for drunkenness have increased slightly, but not in keeping with the increase of population. I was told that the custom was now to convict in many cases where formerly the offender was let off. In seven years the number of arrests has been cut in two. I was told that arrests were made under less provocation than formerly.

Again the tourist and floating population influence appears. Out of 4,465 arrests for drunkenness reported in the last year, 1,347 were of foreigners. The percentage for the last six months was about the same.

BUT you may come nearer the human truth in the police court; you may get the feel of comparisons by talking with Judge Semple, who has been long seeing the offenders pass before him. I heard most positive affirmation of improvement in the last seven years. It was a heartfelt "Better, very much better."

Then there is the human wreckage of a great city which does not appear before the bench on its feet but is brought on its back by the ambulance. Here the head of a great public hospital and all the doctors and nurses realize depths that statistics do not touch. No one would be more likely than they to say that if any way of preventing anybody getting a drink could be devised, it would be better for the poor and the weak-minded.

And no one has better opportunities for knowing the grim and sodden side of life in actuality rather than theory; no one knows better that men will find drink and some of them will abuse it; no one has a more acute sense of human sympathy and helpfulness than these servants of the public whose work is to repair the wreckage. Their positiveness as to the improvement was a bladestroke. Poison cases from illegal liquor had practically ceased; there had been a rapid decrease of direct alcoholic cases and the misery associated with alcoholism.

AND insanity? We know that all the scientific investigations have shown that about 12 per cent of insanity can be traced to alcoholism. I went to the big public hospital for the insane far out in the environs of Montreal.

Dr. Porteous, the chief, said that he did not think there had been much change. Seven years was a short time to show results. He had the record looked up. It was a surprise to him. There had been a decrease of 7 per cent of cases due to alcoholism under the new system, as compared to twenty years under the old.

One of his staff doctors said that in the pressure of modern life, especially in cities, liquor often gave a psychological release which broke a mental strain that might lead to insanity. The other members of the staff discussed his hypothesis pro and con; but the main thing, to the investigator, was that all agreed that they were for the liquor control system.

Other provinces hold that Quebec has, not a liquor control system, but a drink-promotion system. The prohibitionists make the point that all comparisons in Quebec are made not with prohibition but with saloon days.

But the unquestioned fact is that throughout the province and in Montreal, with its sailors, dock workers, and floating population, public opinion in high and low quarters, among employers and wage earners, is for the law. There is not the slightest immediate prospect that I could find of its repeal.

The extreme prohibitionist drys are few. They say their organization is now weak, their problem how to strengthen it. Some favor supporting the present law as a means toward increased restriction and eventual prohibition. Next we come to the province of Ontario, which stretches the length of the Great Lakes, across from many of our great border cities. There drinking habits are more like our own.

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*Colonel Palmer's article on how they drink in Ontario will appear in an early issue.*

*Next Week*

I Want to Be a Transport

Why more women don't fly

By Alicia Patterson

ALSO

A thrilling romance of the South Seas

The Castle in the Wood

By Beatrice Grimshaw

# TWENTY QUESTIONS

**Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

1—Who are the only past Vice Presidents of the United States now living?
2—What was the ancient name of Constantinople?
3—What is kismet?
4—Where are the Atlas Mountains?
5—In what Victor Hugo novel does the character Cosette appear?
6—What is the national legislative body of Spain called?
7—What is common to iambus, trochee, spondee, dactyl?
8—William Lyon Mackenzie King is prime minister of what country?
9—What is the term of a copyright in the United States?
10—The thistle is the emblem of what country?
11—How many capitols are there in the United States proper?
12—In whose administration was the Federal Reserve system instituted?
13—What country imposes a special tax upon bachelors?
14—What were the Hawaiian Islands formerly called?
15—What is Ben Nevis? Where is it?
16—What does the Latin abbreviation *verbum sap.* mean?
17—How many degrees of longitude make an hour's difference in time?
18—What famous pianist once was premier of a European nation?
19—What was the former name of Oslo, the capital of Norway?
20—What is a dilettante?

*(Answers will be found on page forty-nine)*

# Tears and Tenderness

## The Stars of Seventh Heaven Try It Again

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

*Charles Farrell (sitting), Quinn Williams, and Janet Gaynor in a scene from their latest film, Lucky Star.*

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ LUCKY STAR

IN hope of duplicating the box-office success of Seventh Heaven and Street Angel, William Fox reassembled the successful combination of Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, and Director Frank Borzage. This time the triumvirate turns in a touching little picture—but not one of those de luxe superspecial heart wringers.

Lucky Star is the frail and tenuous yarn of a little farm drab's slowly awakened affection for a crippled soldier boy. The lad, who has found a makeshift happiness in a wheel chair, gradually teaches honesty, cleanliness, and love to the shy little slattern. When her mother tries to marry her to a no-account sergeant back from France, the boy recovers the use of his legs in what is still called the nick of time.

I am not one to draw a line at miracles. True, Lucky Star is a little weak as to story, but Director Borzage's handling is so gentle and reassuring, Miss Gaynor's work is so tender and ingratiating, and Mr. Farrell is so sincere, that I defy you to remain unmoved by the picture.

Lucky Star emerges from the silences to chatter in its last reels. It is one of those neither-flesh-fish-nor-fowl part talkies. But even the sudden clatter of gutturals does not dent the charm created by this able trio. Personally, Miss Gaynor is one of my favorite stars—and I don't care who knows it. What critical resistance could stand against one of her wan smiles-through-the-tears?

★ ★ WONDER OF WOMEN

Like Lucky Star, Metro-Goldwyn's Wonder of Women breaks into speech in its last quarter. Unlike Lucky Star, this close-up of genius in carpet slippers does not stand dialogue so well.

Based on Sudermann's The Wife of Stephen Tromholt, Wonder of Women is a study of a great composer smothered by a motherly wife. The musician kicks over the traces, is always dragged back to the fireside by sudden sickness or death, and ends up, after his wife's demise, by being true to the memory of a fine housekeeper.

Lewis Stone is excellent as the restless Tromholt, while Peggy Wood (who resembles Irene Rich) makes her film debut as the mouselike wife. There is one superb scene, showing the musician's wife returning home laden with Christmas toys, only to find her youngest and dearest child dead.

I am afraid that Wonder of Women is a little too soggy for general popularity. Who cares whether or not geniuses are happy at home? And Clarence Brown, Hollywood's highest paid director, seems utterly lost in the presence of the sound machines.

*Colleen Moore and James Hall in the synthetically Irish film, Smiling Irish Eyes.*

★ ★ SMILING IRISH EYES

Maybe you will like Colleen Moore in First National's Smiling Irish Eyes. Maybe. Miss Moore plays a brave little Irish girl who loves a handsome peat-bog digger. The lad dreams of being a violinist, and when the colleen catches a greased pig at the fair and wins twenty pounds, he departs for America to make his fortune. This he accomplishes promptly as a song writer. Meanwhile, he almost forgets the little girl waiting at home.

Where Lucky Star is tenderly unreasonable, Smiling Irish Eyes is just plain false sentimental hokum. Moreover, the film is loaded with all the old Erin trappings: a wishing well, fighting comedy Irishmen, and little pigs mothered by the heroine.

The Irish backgrounds, by the way, were manufactured mostly on the studio lot. You will have to wait for John McCormack's forthcoming singing film to see real Emerald Isle scenery.

★ ★ THE MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU

Remember the old serials with the evil Oriental in pursuit of the beautiful heroine, usually Pearl White? Paramount's The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu, based on the Sax Rohmer stories, is just an elaborate modernization of the old stuff. Dr. Fu devotes his life to wiping out the families of the leading white invaders of China in the Boxer Rebellion. The Chinese master mind pursues a neat path of subtle murder, hypnotizing a blonde to do his dirty work, and the result is exciting. Warner Oland is swell as the homicidal mandarin.

### *Do you know that—*

The team of Ernest Schoedsack and Meriam Cooper is split? . . . These two men made Chang and Grass? . . . Schoedsack is en route to the Straits Settlements for a new adventure film, while Cooper has gone into commercial aviation?

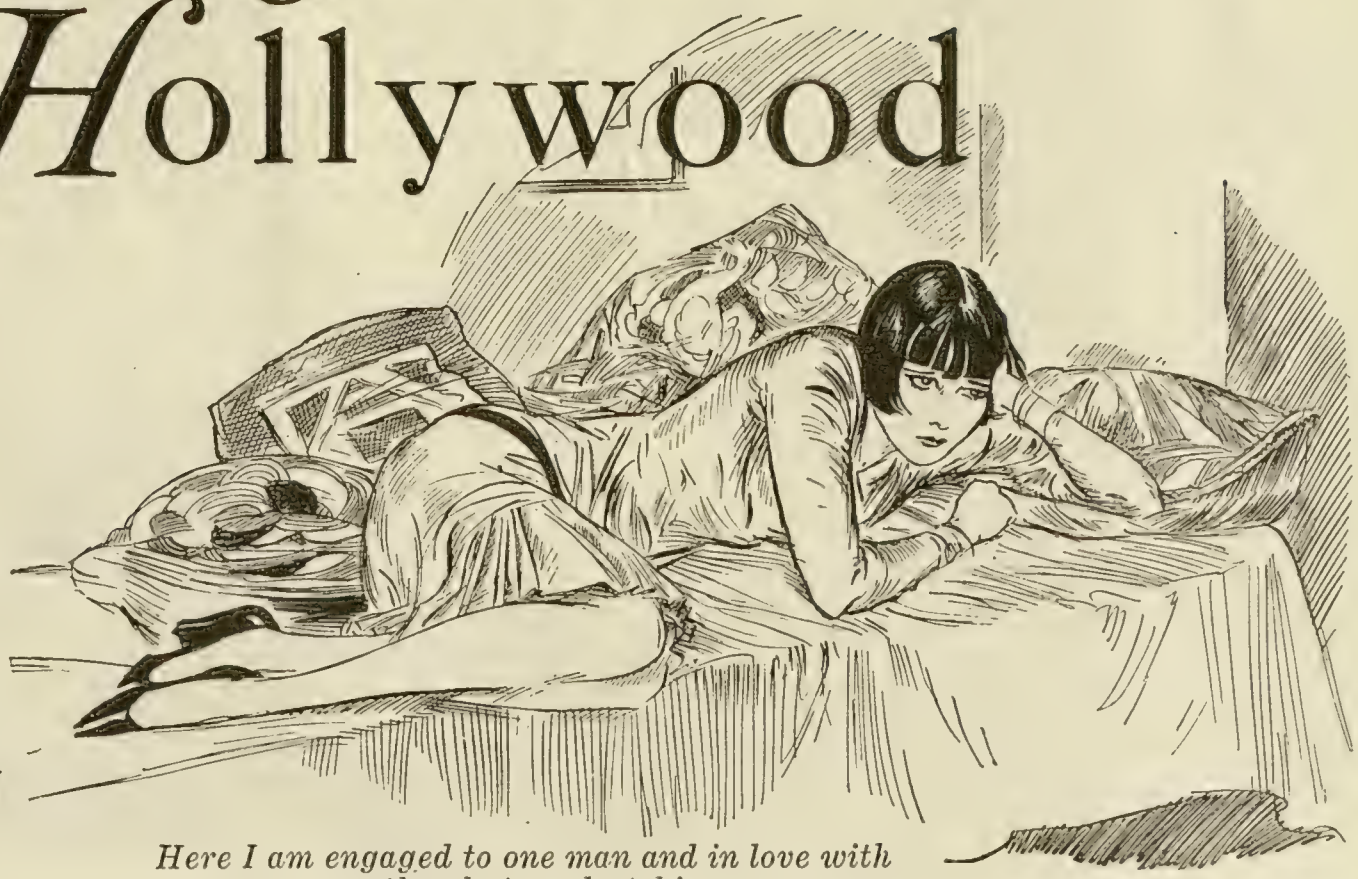
# Show Girl in Hollywood

*A New DIXIE DUGAN Adventure*

By

## J. P. McEVOY

*Pictures by* J. H. STRIEBEL



*Here I am engaged to one man and in love with another but mad at him.*

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT: Dixie Dugan is engaged to Jack Milton, New York broker, although she's still in love with her former sweetheart, Jimmy Doyle, ex-newspaper man and dialogue writer. Jack, who put over a movie merger, got Dixie a lead in Sinning Lovers after she had gone broke in Hollywood. Her fight with Jimmy followed her appearance at her apartment about dawn with her clothes in tatters from a battle she had had with Fritz Buelow, movie director, in his beach house. Jimmy, waiting for Dixie's return, believed the worst, told her what he thought of her, and left, only to beg forgiveness later by letter.

PART ELEVEN—HEARTBREAK

NOV. 27. Dear Diary: I feel like the Siamese Twins when they were assigned a room with twin beds—completely baffled. Here I am engaged to one man and in love with another but mad at him—plenty mad. Maybe I'm not in love with him either. I am until I remember how rotten he treated me, then I don't care if I ever see him again. I guess I'll write and tell him so. He's going back to New York tonight, he says, and he wants to see me before he goes. Oh, you do, do you? Well, Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy, you can rot first. I'm going to marry Jack Milton and I'll tell you so, too.

But how am I going to tell you if I don't see you? I guess I ought to see you just to watch how you take it. Won't you burn? Well, it'll serve you right. Still, it must have looked kinda queer to you at that, me ditching my own party, staying out with Buelow until daylight, and coming in all rags and tatters. Guess you had a right to be sore, but you didn't have to talk to me that way. I don't have to take that kind of lip from anybody. Not even from you, Jimmy Doyle, and I'll tell you so, too. I guess I'll let you take me to dinner just so as I can tell you.

But maybe I'll weaken when I see him, Diary, and then what'll I do—engaged to Milton and everything. You better let well enough alone, Miss Dugan. Gee, but it couldn't do any harm to see him just once more, could it, Diary? I'll just eat and run and he'll get on the train and that'll be that. I won't even go to the train with him, Diary. Come to think of it, I couldn't, anyway. Jack is telephoning me from New York tonight. He calls me every night, now, since he got back. Checking up on me, I guess. Now, was that pretty, Dixie? It's your own dirty mind. Will I telephone and tell him he can take me to dinner? The phone is right here, Diary. Look! All I have to do is reach out and pick it up. I really ought to see him, Diary. He wrote such a sweet letter. He's really sorry, terribly sorry. And he hasn't any job and he's going back to New York feeling he's a big flop and this is the end of everything. Maybe he'll think I'm just high-hatting him if I don't see him. I wouldn't have him think that for anything, Diary. Yes, that's just what he'll think. I guess I better see him, Diary. Don't you think so too? Sure, what harm can it do? It can't do any harm. Well, here goes—and if anything *does* happen, it's your fault, Diary. Remember that. I talked it all over with you and you said it was all right, or at least you didn't say it wasn't. Did you? No, you didn't. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow.

*Scene:* Willard Café on Pico Boulevard. A honeycomb of tiny booths, each cell just large enough for two to snuggle in. Through the windows they look down upon a rolling sea of twinkling lights. Hollywood! Above the clatter of dishes and the bumble-bumble of voices a radio loud-speaker, pleasantly ignored, drools and cackles with the idiotic insistence of a half-witted relative at a family dinner.

JIMMY *(in tiny booth just under loud-speaker):* I'll order later. I'm waiting for someone.

WAITER *(hovering):* The dinner is very nice tonight.

JIMMY: I can wait for it. *(Waiter floats away leaving an aroma of hurt pride.)*

. . . MY DEAR FRIENDS OF RADIOLAND REMEMBER FOREST LAWN IS A PLACE WHERE LOVERS NEW AND OLD SHALL LOVE TO STROLL AND WATCH THE SUNSET'S GLOW WHERE MEMORIALIZATION OF LOVED ONES IN SCULPTURED MARBLE AND PICTORIAL GLASS SHALL BE ENCOURAGED BUT CONTROLLED BY ACKNOWLEDGED ARTISTS NICHES AND URNS VARY IN PRICE ACCORDING TO SIZE AND LOCATION AND EVERY PRICE INCLUDES PERPETUAL CARE MISS ETHEL WOCKEL WILL NOW SING BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT:

BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT
WHEN THE WIND IS FREE.
TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF—
YOU BELONG TO ME.
EAT AN APPLE EVERY DAY . . .

DIXIE *(brightly):* Oh, hello! Been waiting long?

JIMMY *(lying like a gentleman):* Oh, no; I just got here.

DIXIE *(lying like a lady):* I was tied up at the studio.

JIMMY: Oh, that's all right.

BE CAREFUL CROSSING STREETS.
OOOH-OOH!
DON'T EAT SWEETS.
OOOH-OOH! . . .

JIMMY *(politely):* What are you going to have?

DIXIE *(studying menu helplessly):* I dunno. What are you going to have?

JIMMY *(ditto):* I dunno. Now, let me see-e . . .

DIXIE: Let me see-e . . .

. . . AND RUIN YOUR TUMTUM.
KEEP AWAY FROM BOOTLEG HOOCH
WHEN YOU'RE ON A SPREE.
TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF—
YOU BELONG TO ME.

IN MAKING THOUGHTFUL PROVISION FOR THE SELECTION OF A FINAL RESTING PLACE WHICH SOONER OR LATER MUST BE CHOSEN NO ONE NEED INCONVENIENCE HIMSELF FINANCIALLY BY MEANS OF THE FOREST LAWN PLAN OF MONTHLY PAYMENTS FAMILY LOTS SECTIONS IN THE MAUSOLEUM OR NICHES FOR THE ASHES OF THOSE WHO PREFER CREMATION MAY BE RESERVED AND PAID FOR OUT OF INCOME REPRESENTATIVES ARE ALWAYS READY TO GIVE DETAILED INFORMATION AND . . .

WAITER: Is that all?

JIMMY: That'll be all.

WAITER *(in hurt voice):* No dessert? The deep-dish apple pie is very good.

JIMMY: THAT'LL BE ALL. *(Waiter shudders and then sadly totters away.)*

JIMMY: I wanted to see you, Dixie, before I left the coast. I'm going back to New York, you know.

DIXIE: Yes, you wrote and told me.

JIMMY: I was going tonight, but when you called and said you'd have dinner with me, I postponed it until tomorrow night. I wanted to tell you how sorry I was, but . . .

DIXIE: Oh, that's all right.

JIMMY: Are you going to forgive me?

DIXIE: I suppose so.

JIMMY *(impulsively taking her hand across the table):* Gee, that's sweet of you, Dixie! Gee, and I was so rotten to you, too.

DIXIE: Oh, that's all right. We'll just wash it up and forget it.

JIMMY *(drawing her across table):* Let's have a kiss, then.

DIXIE *(disengaging hands gently but firmly):* No; that's cold.

JIMMY: Cold? How do you mean?

DIXIE: I mean finis. Capoot.

JIMMY *(incredulous):* Quit your clowning.

DIXIE: No, Jimmy. This is the fade-out.

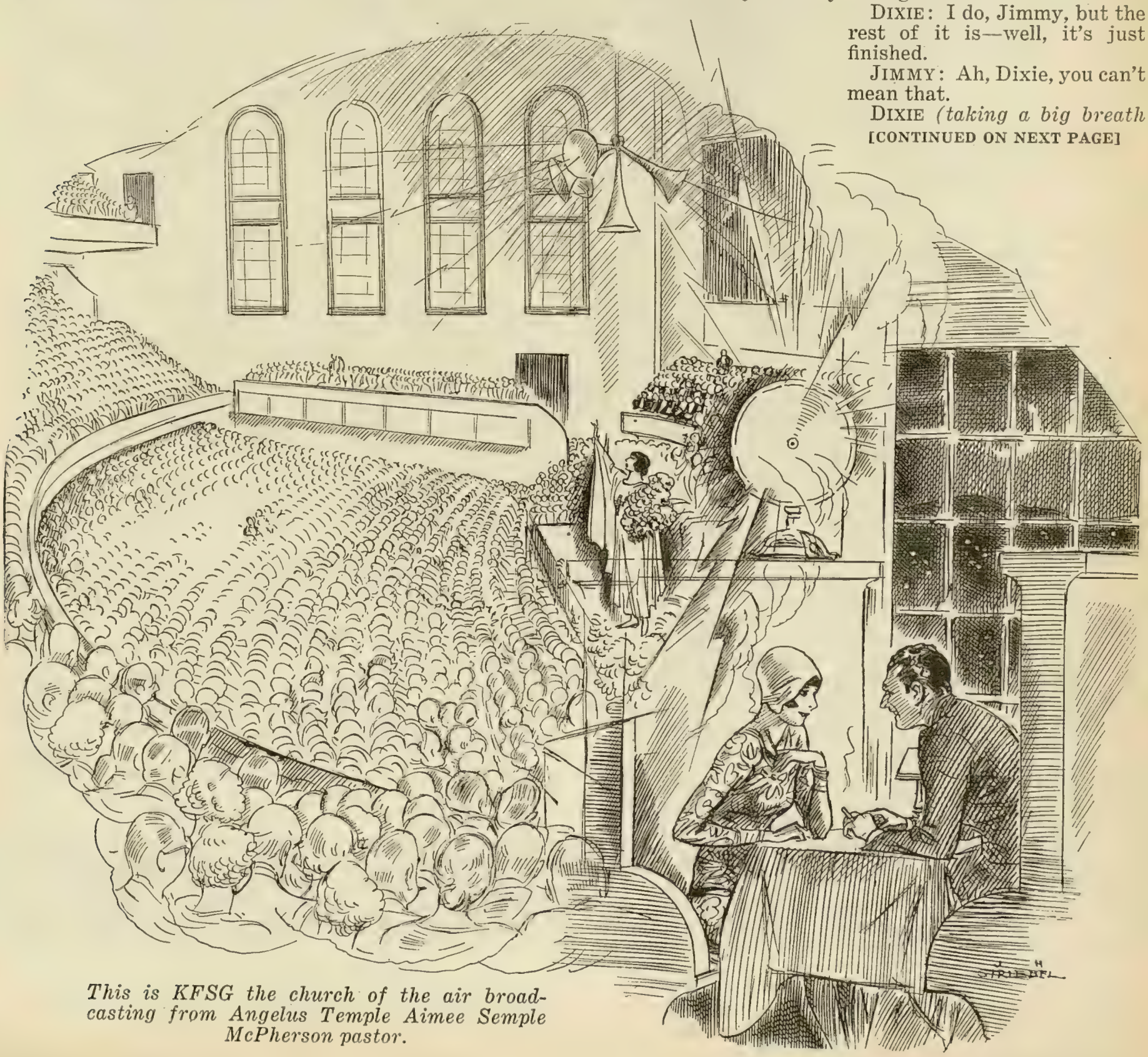
JIMMY: But you said you forgave me.

DIXIE: I do, Jimmy, but the rest of it is—well, it's just finished.

JIMMY: Ah, Dixie, you can't mean that.

DIXIE *(taking a big breath*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



*This is KFSG the church of the air broadcasting from Angelus Temple Aimee Semple McPherson pastor.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

*and jumping off the dock):* You might just as well know it now, Jimmy. I'm going to be married.

JIMMY: Sure you are—to me.

DIXIE: No, not to you. *(Smiling sadly.)* Not this time, anyway.

JIMMY *(angrily):* Who to? To who?

DIXIE: Jack Milton. He came out here on a big deal and I saw him and . . .

I AM THE SPIRIT OF FOREST LAWN I SPEAK IN THE LAUGHTER OF THE DUCK BABY HAPPY CHILDHOOD AT PLAY I SPEAK IN THE CONSUMMATE ART OF THE MAUSOLEUM COLUMBARIUM WHERE LIGHT AND LIFE REPLACE SHADOW AND DARKNESS I SPEAK IN THE LOVING EYES AND EMBRACING ARMS AT BABYLAND TELLING OF BECKONING HANDS AT THE GATEWAY OF LIFE AND NOW WE WILL HEAR FROM MISS ETHEL WOCKEL AGAIN:

A MAN SHOWED ME A LAVALIER,
AND HE SAID, "IT'S YOURS IF
YOU KISS ME, DEAR."
OH, TELL ME—IS THERE
ANYTHING WRONG IN
THAT?
(BOOP-ID-OOP-ID-OOP-BOOP)
I KISSED HIM ONCE AND HE
ASKED FOR MORE—
NEXT WEEK HE'S BRINGING ME
THE JEWELRY STORE.
OH, TELL ME—IS THERE
ANYTHING WRONG IN
THAT?

DIXIE *(continuing):* So, you see, that's how it is.

JIMMY *(dully):* Yes, I see. *(Pleading.)* But you don't love him, do you?

DIXIE: Of course I do. *(Looks into Jimmy's eyes and wavers.)* I mean yes. Sure. Well, I like him a lot, respect him, and admire him.

JIMMY: And you don't like me any more? Not even a little bit? Is that it?

DIXIE *(taking his hand across the table):* Oh, Jimmy, don't keep on saying things like that. Of course I like you. I'll always like you. But everything is different now, that's all.

JIMMY *(pushing dishes back):* Well, I'm glad I'm going to New York. I couldn't stay around here and see you every day and realize you belong to somebody else without committing murder or something.

DIXIE *(brokenly):* Jimmy! Listen, Jimmy, you're not really going back to New York, are you—honest?

JIMMY: Of course I am. What'll I do out here? Ache for you all the time and have you saying, "Mustn't touch! Burny, burny." Besides, I haven't got any job. I've got to live. And don't ask me why.

DIXIE: Oh, you can get a job out here. You've got more brains than nine-tenths of these saps that are getting by out here with murder.

JIMMY *(bitterly):* Yes, I've heard that song before. I've sung it myself, but brains have very little to do with this racket out here. It's like juggling a barrel on your feet or pulling rabbits out of a hat. If you know how to work the trick you're a movie writer. If you can pull rabbits out of a hat while you're juggling the barrel on your feet, then you're a director or a supervisor. And if you can do both and get gas on your stomach at the same time you're an executive.

. . . THIS IS KFSG THE CHURCH OF THE AIR BROADCASTING FROM ANGELUS TEMPLE AIMEE SEMPLE MC PHERSON PASTOR THE ROBED CHOIR IS SINGING AND EVERY SEAT IN THIS HUGE TEMPLE IS FILLED WHILE HUNDREDS PACK THE AISLES AND THE ENTIRE MULTITUDE JOIN IN WELCOMING SISTER MC PHERSON WHO IS EVEN NOW WALKING DOWN THE LONG STAIRS TO THIS PLATFORM OF PRAYER ROBED IN HER WHITE GOWN AND CARRYING AN ARMFUL OF BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSES . . .

*"Dixie! Darling!"*
*"The deep-dish apple pie is very nice tonight, sir."*

DIXIE: Gee, I saw Aimée once. Remember, I told you—when I was dancing in Jimmy Durante's night club?

JIMMY: I remember.

DIXIE: She was investigating Broadway night life with a bunch of reporters and had just come from Tex Guinan's. They'd make a good team—Tex and Aimée, The Whoopee Sisters, in Ten Minutes of Clean Fun.

JIMMY: Yeah, whoopee is Guinan's religion and religion is Aimée's whoopee. Listen. Let's get the words.

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL
A-WINDING
FOR ALL US SINNERS HERE
BELOW,
AND ITS SWEET AND PRECIOUS
MESSAGE
MAKES OUR SAD HEARTS
GLOW.
OH, IT'S NOT THE BROAD,
BROAD HIGHWAY
TO PERDITION AND WOE;
IT'S THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATHWAY
THAT WE LOVE TO GO.

OH MY DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS THAT WAS BEAUTIFUL THAT WAS A GLORIOUS OUTPOURING OF THE SPIRIT AND NOW I AM GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT A WONDERFUL THING THAT HAPPENED THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO TO A WONDERFUL MAN NAMED DANIEL OH HE WAS A WONDERFUL MAN HALLELUJAH YOU HAVE ALL HEARD OF DANIEL I WANT YOU TO THINK ABOUT DANIEL TONIGHT AND I WANT ALL YOU BROTHERS AND SISTERS WHEREVER YOU ARE LISTENING IN TONIGHT ON THE RADIO I WANT YOU TO THINK OF DANIEL . . .

JIMMY: I know it's the best thing for you, Dixie. I'm not crazy. Look what Milton has done for you already. Why, he's got them all jumping through hoops for you out there on the Colossal lot. I couldn't do anything like that for you in a million years.

DIXIE: Jimmy, dear, stop rubbing it in.

JIMMY: I'm not rubbing it in, Dixie. I'm just telling you.

DIXIE: You're not telling me anything new.

JIMMY: And with what you've got and all of Milton's money and power behind you, why, you'll be on top of the heap in no time.

DIXIE *(suddenly):* I want to go home.

JIMMY: Now don't, honey! Don't be like that.

DIXIE: Well, don't be like that yourself.

JIMMY: I'll be on the train this time tomorrow night.

DIXIE: Will you shut up, for God's sake! Talk about something cheerful.

JIMMY *(bitterly):* Yeah, be cheerful. Leff, klun, leff!

DIXIE: You sound funny talking Yiddish with that Kilkenny map for a face.

. . . YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW DANIEL MUST HAVE FELT A DEN OF LIONS IT SAYS HERE IN THE BOOK AND YOU CAN BELIEVE ME THOSE WERE LIONS THEY HAD LIONS IN THOSE DAYS NONE OF THOSE PUNY LITTLE LIONS YOU SEE OUT AT GAYS LION FARM NONE OF THOSE MOVIE LIONS THEY HAVE OUT IN CULVER CITY YOU'VE SEEN THAT BIG LION ON THE METRO GOLDWYN TRADE MARK WELL HE WOULD BE JUST A CUB BESIDE THOSE LIONS THEY HAD IN JUDEA YOU COULD HEAR THEM ROAR FOR MILES AND THE HILLS TREMBLED.

POOR DANIEL I'M SORRY FOR DANIEL WHAT IS HE GOING

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

*No less sensational than Lieut. Darcy Greig's annihilation of space at a speed of 321 miles per hour is the new Stewart-Warner's performance in annihilating all former standards of Radio reception.*

# *Champion of the Air!*

## THE NEW STEWART-WARNER RADIO

*"The Set with the Punch"*

Through a revolutionary type of construction in both Screen Grid and Balanced Bridge circuit models, Stewart-Warner offers selectivity and volume heretofore unknown—plus unmatched realism of tone.

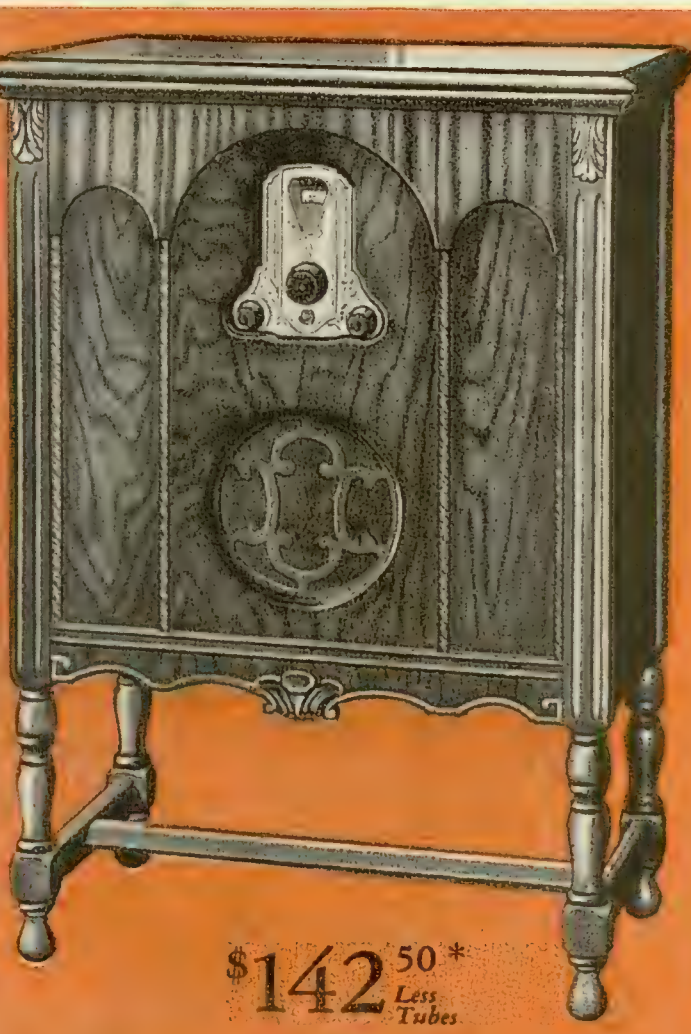
*First* in the field with the most modern and advanced tube equipment known to radio. *First* to provide connections for television. *First* and only radio with 22-carat gold-plated connections throughout.

Here's the Champion of the Air—here's *"The Set with the Punch"*—the *punch* that knocks out all former standards of radio performance—the *punch* that means clearness, distance, volume, beauty and supreme value.

The authority of this great institution, with its twenty-three years of precision manufacturing experience and its vast resources, is your pledge of satisfaction.

A demonstration today will give you a new conception of radio performance. A small initial payment puts the Stewart-Warner in your home.

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION
DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO



$142.50* Less Tubes

Approved Jacobean Cabinet No. 35, illustrated above, with Stewart-Warner Balanced Bridge Circuit Radio, 8 tubes, including rectifier. Illuminated visible angle dial. New Stewart-Warner Electro-Dynamic Reproducer. Cabinet of American Walnut, with African Walnut ornamentation, made especially for Stewart-Warner by Louis Hanson Co., Chicago, and Burnham Phonograph Corp., Los Angeles. In Canada, by McLagan Furniture Co., Ltd., Stratford, Can.

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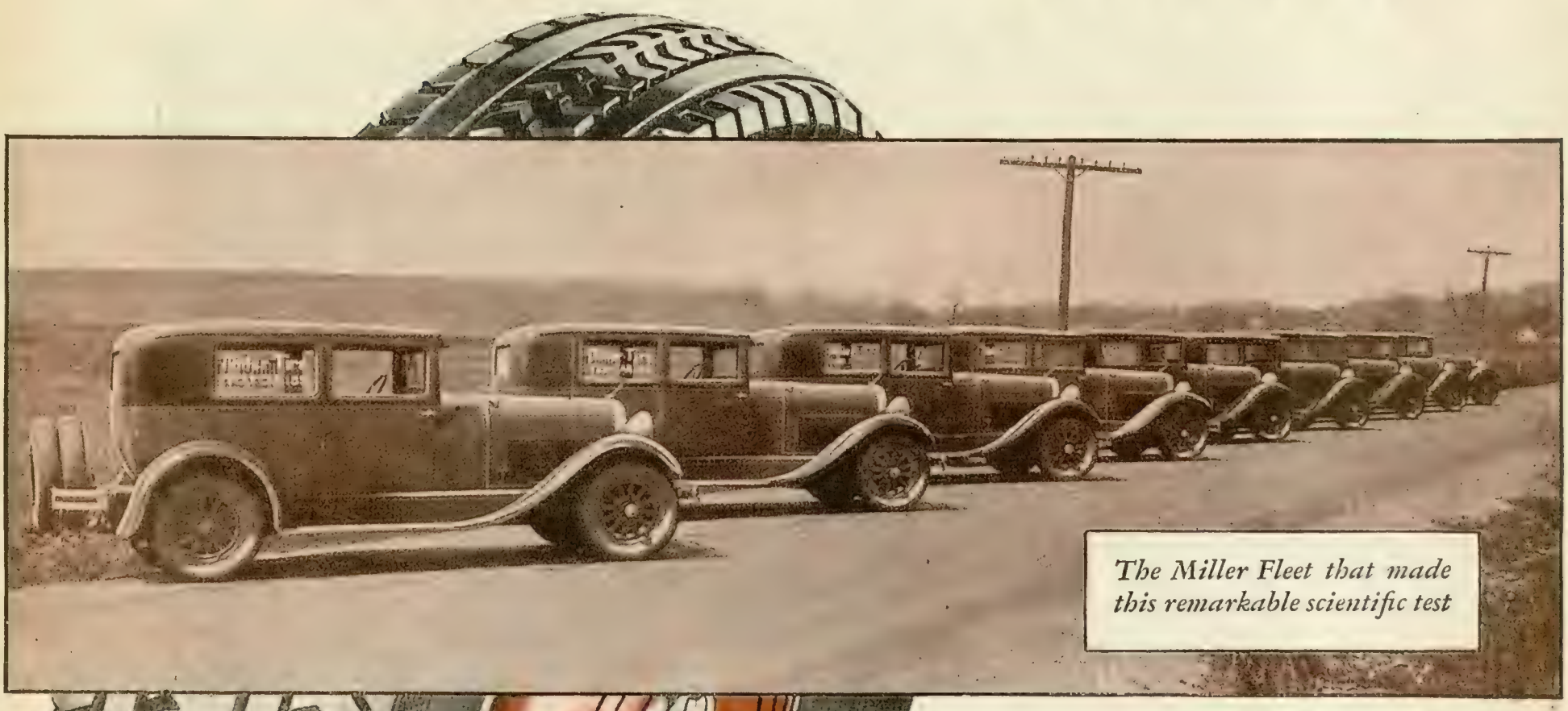
** Prices slightly higher west of Rockies*

# STEWART-WARNER RADIO

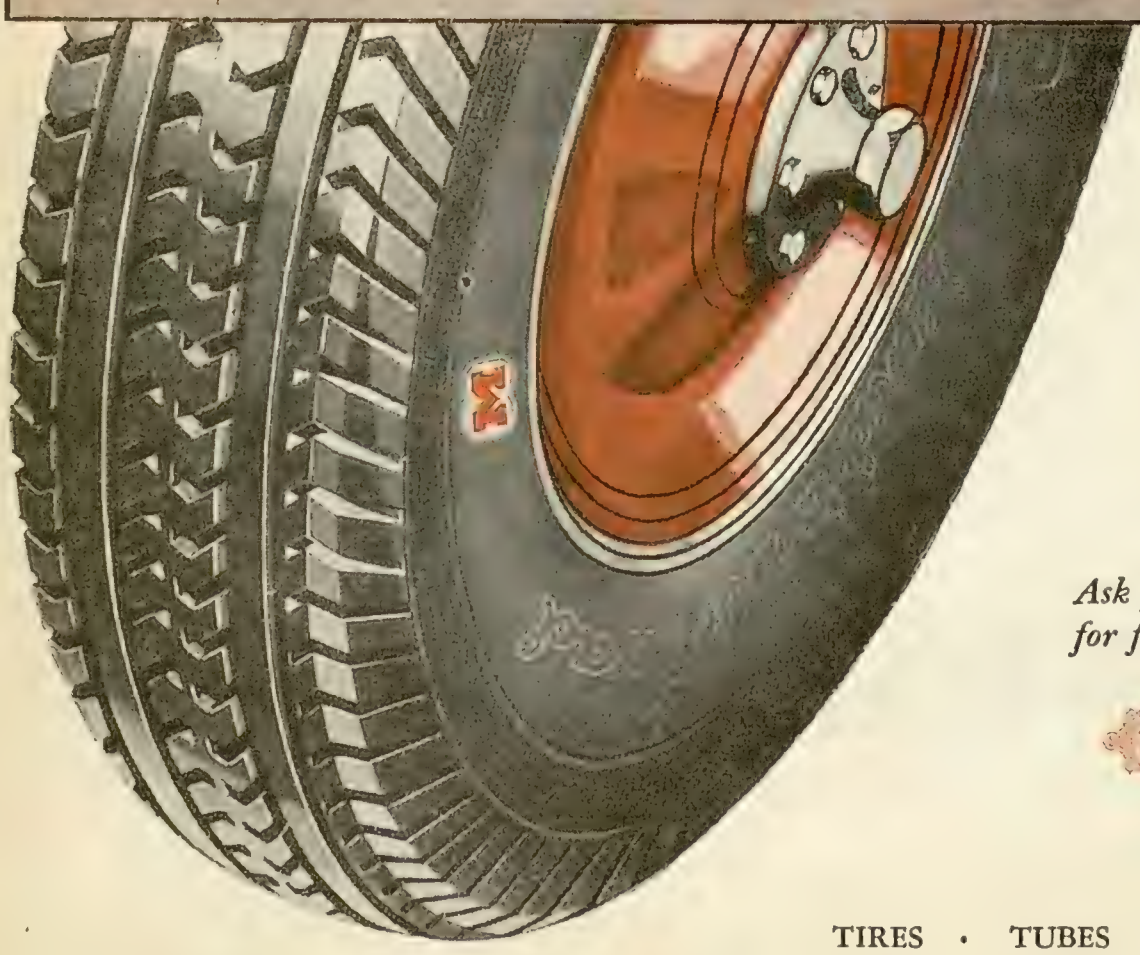
*"The Voice of Authority"*

# No Greater Tire Guaran

## *has ever been writte*



*The Miller Fleet that made this remarkable scientific test*



How the New Geared-to-the-Road Compared with the Biggest-Selling Tires in America

Taking mileage of New Miller as 100%

| | |
|---|---|
| Tire No. 1 ran 93.9% | Tire No. 7 ran 51.4% |
| Tire No. 2 ran 85.7% | Tire No. 8 ran 45.8% |
| Tire No. 3 ran 68.0% | Tire No. 9 ran 40.3% |
| Tire No. 4 ran 67.0% | Tire No. 10 ran 38.5% |
| Tire No. 5 ran 61.5% | Tire No. 11 ran 36.6% |
| Tire No. 6 ran 58.7% | Tire No. 12 ran 33.9% |

Tire No. 13 ran 25.4%

NOTE: Figures on competitive tires represent the point at which tires went out of service either from carcass failure or with treads worn smooth. The New Miller outwore competitive tires in every instance.

*Ask your Miller dealer for further particulars*

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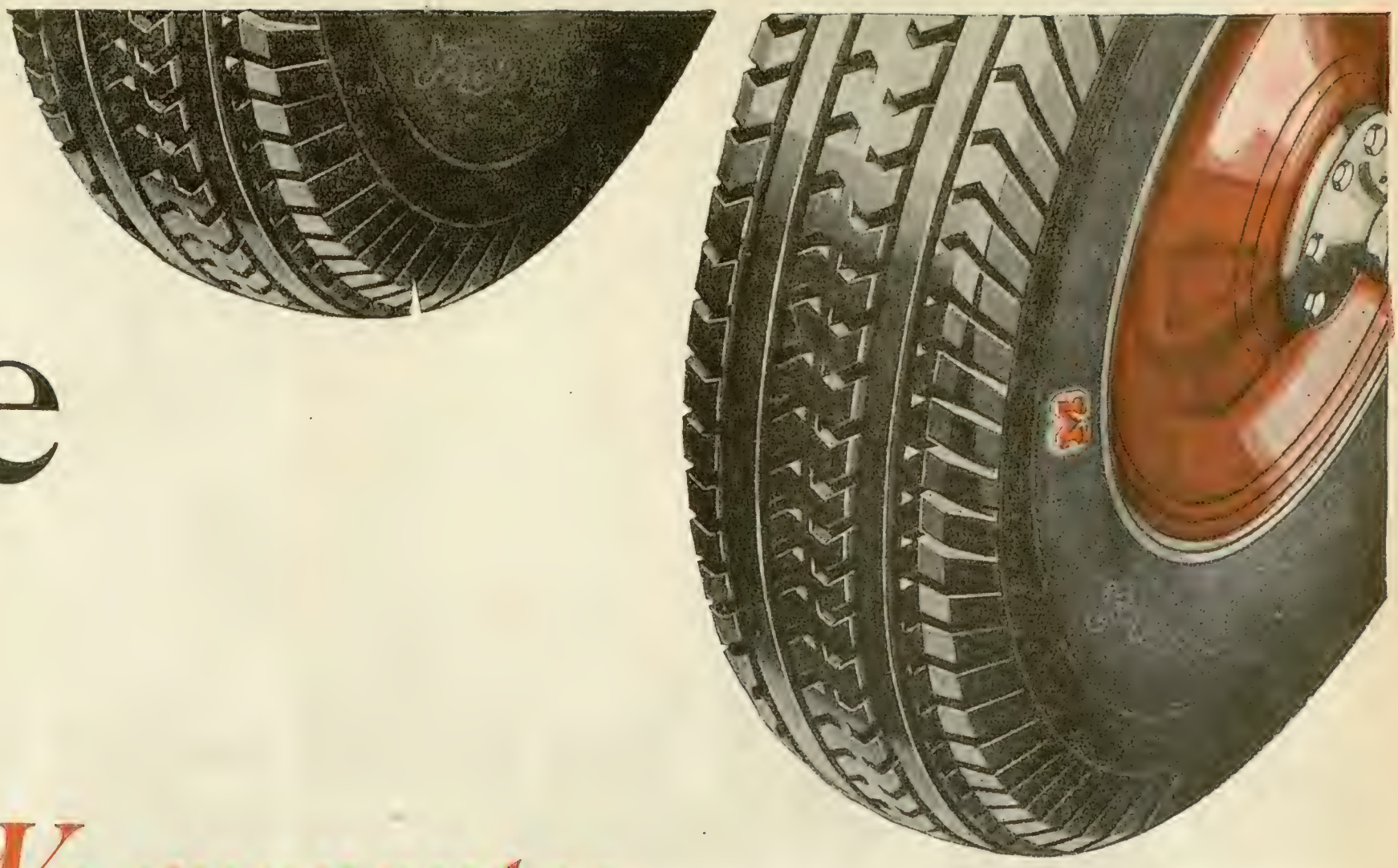
TIRES · TUBES · ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS · DR



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# *We guarantee* this tire to outwear any other tire of equal price when run under the same conditions

IN all our experience, we have never seen a tire guarantee to equal this one. It was written with the purpose of surpassing any guarantee ever made. It is greater than *any* mileage guarantee—for mileage guarantees are *limited* guarantees.

READ IT AGAIN! You cannot afford to spend a single dollar for tires without fully investigating this *new* basis of judging tire value.

And consider the method by which Miller arrived at this unsurpassable guarantee. A method of determining tire quality that leaves nothing to chance or guesswork.

*Road wear—the real test*

After building what we thought was the best tire ever made—and testing it on the abrasive roads of Florida for 3,000,000 miles—then rebuilding to improve where improvement was possible—we sent the Miller Test Fleet back to Florida, with the best standard tires of 13 well-known makers. Each make was given a fair test against our own.

*An amazing result!*

*In every case the new Geared-to-the-Road outlasted and outwore the competitive tire.* And at the end of the entire test, not one Miller Tire Carcass had failed.

No matter how well satisfied you are with other tires, this one will do more for you. It is guaranteed to do so. You cannot lose. In your own interests—see this tire now at your Miller dealer's—and let him give you all of this amazing story.

Available now in all popular sizes, at Miller dealers. Standard four-ply, for ordinary service conditions; special six-ply heavy construction for use where overloads must be carried and service is severe.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N Y. Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.

# ILLER

SUNDRIES • BATHING WEAR • SHUGLOV FOOT-GEAR • RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS • MOLDED RUBBER GOODS

# Here's how to get back the energy the hot days take away. Fatigue begins to disappear with the first sip of a cool frothy Borden's Malted Milk

The fountains are crowded with them these hot days. Men and women—children too—enjoying a wonderful drink out of tall cool frosted glasses. A rich creamy drink—Borden's Malted Milk. Try one yourself. It tones you up when you're tired. Sharpens appetites. Easily digested, too. Made by the Borden Company, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, and served at fountains with the red Diamond.

*When you want a refreshing stimulant at home evenings, try a glass of Borden's Malted. Taken hot before retiring, it induces sleep. For growing children, there's nothing like Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk. It gives them all the energy their active little bodies require.*

**Borden's MALTED MILK**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

TO DO IN THAT DEN FOR THERE IS NO WAY OUT LISTEN WHAT IT SAYS THEN THE KING COMMANDED HE DIDN'T ASK MIND YOU OR REQUEST OR SUGGEST NO SIR HE COMMANDED AND THEY BROUGHT DANIEL AND CAST HIM INTO THE DEN OF LIONS AND A STONE WAS BROUGHT AND LAID UPON THE MOUTH OF THE DEN AND THE KING SEALED IT WITH HIS OWN SIGNET AND WITH THE SIGNET OF HIS LORDS THAT THE PURPOSE MIGHT NOT BE CHANGED CONCERNING DANIEL THE KING WAS TAKING NO CHANCES IF HE HAD HAD A YALE LOCK HE WOULD HAVE PUT A YALE LOCK ON IT POOR DANIEL ALL ALONE ALL NIGHT WITH THOSE LIONS AH I CAN SEE YOU TREMBLE AND WITH MY MIND'S EYE I CAN SEE THOUSANDS OF MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS LISTENING IN TO MY WORDS TONIGHT AND TREMBLING FOR DANIEL.

I CAN HEAR THEM SAYING SISTER MC PHERSON TELL US TELL US QUICKLY WHAT HAPPENED TO POOR DANIEL WE HAVE TUNED OUT ALL THE JAZZ BANDS AND THE FRIVOLOUS THINGS OF THIS WORLD AND WE ARE THINKING ONLY OF YOU AND YOUR BURNING MESSAGE BUT FIRST WE WILL HAVE A SONG ALTOGETHER AND THEN I WILL TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO DANIEL HALLELUJAH

YES, SIR, HERE'S SALVATION.
NO, SIR, DON'T MEAN MAYBE.
YES, SIR, HERE'S SALVATION NOW.
GOOD-BY, SIN AND SORROW.
WELCOME, BRIGHT TOMORROW,
FOR WE'VE GOT SALVATION NOW.
I BELIEVE! I BELIEVE!
I HAVE FAITH AND I NEVER MORE WILL GRIEVE.
YES, SIR, HERE'S SALVATION.
NO, SIR, DON'T MEAN MAYBE.
YES, SIR, HERE'S SALVATION NOW.

JIMMY: I'm going to be thinking about you on that train, Dixie. All the way to New York—alone! Three long days, four long nights!

DIXIE: Jimmy . . . please!

JIMMY: And after I get back, I'll be alone—going alone to all the places we used to go together—Jimmy Durante's, the Cotton Club, down to Barney's.

DIXIE *(feverishly):* Don't you think Jimmy Durante is the funniest man in the world? I just love him when he sings "Down where the cows go woof woof and the little birdies ickle ickle and the little froggies yahckny yahckny."

JIMMY: And the Casino in the park where we used to sit afternoons and have tea and watch the rain outside. Oh, God, Dixie, I'm going to miss you.

DIXIE *(crying):* I shouldn't have come. I shouldn't have seen you. I was a damn fool.

JIMMY *(crying):* Dixie! Darling!

WAITER *(suddenly from nowhere):* The deep-dish apple pie is very nice tonight, sir.

JIMMY: Get the hell out of here, will you?

WAITER *(plaintively):* Yes, sir. *(Backs away in sorrowful defeat.)* Thank you, sir.

. . . . .

FB365 28 ALBUQUERQUE N M 835A NOV 29
DIXIE DUGAN
1842 NO. LA BREA AVE HOLLYWOOD CALIF
THE TRAIN WHEELS WERE SINGING ALL NIGHT I WANTA BE LOVED BY YOU BY YOU BY YOU BY-YOU BY YOU I WANTA BE LOVED BY YOU ALONE
JIMMY

KC374 33 NEWTON KANSAS 745A NOV 30
DIXIE DUGAN
1842 NO. LA BREA AVE HOLLYWOOD CALIF
THE LITTLE CANARY DONT SING ANY MORE THE FOLKS ASK ME WHY YOU DONT CALL AND THE WHOLE HOUSE IS BLUE THEY WANT YOU ONLY YOU BUT I MISS YOU MOST OF ALL
JIMMY

FB 656 27 CHICAGO ILL 1102A DEC 1
DIXIE DUGAN
1842 NO. LA BREA AVE HOLLYWOOD CALIF
MAYBE YOURE BETTER OFF OUT THERE WHERE YOU FAW DOWN AND GO BOOM STOP HERE THEY GO BOOM AND YOU FAW DOWN KEITH CIRCUIT JOKE LEFF KLUN LEFF
JIMMY

SC278 9 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 412P DEC 1
JIMMY DOYLE
EN ROUTE 20TH CENTURY EASTBOUND LETS NOT CLOWN ANY MORE MY HEART IS BREAKING
DIXIE

. . . . .

*New York City,*
*3d December, 1928.*

DIXIE:

I won't clown any more. I've been sitting up here in my room for hours writing long letters to you and tearing them all up.

I was afraid you would think they were sappy or something. And then I thought of a poem by Carl Sandburg which I read a few years ago.

I loved it then, but never dreamed it could hit me as hard as it does now. I am copying it out for you. It will be the letter I cannot write.

The sea rocks have a green moss.
The pine rocks have red berries.
I have memories of you. . . .

Speak to me of how you miss me.
Tell me the hours go long and slow.

Speak to me of the drag on your heart,
The iron drag of the long days.

I know hours empty as a beggar's tin cup on a rainy day, empty as a soldier's sleeve with an arm lost.

Speak to me . . .

JIMMY.

---

*In next week's installment heartbreak gives way to smiles as Dixie begins her career as a movie star, and touches up her education with sound and effects.*

*Liberty offers*

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# Knights of the Blue

## *A Story of the Lafayette Flying Corps, the Foreign Legion of the Air*

*By* CHARLES NORDHOFF *and* JAMES NORMAN HALL

THE name of Charles Selden, who tells this story, cannot be found on the rolls of the Lafayette Flying Corps, but his experiences are real ones of the authors and of other Corps members. In last week's installment he told of air patrols in the Champagne and in Lorraine during the winter of 1917-1918. An attack on a German balloon led to a "dog fight" in which his Spad was riddled, and at the end of the installment he was off to Paris for a new one and two days' leave.

### PART FOUR—BLACK CROSSES

MY train for Paris left just before noon, and during the slow journey halfway across France I had time for some quiet reflections concerning my own small affairs.

In the autumn, while I was at the G. D. E., Dr. Gros had driven out from Paris with Majors Glendinning and Hoffman of the Signal Corps and Major Goldthwaite of the Medical Corps to interview the Americans then at Plessis-Belleville. Those who expressed a desire to transfer to American Aviation were given a physical examination and their records looked into with a view to commissioning them.

Gordon and Slater had declined, but Dr. Gros—by that time a major in the Signal Corps—had assured me that my acceptance would not prevent my continuing at the front, and that after my transfer he could probably have me sent back to my French squadron. So I had accepted gratefully, glad of the chance to fight, as my ancestors had fought before me, in my country's uniform. What I feared most was being sent to the rear as a flying instructor, just now when I felt that I was beginning to be of some use at the front.

My first thought the morning of my arrival was to call on Dr. Gros. I told him briefly of what had happened since I had seen him at the G. D. E., and he made me feel unmistakably his pleasure in my small successes. He offered me a cigar, lit one himself, and snapped his fingers suddenly.

"By Jove! I'm glad you came in today! Forty-eight hours' leave, you said? You've time to do the job and fly your new Spad back day after tomorrow! Yes, you're released from the French army and your commission's come. Let's see."

He ruffled hastily the pages of a railway timetable.

"Yes, you can make it; you've an hour to catch the Chaumont train. I'll have your papers ready in ten minutes. You're a first lieutenant, Signal Officers Reserve Corps, and when you've taken your oath of allegiance you'll receive orders to rejoin your French squadron. I've fixed that. You'll be sent for when the American squadrons are ready for the front, and if you keep on as you've been going you'll soon be a flight commander with captain's rank. The American army will be needing pilots with experience at the front."

I left Dr. Gros' office walking on air. Commissioned an American officer! Ordered back to Spad 597! What splendid luck! I remember little of my rapid trip to Chaumont and return, except the kindness of Captain Frederick Zinn, who took me in hand at the G. H. Q., cut through miles of red tape as if by magic, and saw me to the train for Paris that same evening.

The next day was a busy one for me. As I wished to be a credit to the American service, I ordered plenty of boots and uniforms. And with the memory of my adventure in pyjamas in mind, I allowed myself sufficient leisure to lay in a supply of those garments in patterns I would not blush to display.

Next I hunted up Laguesse's friend, the test pilot, still at Le Bourget, and accepted gratefully his tip to take a beautiful little Peugeot-Blériot Spad he had tried out only the day before. I landed at Vertus, in the Champagne, lunched with some hospitable French airmen there, and hopped on to Lunéville. Everyone congratulated me on my commission, and Captain Clermont gave me leave to stop in my old quarters till my uniform came.

Photo from James Norman Hall

*Thaw, Lufbery, and Masson of the Escadrille Lafayette.*

THERE was an unwritten law in French squadrons that every man commissioned from their ranks must *arroser ses galons*—"sprinkle his stripes"—and my bars of an American lieutenant were to be sprinkled that night. I had ordered a barrel of good red Bordeaux for the men and asked Cartier to preside as master of ceremonies; and with Fontana's help in selecting food and wine, I was to give a dinner at a restaurant in town for the pilots of Spad 597.

Volokoff seemed even more melancholy than usual when I met him in our living room. He had been reading a long letter from Russia, which he tore into bits and tossed idly into the stove. Then he stood up, towering over me and running a hand through his hair as if to brush away depressing thoughts.

"Want to take a turn over the lines at two o'clock?" he asked.

"I'm your man! I'm keen to try out my new bus."

"If we can find any Boches," he said quietly, "I'm going to knock one down today."

Though he had taken part in innumerable combats, and had had his plane riddled time after time, Volokoff had never succeeded in bringing down a German plane.

The sunlight filtered down through masses of light scattered clouds that afternoon—an ideal day for ambushes in the air. Dodging in and out of the clouds, to throw off the gunners who shot at us at every chance, Volokoff and I flew northwest along the front, past Nancy, and on toward the bend of the Salient at Pont-à-Mousson.

From a wartime drawing in L'Illustration, Paris

*The victory of a Spad over a Fokker—the German plunging earthward with his gas tank aflame.*

I was in the lead, and just east of Nomeny we sighted a lone German, high above us. We were at about 3,000 meters.

Climbing with full throttle close alongside Volokoff, I saw that his gun had jammed while firing the short burst every pilot fired when going out to the lines to make sure that his gun was working smoothly. With his stick in his left hand he was leaning forward to tug at the crank handle of his Vickers. It must have been a bad jam, for he was still working to clear it when he dropped behind and out of sight.

I had such confidence in my new ship and in its gun that I climbed on among the clouds, higher and higher, and always deeper into the enemy lines. I thought the German had not sighted us and I might be able to take him by surprise, but he must have been waiting all the time I was climbing up to him, and when he attacked, he came in grimly to finish me.

I was in a space of open sunlight, with a wall of snowy cloud to the east; and my first inkling of the attack was a swift-dropping shadow on the screen of cloud. I turned sharply, but I was too late. I saw no smoky lines of tracers, heard no crackle of gunfire, but felt a smashing blow in my left shoulder and a burning stab. As my Spad went into a spin, still with full motor, my side felt sticky and wet.

I managed to reach over and reduce the throttle; then, pushing forward the stick, I straightened out of that frightful spin, marveling dully that my ship had not lost her wings. I came out in a steep dive, turning toward the friendly lines, and that turn saved my life, I think; for the German, suspecting that my spin was a ruse to escape, had come down after me, full motor, and the moment I ceased spinning I heard his gun going behind. The bullets were whipping through the wing a yard to one side of me; then with a loud *ping!* one struck some part of the engine and my propeller stopped dead.

FOR all my sick faintness I turned in a still steeper bank. The Pfalz pulled up just over me to get on my tail once more, and as I turned my head I saw something that gave me a faint thrill of hope. Above me and a little ahead, Volokoff was diving on the German plane, roaring down almost vertically. I had just time to wonder dully why he didn't shoot, and to think, "My God! What if his gun's still jammed?" What followed was wonderful and terrible.

Still without firing a shot, the Russian flashed over me at tremendous speed, straight for the German. The Pfalz nosed down to pass under him, but Volokoff steepened his dive till he was almost on his back. The two ships, moving at a combined speed of 300 miles an hour or more, met head-on with a rending crash. Their wings buckled, and they seemed to fly into bits as they disappeared. Volokoff had got his Boche at last.

Stunned by the shock of my wound and the horror of what I had just seen, I straightened out and began a long glide for the lines, still far away. My altimeter read 2,800, and I wondered in a queer, impersonal way whether I was high enough to fetch the French side. Weighing a ton, and supported by only twenty yards of wing surface, the Spad lost altitude at disquieting speed. I was growing dizzy and faint. Presently I saw trenches, and the roofless houses of the front; there was a rapid distant hammering of machine guns, and I knew that in another minute I would be on the ground.

There was no place anywhere ahead of me where a plane could be landed without a smash—only trenches, shell holes filled with ice, stumps of trees, and barbed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE
Continued from page forty-three ]

wire everywhere. Down I came, the wind whistling through struts and bracing wires. I was struggling to keep a grip on my remnant of consciousness when I made out a broad, deep communication trench. It was straight at the point where my ship would strike, and wide enough to let the fuselage down, while the smashing wings might break the force of the fall. I was heading for it when I seemed to fall asleep.

Consciousness came back to me by slow degrees. I was stretched out comfortably and in little pain, though my arm and left side were numb. My eyes were tight shut and the effort of opening them was more than I could face. Cautiously I moved my feet, my legs, my right arm. Then I heard a sound that has been described without success a thousand times—the noise of an approaching H. E. shell, ripping its way through the air. It exploded with a roar somewhere near by, and I heard the wasplike buzzing of splinters of steel. A husky voice remarked indifferently: "*Tiens! Les mouches!*"

*The mechanics were wheeling out our Spads. The field buzzed like a beehive.*

Picture by Clayton Knight

A moment passed before I realized what this meant to me. "Thank the Lord!" I thought. "At least I'm not a prisoner!" Making an effort I opened my eyes.

I lay on a stretcher in a bay of a deep communication trench. Two middle-aged infantrymen were muttering as they took up their burden once more. The one in front of me turned at the sound of my weak voice. "*Eh bien,*" he said; "you feel better now?"

"Yes. Where's my plane? What happened?"

"Your plane? It no longer exists! Tell me, do you carry a *porte-bonheur* to bring you luck?"

Presently we came to the first-aid dressing station, where a medical officer dressed my wound temporarily and gave me an injection of anti-lockjaw serum.

"You're in luck!" he told me. "The Boche drilled you, all right, but I don't believe he even nicked the bone!"

THEY kept me a week in the evacuation hospital. I saw sights there and heard sounds I shall never forget, and on which I shall not dwell; and I began to ask myself for the first time what justification man could find for inflicting such horrors on his fellow men.

Finally they entrained us for the long slow journey to Paris. The coaches were cattle cars, cleaned, painted, and rigged with three tiers of bunks, and every bunk had its occupant. Ambulances met us at the Gare de l'Est; I was placed in one which sped to the American hospital in Neuilly.

Next morning I had a visit from Dr. Gros.

"Well, Selden! So you stopped one, eh? You were lucky, my boy, to get down as you did. I heard of it nearly a week ago, and asked them to send you here as soon as you were fit to travel."

He asked about the fight and I told him how Volokoff had saved my life. "Whew!" he exclaimed. "Yes, I know Volokoff—half Paris knew him by sight. Poor devil! He'd been reading a letter from Russia, you say? Well, he hadn't much reason to be in love with life! There are dozens like him in the Legion—estates confiscated and families murdered by the Bolsheviks. Pretty tough to be a Russian nowadays."

One day, just before they allowed me to sit up, I had a surprise. Hearing a soft murmur of interest run through the ward, I glanced up. An airman stood over me, gold teeth flashing, and a mass of decorations covering his left breast. It was Nungesser, and with him was Lufbery, almost equally resplendent. I heard an old territorial mutter to a neighbor: "Whoever they are, it's not bananas they lack!" Bananas was the *poilu* word for decorations.

"Well, how's the Rumpler hound?" asked Lufbery.

"Just heard you were here," said Nungesser. "Hard luck, Selden! Better now? I know how it is—I'm always stopping 'em! If wounds were promotions, I'd be a marshal of France!"

"Got everything you want?" Lufbery went on. "I'm in Paris for forty-eight hours, and I've plenty of time."

He wore the brand-new uniform of a major in the American Air Service, and he had an air of depressed discontent.

"HAVE you heard about Luf?" Nungesser asked, grinning at his companion. "They've made him a major, now that he's transferred to the American service—and oh, such a useful one! They sent him to a flying school first—gave him an office, beautiful roll-top desk, a pencil, and a pad of paper. All he had to do was to whittle his pencil and draw pictures on his pad. He loved that—didn't you, Luf? Then they sent him to Villeneuve, in the Champagne, to be the boss of a couple of new pursuit squadrons. That's where he is now. He's got pilots, mechanics, and planes—a first-class outfit. The only trouble is, they haven't any guns! What's the matter with you chaps, Selden? Isn't that six hundred million dollars the U. S. A. appropriated for aviation enough to buy guns for a couple of dozen planes? They might at least buy one for Luf!"

Lufbery smiled gloomily. "I suppose they'll come some day, but we're getting mighty sick of waiting. We're the Ninety-fourth and Ninety-fifth Pursuit—the only American squadrons on the front, except the Lafayette. Pursuit hell! Pursuit backwards! I've got the keenest crowd of pilots on the front! If they had guns, those boys would be knocking down Boches right and left!"

"Well, they'll be sending along your guns one of these days," said Nungesser; "and there'll be plenty of action this spring. One thing's sure: the Boches are going to pull off a tremendous show somewhere. Hurry up and get well, Selden! We'll need every pilot when the fun starts." He stood up and took my uninjured hand. "Come along, Luf, we must push off. *Au revoir.*"

I lay thinking of his words after they were gone. France was full of rumors in those days, for it was obvious that the time was at hand for Germany's great final effort.

On March 21 Germany struck the awaited blow—struck with sixty-two massed divisions, on a front extending from Croisilles to La Fère. The Allied lines gave back—gave back; the British Fifth Army was routed; the enemy was advancing at a pace unprecedented since 1914. The days dragged on. In the hospital on the outskirts of Paris, one was aware of the hushed, expectant city, tense with anxiety as each hour's news came in. At last, early in April, the attack came to a standstill; our lines had bulged, but now they were holding, and the attempt to separate the French and British had failed.

I was to be allowed to spend a few hours in town that day. An orderly was helping me to dress when Forbes came in. He looked thin and very tired.

"Lordy!" he exclaimed, clasping my hand with fingers that twitched. "It's good to see you out of bed! I'm in for a new Spad, and the captain gave me forty-eight

hours in Paris. A little rest, he said. Well, I need it—we all do!"

An hour later we were sitting on the terrace at Fouquet's. Until that moment Gordon had dodged my efforts to get news of the front. He reached for his coffee cup with a hand that trembled painfully.

"My nerves are shot to hell," he remarked, with an attempt at a smile. "Two weeks of it. . . . My God! You were lucky to be in hospital! Four patrols a day—eight hours in the air; and the Boches thick as flies and mordant as the devil! Your crowd? Fontana's gone, and de Chalais, and du Marmier. And it's just as bad in 602. Did you know they got Tommy Slater? He died of wounds night before last." He was silent for a time, and I waited while he drummed on the table with restless fingers. Then he went on:

"The group got there a few hours after the attack started and we've been in the thick of it ever since. It seems to me I've lived a lifetime in the last two weeks. It's been a nightmare, too tremendous to comprehend, and filled with a kind of horrible beauty. When we arrived, there wasn't a balloon left on our side of the lines; the British were simply beating it for the rear, and the Boches had swept the air clean. They broke out hundreds of little triplanes, Fokkers, that they'd been reserving for this show, and they flew in formations of a dozen and fifteen and twenty, attacking everything in sight, in the air and on the ground. Remember that night when Beaumont made us the little speech about the supremacy of the air? Well, let me tell you, the Boches have had it for the last two weeks!"

Gordon had aged astonishingly since I had seen him last; he seemed to have crossed the divide between youth and manhood.

"Tell me about Tommy Slater," I said.

"It was just north of Montdidier. They sent us out to try to locate the lines. There were four of us with Tommy in the lead. Tommy took us over the clouds into the Boche lines, dove through a hole, and found a long line of cavalry. Lordy! We played the devil with them! The horses went wild! But right in the middle of the fun a flock of Fokkers came down.

"There were more than a dozen of them, and they had us cold. Do you remember Rousseau? I saw him go past with three of them on his tail and fold up in the air. They simply shot his Spad to bits! Believe me, I had my hands full, but I caught a glimpse or two of Tommy out of the corner of my eye. Four or five Fokkers were turning with him, taking pot shots from above and below and behind, but they couldn't get him in their sights and I saw him knock down two of them not thirty seconds apart.

"HE could have ducked into a cloud, but that wasn't Tommy's style. He was glorious! I swear, if his guns hadn't jammed, I believe he'd have ruined the lot of them! Once, when I was in a vertical bank with a stream of bullets going through my fuselage, I thought he was a goner. Three of them were shooting at him, but he did one of those marvelous turns of his, so abrupt that he came right up under their tails and almost bagged one of them.

"Then both his guns jammed, and while he still turned with them, pounding at a crank handle, a little green Fokker came up underneath and behind him, hung on its prop, and gave him a point-blank burst. Tommy zoomed up and ducked into a cloud, and that's the last I saw of him till later on.

"Me? Oh, I nearly got mine! It was a miracle the old ship hung together, but she did. The wings and fuselage looked like Swiss cheese. They were making out my papers to go to Le Bourget for a new ship when the captain sent for me to say that Tommy had come down near Royaucourt, badly wounded, and that I was to take the captain's car and run up to fetch him.

"I found Tommy in a wrecked farmhouse, on a dirty bed under the only bit of roof that was left. A doctor told me he hadn't more than an hour to live—three bullets through the stomach. He'd brought his Spad down in a wretched little field without breaking a wire.

"His head was quite clear; if he was suffering he gave no sign of it. He greeted me with that ghostly little smile of his. 'Well, I got mine,' he said, and told me, briefly and calmly, about the fight.

"I can't say that I liked him—but, by God, that boy had guts! A padre came in—a fine old ruddy, white-haired priest, with the eyes of a saint. The doctor must have told him the situation, for he walked straight to the bed and went down on his knees. 'Is there anything I can do for you, my son?' he asked. 'Yes, father,' said Tommy, with another faint smile. 'You can give me a cigarette.' Without a word the old priest fumbled in his cassock, produced a cigarette, and struck a match when it was between Tommy's lips. Then I saw his own lips moving in prayer. When we looked up, the cigarette was burning a hole in the blanket, and Slater was dead."

Gordon's hand went up to his forehead, as if to brush away harassing thoughts. "Let's talk about something else," he said abruptly; "I've had enough war to hold me for a while."

WE paid our bill and strolled off down the Champs Elysées; I had another hour before it would be time to take a tram back to Neuilly. Gordon was gloomy and preoccupied. No doubt his thoughts, like mine, were dwelling on the war. I wondered whether America had come in too late. Gordon put a halt to these reflections by seizing my arm.

He had stopped before one of the magnificent French war posters, on a courtyard wall: France, in the form of a noble-looking woman, standing on a shell-swept parapet. The tattered remnant of the tricolor she held aloft streamed in a great wind, and she was gazing back over her shoulder as if to cry: "*Hauts les cœurs! En avant!*" But the poster bore no legend, and none was needed. The splendid high-headed figure, the torn flag whipping in the wind, were more eloquent than any words.

"By God!" Forbes exclaimed softly. "That's France for you! The Boches'll never down her!"

April passed, and the first half of May, while I convalesced. It was at this time that I learned of Raoul Lufbery's death—how he had been shot down in flames in Lorraine. On May 20, I rejoined my squadron, at Villeneuve in the Champagne.

Flingot met me at Épernay with the captain's car. He talked nearly as fast as he drove.

"We've been through it, Selden! By the way, I suppose I'll have to call you *mon lieutenant* now—you'll have to excuse me if I forget now and then. A lot of changes in group—new faces and the old ones gone. Fontana's a prisoner. You remember du Marmier? He's dead, and de Chalais was shot down in flames over our field in Picardy. Golasse is the only one of your pals left. They'll never get that bird—he's too tough."

We flew down the white, dusty road, past Cramant and Avize, and at last reached the aërodrome.

There had been a lull in the summer's heavy fighting, and the bar was full of tired men. The warmth of the captain's welcome touched me.

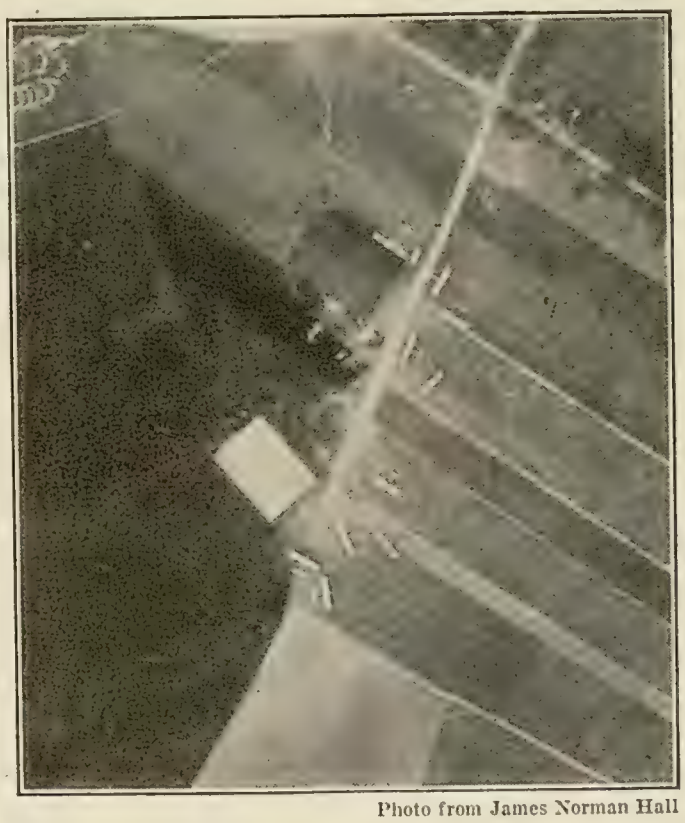


Photo from James Norman Hall

*An aërodrome at the front, as seen from a height of nearly a mile.*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE
Continued from page forty-five]

"*Eh bien,* Selden! I'm delighted to have you back!" His face, full and ruddy when I had seen him last, looked gray, and there were dark circles beneath his eyes.

Forbes, Golasse, and other friends were there to welcome me, but as Flingot said, there were many new faces. And the old faces that remained were changed, for flying over the attacks of 1918 was no bath in the Fountain of Youth.

The captain told me I might have Cartier and Vigneau back, so when I had been introduced to a bewildering crowd of new pilots, I set out with Forbes to greet my mechanics.

Cartier was working before a hangar, covering bullet holes in the wings of a Spad with little round patches, each one decorated with a miniature Iron Cross. He took my hand and smiled faintly, without a sign of emotion. "Hello, Selden. Glad to get back? This is your new taxi—not much good, but we have to take what they give us these days." Vigneau came out of the hangar with a can of oil, and shook hands shyly.

Forbes got his lieutenancy during the third week in May. He had shot down and had confirmed six German planes, and several others too far in their lines for confirmation. I knew that he was now considered one of the best men in the group. I have had little to say of his exploits because he seldom spoke of them himself, not so much due to modesty as to the fact that he had a deep hatred of killing. But he believed, with so many others in those days, that this was indeed a war to end war, and resolute in his belief, he carried on.

For a week after my arrival at Villeneuve we led an easy life. We did routine patrols on both sides of Reims, but the enemy seemed to have deserted the air. Those were long, warm, drowsy days of loafing and sleep. Nesting quail called in the wheat; the pale green of the vineyards was deepening; the war seemed far away.

THEN came the 27th of May. This is not the place to describe in detail that great attack, nor am I capable of describing it. All I know is what we saw from the air. The whole country, to the west and south of Reims, blazed and smoked and flashed with bursting shells as the enemy swept forward to the Marne. They reached the river on the night of the fourth day, but the French infantry, now numbering forty divisions, and stiffened by American troops, held them there.

The attack came as a complete surprise. I remember that morning well. I was up at dawn, for I had had a sound night's sleep. Captain Clermont and I strolled back to the officers' mess to drink our chocolate. Weiler, the Alsatian lieutenant, rose as we came in. He stretched his arms, yawned, and remarked: "This is almost as good as Lunéville. I've half a mind to go back to bed."

At that moment the captain's little dog began to bark. The door burst open and I was amazed to see Major Beaumont, flushed and breathing fast. He spoke without ceremony:

"I want every pilot in the group in the air at once. The Boches have attacked—they're breaking through all along the Chemin des Dames, and their aviation is reported to be very strong. Tell your mechanics to have everything ready to fill up quickly when the patrols return." Next moment he was off.

Captain Clermont wasted no time. He rang for Carnot, and dictated to him, crisply and clearly, the orders for the formation of patrols. The mechanics had already been notified; they were wheeling out our Spads and beginning to warm them up. Major Beaumont kept his ship in the same hangar with mine, and I was not surprised to see that it was outside, with the motor idling.

"We'll make two patrols," the captain was saying; "I'll lead one, Weiler the other. You can come with me." These are the last words René Clermont ever spoke to me.

The field buzzed like a beehive newly disturbed. One patrol took off—and another, and another. Weiler led his formation off toward the Montagne de Reims—our turn had come. The clouds were low that morning, and under their gray ceiling we swept once around the field. Then Clermont headed for the lines. We crossed the Marne a little east of Épernay, and swept over the Montagne de Reims. Then, with the city and its ruined cathedral on our right, we passed over the Vesle.

Photo from James Norman Hall

*An official visit to an aërodrome. Third from the left is Dr. Edmund L. Gros, vice president, executive committee of the Lafayette Flying Corps. At the extreme left is United States Ambassador Sharp.*

THE houses ceased to have roofs, bursting shells flashed and winked below, smoke rose from the villages, and the air was rocked and torn by the projectiles passing us. Patches of black sprang out on all sides, with the deep coughs of the 105s, but we were too low and our speed too great for them. A Spad ranged alongside me, and I saw Commandant Beaumont's stork. He was not a man to stay on the ground that day. The clouds were breaking up a little, and not an enemy plane was in sight.

Then the air, empty a moment before, was suddenly filled with strange awkward-looking little ships, with N-shaped struts and black crosses on their wings. They were Fokker D 7s—by long odds the finest pursuit ships produced during the war—and they were piloted by the cream of the German Air Service, selected for this attack—the most formidable band of assassins I ever had the misfortune to meet. There must have been eighteen or twenty of them in this one patrol, and they flew together with the easy elasticity of migrating wild fowl.

The odds were three to one, and they had the advantage of altitude. I thought: "You'll be damned lucky to get out of this alive." But I fancy that their very numbers, under the low ceiling of clouds, may have saved some of our lives in the fantastic fight that followed. Thirty seconds after my first sight of the enemy, the air was crisscrossed with thin lines of smoke, and guns were stuttering faintly on every side.

Three Fokkers—murderously persistent ones—got on my tail at once, but I threw off their aim with a sharp climbing turn and managed to get in a burst at one of three that were attacking the captain. But next moment, flames began to stream from Clermont's Spad; he nosed down and sped earthward, leaving a train of dense black smoke.

I had resolved not to lose a meter of altitude, knowing that I would be lost if driven down; but strive as I would to shake off my pursuers, or one of them, I found myself thwarted at every turn. The air was so thick with planes, banking, shooting, nosing down, zooming up, that I was as busy as a one-armed juggler. Several times I got a Fokker in my sights long enough to give him a burst, and as often barely missed being shot down; and the mere matter of avoiding collisions with friend or foe was an occupation in itself.

Major Beaumont was in the thick of the fight; he handled his Spad like a true Stork, and once, as he flashed past with three Fokkers on his tail, I saw him get in a burst at a fourth that sent the Boche coasting for the ground. At that moment my motor began to miss, and I realized that if I was ever to get home, this was the time to go. But the Germans—still three of them—were not willing to let me retire gracefully.

Climbing as well as I could while the engine skipped alarmingly, I made a sharp turn with tracers streaming past my tail, and ducked into a convenient low cloud. I had my bearings well in mind as the gray mist enveloped

me, and another turn headed my Spad for Reims. Then, tail up, I fled. The exhausts of the big motor roared in syncopated time, very different from the song of a healthy Spad.

I sped across a strip of sunlight and ducked into a second cloud. When I came out of it I was over the Vesle and there were no more clouds between me and the Montagne de Reims. Half a mile behind me to the west, I saw the Fokkers, easily recognized by their short lower wings and single bays. They had spotted me again and were hot on my trail.

Now and then, for a few seconds, all eight cylinders of my motor would take hold, and though the Germans were gaining they were still too far behind for shooting when I reached the west side of the wooded plateau. Two of them banked and gave up the chase, but the third came on with an air of determination I didn't like. Close to the Marne, between St. Imoges and Hautvillers, he began to peck at me with short tentative bursts, though he was still too far for accurate shooting.

We were approaching Épernay, and I realized with deep chagrin that thousands of eyes below might be watching my inglorious flight. Yet I knew that if I attempted to turn on the Fokker, I would wingslip and be driven down at the first brusque turn. "God!" I thought bitterly; "damn this motor! If it would only run for two minutes I'd show that Fritz where to head in!" Strangely enough, at that instant it burst into its full deep-throated roar.

I made a steep climbing turn which took the German by complete surprise. A second later I had him full in my sights and gave him a long soul-satisfying burst from two Vickers that worked smoothly as a pair of sewing machines. The Fokker seemed to wince as the hurricane of lead took it fair amidships; up went its nose and off went one of the lower wings. The German pilot, riddled with bullets, had no time to close his throttle and the Fokker went spinning down at ghastly speed, to splash in a field on the outskirts of Épernay. Dozens of tiny figures ran toward the wreck, and after the Fokker had struck the earth, I saw its detached lower wing still eddying down like an autumn leaf.

I felt a glorious elation, untinged by the slightest regret at having killed a man, and there over the town I looped and did barrel turns till my engine began to miss once more, this time so badly that I headed straight and low for the aërodrome, eighteen miles away. The missing grew worse and I began to watch anxiously for landing places ahead. When I reached Villeneuve I was barely high enough to slide over the trees at the south end of the field.

CARTIER had everything ready to send me back to the lines at once, but after listening for a moment to the stuttering exhaust, he shook his head.

"No good," he remarked dryly. "I can't fix it—no one can. But we've a spare motor—a good one, I think—and I'll have you in the air by morning."

My emotions, as I turned away toward the bar, were mixed. I felt deeply the loss of Captain Clermont, and eager to avenge him, and I knew that every available pilot was needed over the lines. But I was not available, and not entirely regretful of the fact. That morning patrol had left me very thoughtful; I realized for the first time, fully and no longer academically, that my chances of surviving the war were slim indeed.

Spad after Spad was landing as I walked around the field, the pilots hastening to the bar for a sandwich or a drink, while their mechanics tuned up motors, loaded guns, and filled gasoline tanks. Half an hour later new patrols were taking off. I found Major Beaumont in the center of a group. "Who got the Fokker over Épernay?" he was asking, and I arrived just in time to reply: "I did, sir." I told him of my motor trouble and that I would be *indisponible* for the rest of the day. He gave an exclamation of disgust.

"Damn these two-twenty Spads! What with them and the losses we've had, a third of the group is out of commission. By the way, Golasse has just phoned that he's down north of Fismes; he didn't crack up and he thinks a mechanic might be able to start his motor. Let Selden go up after him; he can take Golasse's mechanic and Flingot with your car."

The major turned to me. "The main thing's to get Golasse. Start his bus if you can and let him fly back, but look out for the Boches!"

We pushed off fifteen minutes later, and if speed could have won the war, it would have ended that day. We roared up the dusty road to Épernay, flashed through the town and across the Marne, and whizzed north on the long straight road to Reims. As we sped bounding and rushing down the northern slope of the plateau, I had a view of the city and of the battle raging to the west.

WHEN we turned to follow the Vesle to Fismes, the road was being shelled. Flingot drove on, faster than ever, if that was possible, shouting now and then to the French reserves lying in the wheat. The men looked old and tired and dishearteningly few, but I envied them their air of unconcern. Golasse's mechanic, who had been talking steadily with Flingot, grew silent and white. We reached Fismes, crossed the river on a bridge I feared might be demolished any moment by a shell, and found Golasse in a ruined farmhouse a mile to the north. His Spad stood unharmed in a field close by.

The little pilot, who had been watching for us impatiently, gave me a curt nod and seized his mechanic's arm.

"You've got the wind up," he told the man; "but forget it! If you work like hell I think we can save the taxi. The Boches are just over that hill!"

We set out for the machine at a run, but just as we reached it, Golasse gave a shout. We followed him in a dive for a ditch a few yards off as a big H. E. shell shrieked down and burst with a roar and a shower of dirt and splinters. We stood up uninjured, but a glance showed that the Spad would never fly again. Golasse wasted no time. He opened the gasoline valve, touched a match to the fuel, and led the way back to the car, sprinting across the field.

I could hear machine guns now, and as we tumbled into our car I had a glimpse of gray-green German uniforms where an advance party was crossing a wheat field disquietingly close. Golasse's mechanic was half paralyzed by fear, but Flingot cranked his engine with a coolness that displayed a new side of his character. When it was running, he thumbed his nose deliberately at the Kaiser's troops before he sprang into his seat and released the clutch.

The big Panhard seemed to leave the ground and fly. We flashed across the bridge, bouncing so high that I nearly went over the back of the seat, turned east in a cloud of dust, and broke all records from Fismes to Reims.

It was late afternoon when we reached Villeneuve. Cartier, Vigneau, and Captain Clermont's men had been working like demons on my bus; she would be ready to take off in an hour.

Another combat group had arrived at Villeneuve during our absence, and two more were to come that evening. Golasse and I went to report at once.

"Sorry about your Spad, Golasse," said the major; "but we'll have a batch of new ones out from Le Bourget tonight. You must be ready to fly at the crack of dawn. We'll have a dozen young pilots out from the G. D. E. tomorrow. A rotten time to be broken in at the front!" He chuckled grimly. "Fokker fodder, eh?"

"I'll be ready to fly in an hour, sir," I put in.

"Good—you can join Weiler's patrol."

Presently the bar emptied and I heard the roar of Spads taking off. They were lining up my guns when I joined

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*Where Spad 597 fought the new Fokkers against heavy odds.*

[ KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE
Continued from page forty-seven ]

the group about my bus at the target, and the armorer had just pronounced the job O.K. I tried a burst or two to make sure, and taxied the Spad back to the hangar, where men were getting into flying clothes.

"All right?" asked Lieutenant Weiler. I nodded, pulling on my combination.

"Take the left rear position, then. We'll be twelve, with four men from the 602." He looked white and badly shaken by his day's work.

Major Beaumont came up, watch in hand. "*En voiture!*" he ordered sharply. "And I want every man to remember what I said: the object of this patrol is to locate the front. I shall call on each of you for a report."

Weiler opened his throttle to taxi out for the take-off, but the motor, which had run beautifully a moment before, now snorted and skipped, refusing to take hold. A minute passed, and I saw the major raise his hand impatiently.

"*Assez! Assez!*" he exclaimed. "You're out of it. Who's to take your place?"

In spite of his helmet and goggled eyes, I could see the relief on little Weiler's face, and I pitied him. He caught my eye.

"Let Selden lead, *mon commandant,*" he said. "He's a good man, and the only officer we have left."

"Very well. *Allez,* Selden—*en l'air!*"

I had led patrols, but never one so strong, and as I headed for Épernay, glancing back to make sure that my ten men were in place, I felt keenly my responsibility.

It was a cloudless evening—still and warm. As we flew north, low over the road I had traveled with Flingot in the morning, I saw that it was packed with refugees moving slowly southward. I glanced aloft, and there, silhouetted against the sky, I saw the two strong Spad patrols sent out to protect us, for our task was not to fight but to observe. The fourteen ships of the lower group were directly overhead. And well above them and behind, I counted eleven in the high patrol. "Let the Fokkers come!" I thought with quickened pulse. "Those birds'll poison them!"

When I turned east from Reims, coasting down to 1,000 feet, I began to devote all my attention to the ground. The countryside north of the Vesle smoked and blazed as far as the eye could reach—guns flashed incessantly, and all the villages seemed to be afire. South of the Vesle the fields and vineyards looked deserted, though shells were bursting everywhere, and now and then I had a glimpse of scattered men in horizon blue. But north of the river the fields were alive with advancing infantry.

WE swung down, weaving back and forth over them in storms of fire, and I saw clearly the great bucket helmets and the field-gray of German troops. They had crossed the river at Magneux, and I could see their cyclists, rifles slung on their backs, pedaling down the Courville road. As I led my men over the river, I saw that only nine Spads were behind me now.

My instructions were to establish the lines from Reims to where the railway turned south, about twenty miles west, and the mission was now accomplished. I was turning back toward Reims when one of the rear men, whose duty was to keep a special lookout for enemy planes, ranged alongside me, rocking his Spad. Our protection patrols above had been attacked by two strong gangs of Fokkers, and now a third, taking immediate advantage of the opportunity, had come down on us.

We were at an altitude of 500 feet when they attacked, and in the first few turns, low over the tree tops of a little wood, I lost my patrol. I had a pair of assassins on my tail whose tracers were stabbing the air in streams, and another overhead who tipped up now and then for a burst at me.

*In the American hospital at Neuilly.*

I was alone, and maneuver as I would, I seemed to be at the mercy of these three skilled pilots, as implacable as any I have ever met. Working to the south as well as I could, on a serpentine course that saved me a dozen times from being riddled, I found myself rushing over the open plains that surround Fère-en-Tardenois. I was not a hundred yards up by this time and had almost abandoned hope.

Then my motor stopped dead. I whizzed down and landed beautifully in short grass. A blow on the buckle of my belt released me—I tumbled out of the cockpit and began to run, scarcely knowing why or where. The three Fokkers were droning and circling low overhead. There was a crackle of a short burst; bullets rustled the grass near by and one went whining off in a ricochet. Without reason or reflection I threw myself on my face and lay as if dead. Bullets clipped the grass and *pinged* off into space. Those wretches gave me the scare of my life.

THE roar of motors grew fainter. I glanced up cautiously and saw the Germans a long way off, taking altitude again. Rising slowly I saw what I had not noticed before—the two small hangars of the Fère-en-Tardenois aerodrome. A group of men were running toward me, and in advance of them, bounding over the prairie, I saw a motorcycle ridden by a man who brandished an immense automatic pistol. He drew up with a flourish, stopped his engine, and began to shout and wave his pistol and curse, all at once.

"*Les saligauds!* Are you wounded? What a dirty trick!"

"Easy with that pistol! No—I'm not wounded—my engine stopped."

He was a sergeant mechanician, I learned, and now, still puffing with indignation, he gave my Spad a quick professional scrutiny.

"It's nothing," he announced. "Your tank has been nicked, letting the pressure go down. *Mon vieux! Tu as de la chance!* If it had been an incendiary . . . !"

I was roasting in my combination and now I pulled it off. "*Officier!*" the man exclaimed. "*Officier américain!*"

"Yes," I said; "and do you think I could get my bus fixed? It's important—I have information that must be turned in at once."

"Right! In half an hour she'll be soldered and ready to fly. You have information? You couldn't have come to a better place with it. A divisional headquarters just moved in here—the general's in the village now." The sergeant, a thoroughly good fellow, turned to a couple of men who arrived, panting, at that moment, and ordered them to guard my Spad.

With that he took up his motorcycle and started the engine with a kick of his foot. He patted the back seat. "Hop on, *mon lieutenant!*" The sergeant was another Flingot and he kept me busy holding on.

A limousine with tricolor flags and stars, parked before the best house in the village, showed where the general was quartered. The handsome grizzled man, bending over his work, looked up brusquely.

"Yes?" he snapped. "What is it?"

I explained briefly our mission, how I had come to grief, and why I was bothering him.

"Go on! Go on!" he exclaimed impatiently.

"Their advance parties," I continued, "now occupy the line Magneux, Fismes, Paars, Courcelles. At Magneux they are well across the Vesle, and I saw their cyclists moving south in advance of the infantry."

The general took up a pen and made four small red crosses on a map. "Thank you, lieutenant." Then he glanced up once more, and his eyes twinkled. "It seems to me we've met before. You were a sergeant then, I believe." I had happened to meet him informally in the office of an American dentist in Paris, but I had not recognized him till that moment. He kept me for a glass

of wine and a sandwich before he would let me go.

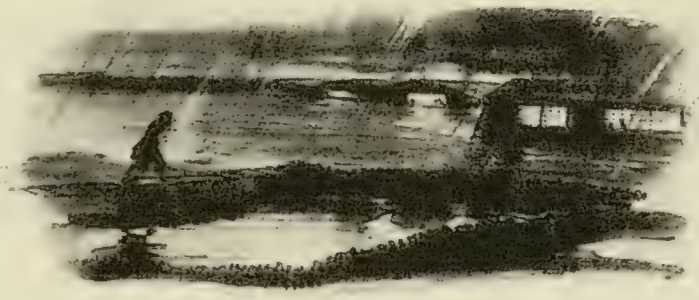
When I landed at Villeneuve, the last of the patrol was in and it was almost dark. Cartier and Vigneau had given me up for dead, and my arrival at the bar caused a small sensation. There was little talk of our losses, but they had been heavy, I learned. Our group was asking for confirmation on seven Fokkers and one German two-seater reported shot down.

I felt worn out and blessedly sleepy and soon headed for the room which I shared with Weiler.

A bedlam of machine-gun fire wakened me twenty minutes later, and above the long crackling bursts from the gunpits I could hear the *raum-m-m — raum-m-m — raum-m-m* of Gothas. Weiler, in pyjamas, rushed into my room. "Selden!" he shouted. "Wake up! They're . . ." The eerie scream of a bomb—most uncanny of all wartime sounds—drowned his voice, and it was followed by an appalling explosion close at hand.

Another came, and another, and another. The uproar on the field was hellish.

Dimly in the moonlight and sharply outlined in flashes of fire now and then, I could see little Weiler standing in the doorway—hesitating to run for our trench, and hating to stay. "Come on!" he shouted nervously. "Let's make a run for it!" He dove through the door as another bomb fell. A hangar began to blaze fiercely.



IT was over at last. I tried to sleep again, but found it impossible now. A wounded man in an adjoining barrack moaned as though he would never stop. "Good God!" I thought. "What a life! Out of twenty-four hours only seven when it's too dark to fly, and a fellow can't sleep even then!" I was dozing off when a second lot of Gothas arrived.

There was no sleep for any of us that night. The Germans must have known all about Villeneuve; at any rate they sent us three generous assortments of eggs, at intervals of about an hour. In the gray light of dawn—horribly early on those long summer days—a haggard crowd of pilots gathered in the bar to drink coffee laced with cognac, and discuss, with heroic efforts at humor, the happenings of the night.

Four men of Forbes' squadron, whose Spads had been destroyed when the hangar went up, were *indisponibles*, and they rubbed it in, stretching their arms and giving exaggerated luxurious yawns as they took leave of us, to sleep through the day.

BUT there was no rest for me. Four times that day I led patrols over the rapidly changing front, and at nightfall, returning from the last *sortie*, I brought down a Rumpler in flames. The Germans did not bomb us that night, but my nerves were ragged, and in spite of my exhaustion I had great difficulty in getting to sleep. The next day was worse, if anything, and though the attack lost momentum and came to a halt at last along the Marne, there was no slackening in the fighting in the air.

At last, one morning in the small hours rain began to come down in earnest. The sound soothed me and I fell asleep.

I slept till 10 the next morning, and the warm rain still fell. Forbes was tiptoeing out of the room, but he turned as I stirred in bed.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I thought you'd be awake by now."

He sat with me while I had my chocolate; then we strolled over to see Golasse. We found him propped up in bed, perusing the *marraine* column of the *Vie Parisienne*. He held up his hand for silence as Forbes started to speak, while the rain drummed steadily on the tar-paper roof.

"Listen!" he said impressively. "They say the Fourth Zouaves has the finest band in France, but they never made music as sweet as that!"

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*The adventures of these Knights of the Blue will be concluded in next week's issue.*

## ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 32

1—Calvin Coolidge and Charles G. Dawes.
2—Byzantium.
3—Destiny; fate.
4—In northern Africa.
5—Les Misérables.
6—The Cortes.
7—They are the names of feet, in poetry.
8—Canada.
9—Twenty-eight years, with the privilege of renewal for a like term.
10—Scotland.
11—Forty-nine; one in each state, and the national Capitol in Washington, D. C.
12—Woodrow Wilson's.
13—Italy.
14—The Sandwich Islands.
15—The highest mountain in Great Britain. In Scotland.
16—A word to the wise is sufficient *(verbum sat sapienti)*.
17—Fifteen.
18—Ignace Jan Paderewski, who was premier of Poland.
19—Christiania.
20—A lover of the fine arts; popularly, an amateur.

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# Vox

## *She Has No Personal Grudge*

BERKELEY, CALIF.—I wish it understood at the very beginning that I have no personal grudge or envy—being an admirer of Helen Wills.

I was a classmate or fellow student of Helen at the University of California. Needless to say that Helen is a bright girl, regardless of what I may say later. I am writing what the fellow students in general think.

To start with, all the instructors at the university fight between themselves to have Helen Wills in their classes. The rest of us have to work our blooming heads off to get an A and all Helen has to do is sit and think of how she is going to play tennis, and gets an A. The majority of the students knew that Helen's popularity and nothing else was responsible for the As.

In spite of the fact that Helen is naturally brilliant, she did not warrant those As, and there was considerable feeling in the classes—feeling that a tennis champion gets all the breaks. Several of us had gone through grammar school with Helen—or intermediate schools—and we felt like one of those that "knew her when."

It is needless for me to say that being tennis champion has made a great difference with Helen as far as her old friends are concerned. We all know that she wouldn't have met or been engaged to her present fiancé (a wealthy chap) if she hadn't been a tennis queen. We also know that her so-called "drawings" wouldn't have amounted to a row of pins if she hadn't been already popular.

Here is an illustration. A party of us were dining at what is called the Il Trovatore restaurant in San Francisco. One in the party was at one time a "bosom" friend of Helen's. We were all seated and waiting for our orders, and talking about current events, when whom should we see seated at the next table but Miss Wills with her fiancé and another couple. She knew us all but didn't even give us a "tumble."

When we were leaving, the "bosom" friend spoke to Helen, but nary a tumble. We all decided that we were nothing in Helen's young life, but she could at least bow.

No one had ever heard of her father, Dr. Wills, till Helen got to be a champion, and now they tell me that his practice in the East Bay has more than tripled.

Helen works hard with her tennis and is entitled to all the glory and honor that goes with it, and I sincerely hope that she will keep the crown for many years to come. But let this be known—she is not the "unpretentious and natural" girl she is reported to be in the papers.

When Helen left this year to go abroad, all the "cats" and "soreheads" were hoping that Helen Jacobs would beat Helen. I was hoping only that the best player would win.—*From One Who Knows.*

## *O. K. Here's a 1949 Model*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Richard Carroll introduced us to two young men worth knowing in his article, "The Soucek Boys—Apollo and Zeus."

Carroll, by his frequent contributions,

seems bent on making us air-minded. Tell him, as his next job, to give us an article bringing out the fact that the airplane is giving us a new heaven as well as a new earth. And by that I mean it is revolutionizing our ideas about angels. About pictures and statues of angels.

In the nineteenth century a six-foot angel with a four-foot wingspread looked all right to us. Not so, now—and still less so to our kids. The other day, coming home from a flying field with my little son, we passed through a park and saw a big bronze angel above a fountain.

My son pointed, grinned, and said: "Dad, she couldn't fly two feet with those dinky little wings."

Artists had better start getting busy right now, and give us some airworthy angels.—*J. Matthews.*

## *It's Occurred to Us, Too*

CHICAGO, ILL.—I think a sucker is a person who does not read LIBERTY.—*H. H.*

## *Somebody Must Have Put Them Back*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I noticed in a recent edition of your magazine that Mr. Floyd Gibbons wrote in his "Red Napoleon" that the Americans were peppering the enemy's fleet with the fourteen-inch disappearing cannons at Fort Totten and Fort Schuyler.

I wish to advise you that during the years of 1922 and 1927 our company removed all the cannons from Fort Totten and some from Fort Schuyler.

Please figure that out.—*Louis C. Gerson, President Harlem Metal Corporation.*

## *Just Among Us Girls*

MIAMI, FLA.—Your editorial, "You're Not Married Until You're Married," was the truth. But—

All power to the female who can extract dough from any male. For—

No male cares a d— for a female who is not a good extractor of his possessions, even to, under false pretenses, the taking possession of him—body, mind, and soul. Because—

A man must be deceived in order to be won. He thinks there is something wrong with an honest, straightforward, square-shooting woman. He calls her a Good Scout. What he really means is that she is a D— Fool. I, and many more like me, have shot straight with men. And where are we? In the hole, financially and affectionately. Most of us are homeless.

I have never taken advantage of a man when, in the throes of passion, he asked me to marry him, or, as happened twice, when two different males at different times were under the influence of liquor and popped the question. Both were men well worth marrying. I have never played on the sexual emotions of a male, as is done by 85 per cent of the females of the human race, in order to bring him to the point of proposing. I have never played one man against another in order to make the one I wanted propose. I have never pulled a sob story and shed tears on a man's shoulder in order to hook him in a moment when his sympathies were aroused.

I'm the kind of fool who, when I know a man is earning only twenty-five dollars

a week, calls for a twenty-five-cent meal. This same poor fish, however, goes into debt for the female who orders a five-dollar meal and runs up a taxi bill. So long as man wants to be deceived and falls for lies that drop glibly and winningly from the lips of these designing females who care naught for him personally, but only for his possessions and for him as their tool, let him pay the price.—*E. C.*

# Pop

### *She Knows, and Thanks You*

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Not long ago I wrote you and in my letter I said that your magazine was taboo in our house; and now I write to praise something in your latest issue.

You see, one got into the house after all, and I read it.

It is a fine idea to print that little paragraph about an author along with his name at the beginning of a story. It is just what I've been wanting for years, though I had no thought of this particular way of doing it.

I had supposed I. A. R. Wylie to be a man, but one with exceptionally fine ideals. Whether man or woman I consider that she, as an author, is fulfilling her high mission in life—that she puts into her stories a something that the world needs. She seems sort of a connecting link between the good and the bad in people, with the good always winning. (Inadequately expressed but she would know what I mean).—*Beulah Wightman.*

### *"Kept," Pro and Con*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Viña Delmar is a splendid writer—the best you have ever had, to my knowledge. "Kept" is a story of commonplace people in a common situation that is amazingly seen and described.

Far from injuring the innocent and inexperienced, it will help them if they are anything more than parrots and apes. It will, of course, bore apes, and make them very violent. Smug respectability may resent the characters being drawn from the mass instead of from

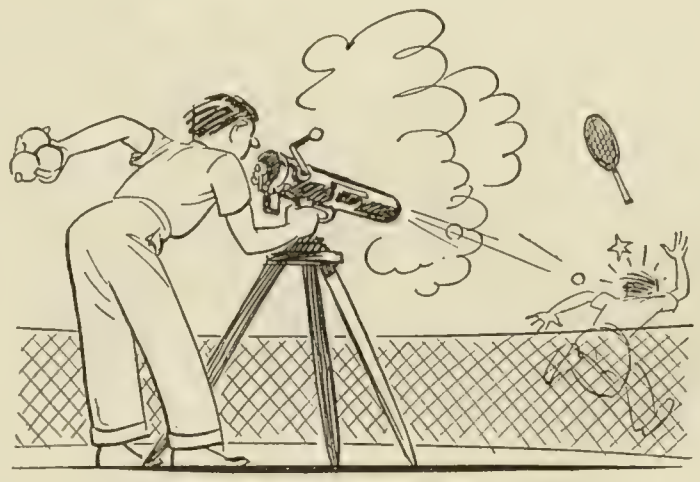
Newport and the Ritz, but real people, regardless of social class and pretensions, will appreciate a sincere and keenly intelligent piece of work.—*F. Slater.*

STECOAH, N. C.—Please, Mr. Editor, don't let Viña Delmar write in your magazine any more! Who cares if Hubert went to sleep and Anna pulled on her stockings? Viña forgot to say how many times he snored.—*Frances W. Coggins.*

### *Well, Good Luck*

MAMARONECK, N. Y.—I liked "This Tennis Racket," by Big Bill Tilden, and I liked his previous articles in LIBERTY. Whenever I finish anything by him I feel a strong urge to go out and lick the whole tennis world with my racket—an itch to conquer.

I'm in training, now, to take on Tilden and Cochet. I'm going to challenge them soon—just as soon as I can get hold of a gun that will shoot tennis balls instead of bullets.—*F. Scott, a Racket Fan.*



### *Recipe for a Pacifist Paradise*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I read "War and War Books," your so-called editorial of August 3, in which you praise the "noble" profession of arms.

Would that it were possible to assemble you gentlemen who enjoy your slaughter so thoroughly, and regard it as such a high adventure, in opposing armies, equip you with every instrument of death conceivable, and set you to the "gay dog" task of exterminating each other.

Perhaps those of us who take no especial delight and see no overwhelming humor in—or necessity for—butchering or being butchered by our fellow men, would then have surcease from the perpetual prospect of being conscripted into assisting you in your jovial if somewhat bloody and barbarous amusements.—*George T. Breen.*

### *Of Course—When They Take Up the Girl Friend*

ALBANY, N. Y.—With all respect for Jimmie Collins, and your cover for August 3, has Leslie Thrasher ever seen a real pilot, flying a closed job in presumably warm weather, rigged out in a leather flying jacket with fur collar, helmet, and goggles?

Pilots are my weakness and I've been in a few planes, but I've never seen one dolled up that way under the aforesaid circumstances. They usually look like collegians — not Eskimos. — *The Girl Friend.*

### *A Word for Miss Grimshaw*

BORGER, TEX.—Beatrice Grimshaw's stories appeal to me. For several months I lived in Port Moresby, Papua, New Guinea. Guess that's the reason they seem so real. It's odd that truth is so much stranger than fiction, and there's lots of truth in her stories.—*M. C.*

### *And a Slight Disagreement on Adela Rogers St. Johns*

VANCOUVER, CAN.—Say, what's wrong with Adela Rogers St. Johns? Her write-ups for your July 27 and August 3 issues were just the same as the rest of her stuff. All the time it's about some poor dear little actress that only gets a few thousand—a mere trifle—a week, and only gets to Europe about twice a year, and yet Adela wants us to join her in sobbing over the actress' terrible plight.

My, my, it's so sad! Poor little Clara Bow!—*Barney McLeod.*

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.—Most people can't see even a fraction of an inch below the surface of movie life in Hollywood. They believe the stars are interested in nothing but strutting, money-making, and sinning.

It's Adela Rogers St. Johns' merit that she can show us the real people—their minds and hearts—behind the fantastic folk of the public's misconceptions.

Witness her recent articles on Garbo and Clara Bow.—*F. Jackson.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—How terrible that Greta Garbo may go back to her "little country" in the not far distant future, and not return!

If only Adela could go with her—and not return.—*San Franciscan.*

### *"... To See Oursel's as Others See Us"*

GAINESVILLE, TEX.—I would suggest that you print your table of contents on the bottom edge of the first sheet. I mean the edge that is approximately one five-hundred-and-ninety-second of an inch thick. There would be ample room there to call attention to every *good* article in your magazine.—*H. F.*

COLUMBUS, OHIO. — The following good-natured slaps on the back tell why I prefer LIBERTY:

1. Editorials that I understand.
2. Short, interesting stories full of human interest.
3. No "continued on page so-and-so."
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6. Only five cents.—*Lucille Kinnear.*

MASON CITY, IOWA.—Why don't you change the name of your weekly to Liberty Bell? You are both cracked.—*E. J. Lane.*

# We are looking for Boys *who are looking for Free Prizes*

*Winton Jones of California is one of our peppy, happy boys, getting free prizes galore and earning money.*

ARE *you* one of the boys we are seeking? We've got piles and piles of prizes for you—baseball equipment and complete outfits for every other kind of sport, radios and musical instruments, bicycles and wagons, watches and cameras, books and school supplies, clothing and camp supplies, games and—and 'most everything else you can think of that a boy likes. You can find 'em all—their pictures and descriptions—in Johnny Wideawake's "Book of Prizes" which we'll be glad to send you free. Just fill out and mail us the coupon below.

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# "Ride Him, Cowboy"

## A New For the Love o' Lil

"SING three cheers for the simple life!" Sandy bleated as he parked family and car in back of the Lakeside Bathing Casino. "Let's mingle with the hoi polloi." He knew how to pronounce this word, but of course he couldn't spell it.

"Hoi polloi?" Lil giggled. "You'll mingle with cops if you don't get a move on. We're right by a hydrant. Go over near that rubbish can. The car will look sweller."

She really shouldn't have been so quick with the comparative. Nothing could improve the appearance of their car—except to empty it. It looked like the old Deadwood coach on its most congested day. Lunch baskets to right of her, beach cushions (pink) to left of her, and the baby in front of her, squirming and squealing. His little red-and-white bathing suit itched and a mean green fly was climbing the ridges of his ear.

This week's cover picture.

Sandy found that other men had brought wives and children to the Casino for a conservative Sunday outing. It was hard to find even a dime-size space in the sand to insert the prong of his orange beach umbrella. Mercy! Did all those toddling babies belong to that one woman, or were they Buds of Promise on a picnic? Was that a family group under the lee of the beached lifeboat, or Daughters of Noah on their August blow-out? Lil couldn't quite figure.

Puny clerks began showing off their enormous arm muscles. They turned handsprings, pinwheels, and posed as discus throwers. Their upper arms affected eggplant shapes. Poor Apollo would have been totally eclipsed!

A red-headed Columbus attached an outboard motor to his canoe and headed for that mirage where the blue waves licked the clouds. But his adventurous craft soon drifted back suffering with acute engine trouble.

"Surprise! Surprise!" Sandy yelled at the baby, holding a mysterious package one inch from his nose.

"You'll make him cross-eyed," Lil warned. "What's in it, dear?" She was almost cross-eyed herself, with one eye on a handsome life guard and the other on a racing dog which she expected to throw a fit any minute.

"E-e-e-e-e!" Little Ulysses banged his sand-filled fists into the top layer of a lunch basket. Then he said, "Mama?" as if that had anything to do with the case.

"It's a rubber sea monster," Sandy beamed, snatching off the price tag before his wife saw the $18.49. "A big black seal. We can use it for the tub at home."

"The tub?" Lil asked. "This will just about squeeze into the lake. How do you blow it up?"

"With L. P.," he said. He knew that would confuse her. While she was familiar with A. M., P. M., O. K., F. O. B., C. O. D., and P. D. Q., he bet she'd never heard of L. P. So he added, "Lung power—watch!"

Lil watched. She saw her oval-faced husband turn into a tomato-red Humpty Dumpty with mumps, and neck cords resembling organ pipes.

"Oh, you'll burst!" she cried. "Get a pump."

Thanks to the pump, Sandy discovered he hadn't bought a seal at all. It was a horse with a queer expression around the nose and a mane that jiggled. Any broncho buster would have sniffed, but Sandy ducked the rubber beast and christened him Man o' War.

"We won't let you drown," he told the baby as Lil placed her whimpering offspring in the bobbing saddle. "Now, ride him, cowboy—and *how!*"

*(Next week's cover adventure: At the Circus)*

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*On the Mayflower in 1903. Seated, left to right: Secretary of the Navy Moody, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. Standing: Sir Thomas Lipton, Admiral Dewey, C. Oliver Iselin, and Gen. Chaffee.*

# All *in the* Family

## *Some Memories of an American Home*

### *By* THEODORE ROOSEVELT

GENERAL INFORMATION

WHEN we were little and Mother told us some astonishing fact, we would say, "Mother, where did you hear that?" Very often she merely answered, "Children, from that military gentleman General Information."

That should be the case with all well read people. They should have a well shaken down, rounded knowledge that has long passed the stage of docketing. Information is valuable when it is always accessible. It must not be locked in the strong boxes of the mind, but kept where it can be taken out for use and enjoyment every day. When men and women are properly educated the homely, everyday incidents are always correlating themselves with memories of other happenings heard of in conversations or read of in books.

My father's education was just of this sort. He was one of the most widely read men I have ever known. His knowledge stretched from babies to the post-Alexandrian kingdoms, and what was more, he could always lay his hands on it.

It made little difference into what channels the conversation turned. Sooner or later Father was able to produce information which often startled students of the theme under discussion. He knew the species of Hannibal's elephants through the shape of their ears as shown on the Carthaginian coins of the period. He could recite The Song of Roland in the original French. He knew the latest laws adopted in the reorganization of the state government in Illinois. He could tell you in detail the history of the heavyweight boxing champions. It was never safe to contradict him on any statement, no matter how recent you might feel your information was.

Once we were discussing the spelling of chaps, those leather trousers worn by cow-punchers. After much debate we turned to the dictionary. We found not only was Father right, but in addition he was the sole authority given in the dictionary for the spelling.

A just criticism of our education in this country is that often it is not of this readily available type. There are two main reasons. The first is that parents do not recognize that the home has equal educational responsibilities with the school. The second is that often education is not made interesting in either home or school but is treated as a dreary drudgery, a task that must be unpleasant to be beneficial.

After all, home is where the normal child spends much of his time. There can always be family breakfasts and suppers, and delightful hours after supper.

If the parents will take the trouble, those hours can be filled not only with enjoyment but with good sound education. Of course this education must not for a moment be recognizable as such to the children. If it is, any well regulated youngster will take infinite pains to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ALL IN THE FAMILY
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avoid it. Whatever is done must be actual pleasure. Information must be wedded to enjoyment in such fashion as to make the union a happy one.

There are any number of ways this may be accomplished: for example, reading aloud. Many books which I have enjoyed all my life were first read to me by Mother. In the corner of Mother's room is a comfortable upholstered rocking-chair. It stands in front of a tall looking-glass brought to this country by my great-grandfather in the days when large looking glasses were so rare that strangers in New York City rang the doorbell and asked to be allowed to see it. I can never pick up Pilgrim's Progress without having rise before me the chair and mirror, for it was there that my mother first read me of the adventures of Christian and Greatheart.

In the corner of the library stands a shabby brown sofa which suggests Ivanhoe, for I sat on it and endeavored to choke back my grief over the horrible difficulties of poor old Isaac of York.

There are trials for a parent reading aloud to children. "Whys" are as plentiful in a boy's vocabulary as daisies in a Long Island meadow.

When Father read to us we all interrupted him continually with questions, but Kermit was by far the worst offender. One "why" bred another so quickly in his mind that soon the reading almost stopped. Father hit on a device to save the situation. He said he would answer all questions, but "not until the reading was finished for the day." This served a double purpose. It allowed him to read without interruptions and cut down the number of questions greatly, because we forgot all but the last couple.

Kermit tried to overcome this difficulty by getting pencil and paper and writing them down as they occurred to him. In those days his ability as a chirographer was much that of Bill the Lizard. If he wrote carefully it took too long. If he did not, he could not read what he had written. As a result even this device failed.

It is always difficult to tell exactly what children get from what you are reading to them. Once I read my daughter a story I had written on the war. She listened apparently with rapt attention. I became quite excited by my own narrative. It seemed to me not only that I had written it well, but that I was reading it well. I finished and sat back. There was a pause, while I looked at her and felt instinctively that she realized the heroism and pathos of the incident. Suddenly Gracie looked up and in a solemn voice said, "Father, how do you spell battalion?"

Sonny one evening showed me an examination in mythology he had had that day in school. Together we went over it. One question read, "Who was the god of the hearth and home?" I asked his answer. Without hesitation he replied, "Bacchus!"

Brown Bros. photo

*T. R. read like chain lightning—and remembered all he read.*

NOT only should the parents read to the children, but later the children themselves can read aloud. Furthermore, after a certain period there is no real need of anyone reading aloud. All can select their corners, hunch comfortably by the lamp, bury themselves in their books, and have a delightful family evening. It is so comforting when you come on some particularly interesting passage to be able to stop and demand the attention of the entire family for a discussion. What is more, anyone who demands the attention of his family for such a discussion is certain to develop different points of view and acquire "twenty curious scraps of knowledge."

Nine times out of ten it is the way a subject is approached that makes the difference between like and dislike in a child's mind. For example, the Bible. Aside from its religious aspect, there is nowhere in the English language a more magnificent piece of writing. Its splendid rhythmical prose rings with a sonorous cadence. The imagery of Isaiah is varied and vivid. The Epistle to the Corinthians lifts its hearers like the blare of trumpets. The philosophy of Proverbs and Job is as living today as when the old Hebrew scribes penned them in sun-scorched Palestine.

The trouble is that often the Bible is approached as a penance. It is robbed of its beauty by well meaning people who feel that it is in some fashion irreverent to treat it as splendid literature. To them religion must be not easy but dour.

Of course this is all wrong. When children are little they should first be taught the Bible stories as patterns are printed on needlework designs. Then the Scriptures should be read to them as the patterns on the design are blocked in with flaming colors.

POETRY is an endless source of enjoyment to those who are fond of it. There is no reason why all should not be fond of it. If the father and mother will read verse aloud to the children they will soon begin to care for it. My first acquaintance with poetry came long before I could read. There were whole poems that I knew by heart just from hearing them repeated by Father or Mother. When Father was dressing for dinner we used to gather in his room and he amused us by reciting to us. In this way I learned nearly all of The Rhyme of the Three Sealers and a dozen other poems.

When I was sick, Mother used to recite to me. "Hearken, lady, to a tale," always brings back to me the small iron bed in the school infirmary when I had pneumonia, with Mother sitting by me in a green shirt waist with brass buttons, her voice soothingly recounting the bloody adventures of Branksome and the Bettisons.

Since those days I have turned to poetry for pleasure and consolation at many times and in many places. When Kermit and I were traveling in central Asia, the verse that we had been taught to love stood us in good stead. As we rode mile after mile over the sandy, limitless deserts or through the winding mountain defiles, we recited. The land of Genghis Khan resounded to The Saga of King Olaf, or Ulysses.

Moving up at night to the battle of Soissons in the car with me was a young officer named Dabney Kern, who died gallantly at the head of his men next day. Through the long hours of darkness, as the trucks chugged and slithered in the mud, we repeated poems of which we were both fond.

It is education of this type that can be done effectively in the family. The three R's of course do not find their place in the curriculum of the home. They are the province of the schools. Any attempt to introduce them into the family usually meets with failure.

Once my father decided that he would try to teach me the letters of the alphabet. There was in the library a plump brown book on natural history. It was called Homes Without Hands, and was filled with the most fascinating drawings of animals doing all manner of things. Naturally I coveted it. Father told me he would give it to me as soon as I could remember the letter H with which the title began. The result was that as far as I was concerned, that letter was driven almost completely out of my head. For months it was the one letter of which I was never sure.

In both home and school the effort must be made to make whatever is being taught as interesting as possible. For example, history can be a fascinating and exciting study. The trouble is that too often it becomes merely a string of desiccated dates.

The children are told to study the chapter dealing with the Long Parliament. The recitation period comes. Sitting behind his yellow varnished desk, the master says, "James, what was the date of the convening of the Long Parliament?" From then on the lesson develops into a memory test for what, to the children, are a series of meaningless figures. No one pictures in living terms

to them the dramatic dissolution of the Rump by Cromwell, when he lost all patience with its shifty trickery. No one points out to them that this action of Cromwell's stamped him as a smaller man than Washington, who unflinchingly bore the insults and incompetency of the Continental Congress.

Dates, after all, are merely a method of fixing the relation of occurrences. In and of itself there is nothing sacrosanct about a date. What is really important is the condition that begot the happening to which the date is attached, and it is that condition which properly told will interest the child.

Generally history is taught as if each nation were in a little air-tight compartment with no relationship to the other powers of the day. When I went to school we started methodically with Greece. The next year we had Rome. Then came England. At no time did we have any idea, while studying the happenings in one country, of how the rest of the world was progressing. Henry the Eighth was to me merely a gentleman who showed a great predilection for wives. I could not have told what other kingly actors were striding the boards while he reigned. I got no picture of Europe as a whole. The great forces of the Reformation and Martin Luther were entirely unassociated in my mind with anything that was happening in England.

This should not be the case. When it is necessary to teach a nation's history as a unit there should be frequent lectures on world relationships. Such movements as the Reformation should be explained in their international rather than simply their national scope.

Above all, history should be made to live. The characters should not be pale, unsubstantial creatures, trailing behind them a string of dates, but men and women. One of Macaulay's historical essays with its vivid portrayal is worth a volume of ponderous Mommsen.

It is the little scenes that make the picture glow with reality. Children are like the soldier who did not care much about the freedom of the seas or the invasion of Belgium, but was willing to "charge an army, single-handed at the double," when he saw the "little gardens rooted up" that were just like his at home.

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*Mrs. Nicholas Longworth (Alice Roosevelt) with her daughter Paulina; and at the right, Mrs. Richard Derby (Ethel Roosevelt) with her daughter Edith.*

THE Religious Wars in France are made to live for me by a series of pictures I have in my mind of what happened. I can see Admiral Coligny in sudden flight, splashing through the shallow waters of the Loire in the gray of the early dawn, a wide-eyed child on his saddle-bow, his wife and a few faithful followers silently riding behind. I can see grim old Montmorency lying wounded by his dead horse on the battlefield when, "deserted by his friends but not by his manhood," he refused to surrender and was killed.

Could anything be more vivid than St. Louis' conversation with the Sieur de Joinville on the subject of deadly sin and leprosy? Washington seems to me as if he were an acquaintance when I think of him riding through the streets of Philadelphia, hooted by the crowd. History was made for me by these relatively unimportant side lights which turned it from a task into an enthralling tale.

Geography is a part of history. Not only maps should be used, but photographs. The epic victory of the citizen-soldiers of Athens over the Persian invaders at Marathon was merely a few lines of print until I read, "The mountains look on Marathon and Marathon looks on the sea," and saw a photograph of the battlefield. The westward march of the covered wagons with the hardships and romance should be told with map and pictures to a child. A child should see that splendid moving picture, The Covered Wagon. I believe that every instructor should take pains to create for his class the physical picture of the times. In dealing with Elizabethan England, he should picture the London of the times, the twisting muddy streets, the wooden-gabled houses, the fearful stench, the crowds of riotous apprentices. He should tell them of the country life, of the difficulty of travel, the comparative isolation of the country folk. Once he has done this, Elizabeth, Burleigh, Raleigh, or Shakespeare have a background.

MY father always lived the scenes he recounted and told of small incidents in historic scenes as if he had been there himself. Much of the groundwork of my history I got when as a little boy of eight or nine I walked with him to his office in the morning.

As he strode over the wide, tree-shaded, half-empty streets of Washington, I pattered at his side and listened enthralled to tales of "sea fights and land fights grim and great." Occasionally we would stop and he would draw for me in the dust of the gutter the plan of some battle.

The other day, reading my daughter Gracie's diary, written when she was twelve, I came on this entry:

"Father has come home. He tells us stories of Hannibal and his brother's head. Goody!"

The subject may have been a bit bloody, but it evidently interested her.

The thoughts I have outlined as to the teaching of history apply equally to other subjects. The same can be said of literature. Great poems or plays must not be introduced to children as if they were merely catch-word puzzles where the author's object was to trip the reader by some carefully veiled allusion. There is a constant and foolish tendency in schools to treat literature as a test of obscure information and mental gymnastics.

The scene is a classroom. At his desk on a slightly raised platform sits the master. Open before him lies the textbook. In front of him, ranged behind wooden desks with cast-iron legs, sit numerous duplicates of Penrod Scofield.

The lesson for the day is that splendid poem of Milton's, L'Allegro, whose rhythmical cadence runs like the current of a great river.

"George, read the first stanza."

A little boy shuffles to his feet and begins:

> "Hence loathèd Melancholy
> Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born."

"Stop, George. Who was Cerberus?"

An interlude follows, while with the aid of a couple of other little boys Cerberus is tracked to his lair and explained.

The reading is at length resumed, only to be halted in the next few lines while "Stygian caves" are run down.

So the class drones through its period. At the end of

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the hour, not a child has any appreciation of the beauty of the verse. The little boys leave firmly convinced that Milton was a malevolent old man who wrote in cryptograms, and that his blindness was a just punishment for his disposition.

The only bright moment I can recall in a similar class was when we were studying Il Penseroso. We were engaged in this time-honored custom of mangling the poets. The lines had been read:

"Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem."

Immediately the reader was stopped.

"Charles, who was Memnon's sister?"

In an unhallowed inspiration of the moment, without an instant's hesitation, Charles replied, "Aggie-Memnon!"

Of course it goes without saying that such methods with poetry are all wrong. The finished building is what counts primarily, not the geological derivation of the stones. To discuss Milton in terms of the allusions in his poems is as bad as to consider the Sistine Madonna in terms of the chemical compounds of the paint with which it was created.

Read the poem first. Give the child the impression of its sweep and majesty. Then explain the allusions so that they get the general idea of what the references are, but don't lose sight of the city for the houses.

At college Dean Briggs used to read aloud to us. Those days are still clear in my memory. I never think of Kipling's Gate of the Hundred Sorrows but I find myself back in the time-worn room in squat, red-brick Harvard Hall. The dust swims in the sunlight that streams in through the windows while the dean's voice rises and falls in that masterpiece of short stories.

Many poems I enjoyed long before I knew just what each individual word meant. What is more, if I had not grown to love them then, I don't think I should ever have done so.

IT is a good thing whenever possible to encourage children to write. There is no training which yields such rich dividends in after years. In any business and in private life the ability to express yourself well is of great value. The man who splits an infinitive may not "cut a throat," but he certainly makes a poor impression. Ideas he is unable to express lose much of their value. Not only is this the case, but it helps him to appreciate good literature.

When we were youngsters we all of us wrote more or less, and since we have grown up we have continued. My wife the other day showed me a battered blank book in which I had laboriously recorded in pencil, How We Shot My First Possum. The "we" referred to Father, who did the shooting. I was only six and had no part in the proceedings other than to dance excitedly about while he fired. Mother said that when I came back to the house that evening I explained to her that it was "the first time I seen a fella killed."

Our daughter Gracie has shown the greatest bent of any of the children in this direction. When she was a mite of a girl she kept a diary and edited a weekly magazine as well.

The diary was very amusing. She kept it religiously. Sometimes her entries were voluminous as the folds of a mid-Victorian skirt. At other times they were brief as a schoolboy's letter.

March 7th—nothing much.
March 16th—nothing. I made up a poem called Dawn.
March 21st—Hurray! It is spring. Henceforth I will rite in ink to praise spring.

May 6th—I went to say goodbye to Auntie Sister [Alice Longworth]. She came out and growled and we had a lovely time.

*Gracie Roosevelt, when only a little older than this, set to work as diarist and editor.*

THE magazine was called the Sunday Visitor. As editor she not only contributed the literary matter but transcribed it. It had different divisions—a moral department, nature study, poems, a continued story, a conundrum each issue, cartoons, weather forecasts, and a picture section. The continued stories were generally of a bloody and exciting nature—sometimes a "traggedy." The moral department mainly comprised advice to her small brothers. "Now, children, sometimes you think you are very good, but you are very bad compared to other children." "Now, children, when anybody scolds you don't fidgit and wriggle." "Now, children, do not eat candies on the sly."

The nature study gave information of varied sorts: "The snake belongs to the reptiles." "You must learn something. What is 4 times 16? It is 64." "When was America discovered? In 1492." "How do you spell Hallelujah? You spell it H-A-L-L-E-L-U-J-A-H. There!"

Under poems there were such verses as the following:

The pussy cat went out to sea
oh! it was very very brave
and pussy's cunning little boat
went underneath the wave.

But pussy cat sat on his tail
and used his whiskers for a float
and pussy cat sailed home again
without his little boat.

An example of conundrums was the following:

"What lives in a little small house in any shape that the house may be, but it cannot get out unless somebody opens its door and when it comes out is round. What is it? (Find the answer in the next Sunday Visitor)."

The next Sunday Visitor carried the following statement: "Answer to last week's riddle, paste."

When men and women are older, those who are most successful are those engaged in work which is a pleasure to them. That is natural, because they do their work with more spirit.

To them, punching the time clock does not personify their businesses.

By the same token, the way to educate children is to make education not simply a dreary task but as far as possible an interesting pursuit.

THE END

## Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

*Putting Grandma to Work*

Mary was telling her mother about the nice time she had visiting an out-of-town friend. "But they did one thing you won't like, mother; they used their grandmother for a cook."—Mrs. H. M. Lee, 2025 Benton Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

*Appreciated at Last*

Little Carlie, in a camp for the first time, brought in wood and tried to sweep up for the camp mother. She thanked him and told him he was a big help. Carlie replied, "Most folks would say, 'You are just in the way.'"—Ray A. Owen, P. O. Dept., Clearwater, Fla.

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*You may not be able to live on this diet but your teeth will sparkle like this South Sea Beauty's if you use the only Fresh Whitener Tooth Paste!*

Nature's way to white teeth—healthy, unstained, beautiful—is to keep them clean with fresh fruit. You know how you rub your teeth with lemon after Huckleberry Pie?

If you want fruit juice whitener that will really whiten, you must get it fresh.

So New Mix alone of all the tooth pastes puts its "whitener" in an inner tube—and out it comes, fresh, full strength on your brush, a bright red cream in between the white creams.

You can *taste* its tangy tart freshness! After this fresh whitener has taken the smoking stains and yellowness off your teeth, the other creams do their health work of hardening your gums, protecting against decay, and leaving your mouth fresh, sweet, cool, fragrant.

Try New Mix once and you'll never use any other tooth paste. Just ask your mirror! It contains no scratchy abrasives to ruin your enamel. It doesn't need them. It contains no soap. It does not foam. It tastes good because it *does* good, and it whitens, whitens, *whitens*, because its whitener is fresh, fresh, *fresh*.

New Mix is waiting to please you at good stores all over the nation. Send us the coupon below! You will get a trial size tube by return mail which will prove the value of New Mix better than a thousand words.

*SCIENCE sat at her feet (and you can't blame Science). By observing the glorious white teeth of the South Sea Island Beauties, Science learned that if a tooth paste is to keep teeth stainlessly white, its whitener must be fresh!*

*only New Mix is fresh whitener toothpaste*

GILMONT PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Dept. 1-A, 121 Varick St., New York City, N. Y.

*So I can see how different New Mix is from every other tooth paste, you may send me your trial size tube. I enclose 10c to cover packing and shipping.*

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TODAY the woman who blends a few fixatives into a just-back-from-the-seashore complexion is smart, artful . . . of the moderns. Back in the pale-face and hoop-skirt era we suspect remarks from the gossip gathering would have had a different tinge.

TODAY advertisers look to these moderns to put the new modes in motion. If they beckon with a new product, a smarter package, a better process, they look to the group where newer, smarter, better are the buy-words.

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Coty, Inc., has chosen LIBERTY to spread the gospel of Cotytan as it has been choosing LIBERTY, in increasing measure, since its inception in 1924.

LIBERTY

A Weekly for Everybody

The illustrations in this advertisement were made from the original four-color plates used in a Coty advertisement in LIBERTY.

# The New Waistline

By Eileen Bourne

BAD news and sad for the girls who have put off their dieting till the morrow! Waistlines are on the up and up and IN. Curved, my dears, slightly—nevertheless, curved. No more cramming the overfed forties into thirty-six foundation garments, a trick, thanks to the concealing pockets of the straight-lined corset, at which women became unbelievably skilled. New foundation garments already are boasting conformation to the figure contour provoked, it is said, largely by the uplift trend of brassière and bodily carriage. The raised bust called for a curved line to lead to the waistline.

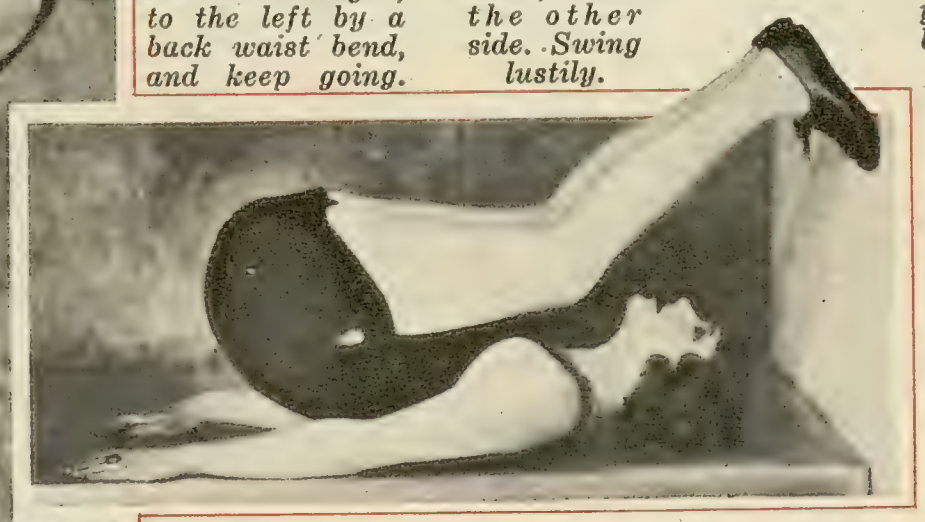
Incidentally, the uplifted chest is the healthiest fashion trend of many a day. Improved postures already are noted everywhere. Another health score will be chalked up to the higher waistline edict. Spare tires of adipose tissue simply must come off now. There's no place for the fat to go but *off*, unless one wants to look like one of the cigar-band girls of yore.

Bind your natural waistline with a belt and see how much fat you can spare. You can diet it off, of course. But to get the young curve of silhouette, the elastic grace of it, the flat abdomen, and the neat waist indentures, you would better put considerable faith in exercise, too.

*Above. Chop wood. Begin with hands high overhead, knees straight. Swing at the waist and down one side, then the other side. Swing lustily.*

*Above. Stand a foot from the wall. Stretch arms up. With knees straight, bend the body back until the hands touch the wall. After much practice you will actually be able to kiss the wall.*

*Left. Trunk torsion. Feet planted firmly, bend the body forward from the waist; rotate it to the right, to the left by a back waist bend, and keep going.*



*Left. Lie flat on the floor, head near a wall. Raise the legs from the hips and try to touch the wall.*



*If you can't take the position above, bring your hands up as high on your back as possible. This slenderizes the waistline.*

*Below. Supporting the body on hands and toes, rise up and down, up and down. It's no kindergarten exercise, so go easy at first.*

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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(Please print or write plainly in ink)

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# Kept

## *The Story of a Girl Without the Law*

By

VIÑA DELMAR

*Pictures by* JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

HUBERT SCOTT was a finished liar. He sold out his business for $15,000 to the McKay Brothers, and retired. Then he threw himself into jazz life and the building of a wall of lies around it.

He met Lillian Cory, a working girl with a shadow on her past. He gave her an apartment and a Nash car, and to his own independently rich wife, Helen—who high-hatted him like a queen—he explained that he had a day-and-night job. She pretended to believe him.

To Lillian he pictured a Helen aging, devoted, and hysterical. She really believed him.

The Packard he drove—Helen's second-best car, loaned to him—he represented as his own. He concealed from Lillian the amount of his bank roll. This melted like butter. Finally he told her it had been $25,000.

There were booze parties, week-end parties, and Lillian's hard-up friends to help. Hubert shelled out magnificently. When Anna Leitz went too far with her boy friend, Fred, Hubert put up the money to help her out of trouble. Then Anna married the unsuspecting Clifford Sullivan and became touchily respectable.

Billy Fisher and his Louise were assisted into a tardy marriage, and Billy into a paying job, by a stream of money from Hubert. Result: the Fishers put on superior airs. Hymie and Theresa Moss never got superior. But they had never needed help.

When Hubert's finances were on sub-bottom he sold the Nash car for five hundred dollars.

### PART TEN—IN DEBT

HUBERT had to buy a tire for the Packard and a suit of clothes for himself. Lillian had to have a hat, too, and another dress. Even at that the five hundred dollars did them for two months. It was lucky money only in the sense that it was a good thing they had it, for no positions glittering with gold reared their heads. There was no magic upon the five bills which the Nash had brought, and June, descending upon Inwood, found Hubert and Lillian warm, broke, but strangely enough not discouraged.

Hubert had demoted the Packard to the section of the garage wherein it received no service. That was cheaper. When Helen raved about the car's appearance, then he had it washed. The Packard had become a loathsome monster to Hubert. He hated the sight of it. A millstone about his neck. The gasoline it consumed, the greasing and garaging and other things it cried for, were difficult for him to provide, yet he could not get rid of the car. Not being his, he couldn't sell it. If he returned it to Helen he would have to show Lillian money for its sale or else confess that he had never owned it. He begrudged the car even the water that he gave it.

Lillian never suggested any more that the Packard should be sold. She saw now that without it they would be just any down-and-out couple. The Packard was their mark of distinction, their last remaining link with the world that had garden courts.

Never once did her faith in Hubert falter. He was not the kind of man who is called poor—he was merely broke. Something adventurous with a hint of a happy ending lurked in that word "broke." The summer, of course, was a bad time to get a position. But they'd manage somehow and the day would finally come when Hubert hit things right again. A man who can spend $25,000 without batting an eyelash isn't slated for the rocks.

Hubert hadn't remembered that he owed Carl Feldman a hundred dollars till he and Lillian were down once more to their last twenty-dollar bill.

"Gee," he thought, "I ought to have paid him."

Still, it wouldn't have been good sense to leave himself short. Besides, what was a hundred dollars? Some day, very soon now, he'd walk up to Carl with the hundred dollars and perhaps a bottle of real good Scotch and he'd tell Carl the whole story about how very broke he had been. They'd have a drink together and a darn good laugh. But in the meantime he dodged Carl and when Carl wrote to him he did not answer the letter. He would

*"THERESA, for the love of God, if you can spare a hundred dollars let me have it!"*

explain everything once he was all set again. Sometimes he wondered if he ought to take a job doing just anything at all. It would only be temporary, of course. Just till things started breaking right again. It might be the sensible thing to do but, gee, a fellow who has owned his own business and really been somebody couldn't drive a taxi or be a canvasser or anything like that. It wouldn't be sensible, come to think of it. A big business man isn't going to take a guy on to handle an executive job if he's just come from doing some little unimportant thing.

WHEN the last twenty-dollar bill had been broken to pay the iceman Hubert went to see Arch McKay. It was the first effort he had made to see him since he had seen Bert in the McKays' house. He had often thought of going up but something had always intervened. Besides, it wasn't good sense to appear anxious.

Arch McKay was tall and slim. He never looked well shaven because of the thick blue-blackness of his beard. He had tight, narrow lips and Hubert thought he was kind of a mean-looking duck. Funny that he never noticed before today that Arch's voice was deep and gruff.

He shook hands with Hubert and told him to make himself comfortable. He disappeared then and Hubert sat alone regarding familiar objects and hearing familiar sounds.

When Arch came back he carried his hat. "Had lunch?" he asked.

"Not yet."

"Come on."

They walked around the corner to a small, quiet restaurant. Hubert recognized it as the sort that Louise Fisher always called refined.

"What have you been doing?" Arch asked him.

"Wasting my time."

"Is that so? Don't you like being retired?"

"Not a bit. Wish I could get something to do."

"That oughtn't to be hard."

"Well, it is, Arch. See, this time of the year and all. Maybe Bert told you I offered to help him out while you were in Canada."

Arch nodded. The waiter came for their order. Arch said, "What's it going to be, Scott?"

Hubert thought he'd like the blue-plate luncheon. Arch said, "Make it two."

THE waiter went away and Arch sat quiet for a long while. Then he said, "A fellow over at the club—I won't tell you who—said he thought you were broke. If that was the case, Scott, I could get you something to do. It wouldn't be much. It would only pay about thirty-five a week, but it would be better than nothing."

"Sure," said Hubert, nodding eagerly.

"Only I know it isn't true," Arch McKay went on. "Your house must be worth thirty thousand and you have the Packard and you've just bought that piece of property next to the movie theater."

Hubert's eyes widened and Arch added, "Well, your wife did. Same thing." The waiter brought the blue-plates and departed. Arch picked up his fork. "So by my figuring you can't be broke."

Arch McKay fixed Hubert with his eyes. His glance said, "You act like a fellow who is broke, yet facts are facts. Clear up the mystery. Come clean if you want help from me."

Hubert filled his mouth with string beans and stared over McKay's shoulder at an electric fan that whirred busily. Thirty-five dollars a week. Gee, that would be great, now that he and Lillian knew how to live without splurging. And maybe there was a future to the job, too. Gosh, past forty and looking for a job with a future. Oh, well, many a man had built his fortune later than that. He'd take the job.

He looked back at Arch. He was waiting to be convinced that Hubert needed that job. Arch wanted to know why he appeared prosperous and yet ran about asking for work. He couldn't tell him.

There was too much to tell. It went back to old man Dietz, who had bought the house and deeded it to Helen—who had warned Helen that Hubert wasn't much and had

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lived to say, " I told you so." It meant telling Arch that Helen had furnished a separate room for him and that he had to knock on her door before entering. Arch wouldn't understand. He couldn't because even Hubert couldn't. Helen was funny. Always had been.

Once they had a big party. All the nicest people in town were there. Old man Dietz's friends and Helen's. When everybody had gone Helen slumped in a chair and cried. Hadn't come to bed at all that night. Just stayed downstairs pacing the floor and crying. No reason for it. It had been a good party, a successful party. Hubert had done card tricks for them and made fifty-cent pieces turn into pennies. No reason why Helen should have cried that night.

All these things were somehow vaguely involved in what Arch wanted to know. And he couldn't tell him. Take the time Helen had bought Liberty Bonds and explained to their small son that she bought them because they were a good investment. Hubert Senior had added, " Yes and it helps whip the damned Germans." Helen had said, " You ignoramus, your son is a damned German on my side." And that night he had heard her explain to the boy that the German soldiers must be beaten for the sake of world prosperity but that they were just fellows like Uncle Rudolph. Great stuff to tell a kid and it turned the kid against his father, too.

Arch was still waiting.

Maybe he could say, instead, that he loved another woman and explain in part the complications that arose therefrom. But Arch McKay was an ardent churchman and a good Rotarian.

" Hell, no; I'm not broke," Hubert said. " Just bored with being idle."

" That's what I figured," Arch returned.

They talked of other things, then. Of politics, of real estate, of tailors, and of business. Of baseball, of weather, of cars, and of aviation. Finally Arch said that he had to be getting back to work.

" Think I'll go to the ball game," Hubert said. " Oh, gee, I can't. I'm out without a red cent and no check book."

Arch dug his hand in his pocket and brought out a twenty-dollar bill.

" Wait till I pay the check," he said. " I'll let you have a couple of dollars. Five do? "

" Make it ten, will you? I may have dinner in New York."

Arch said, " I'll give you fifteen if you want it."

" All right. I'll let you have it back tomorrow."

They walked in silence to the place where the Packard was parked. Hubert jumped in. " Thanks, Arch. See you about that tomorrow."

" All right. So long."

ARCH stood on the pavement watching the car till it disappeared. He scratched his head and looked perplexed.

Hubert went back to Lillian. She was lying on the couch in a yellow kimono. Her hair was still tousled and her face unpowdered.

" What's the matter? " he asked. " Sick? "

" No. Only it's so damn hot. I haven't got the pep to get dressed."

" It'll be hotter than this, kid. This is only the beginning. Come on—get dressed. We'll go for a ride to the seashore and have dinner down there."

" Don't you think we'd better go easy on our money? "

" Why, I got fifteen dollars today in a funny way. I was up talking to Arch McKay and he happens to mention that old man Schliffer owes him a hundred and fifty dollars which he can't collect. Well, old man Schliffer and me are like that "—Hubert exhibited two fingers closely entwined—" friends for years. Him and me.

" I hopped right over there and old man Schliffer passes over the money like nothing. Said he just didn't like the McKay Brothers' way of asking for it. Well, when I showed the money to Arch, maybe he wasn't glad! Thought it was gone forever. He insisted upon giving me ten per cent collection fee. I didn't like to take it. I thought it looked kind of cheap. But the first thing you know, Arch begins to think I'm holding out for more money, so, of course, I took it then."

" Sure. Did he say anything about a job? "

" Well, not much. The McKays ain't making out so awfully well. If they'd take me in they'd do better, but, of course, they can't pay my price. Arch says a fellow over at the club—he wouldn't tell me who—is anxious to talk to me about a job, but when Arch mentioned what he'd pay I didn't want to know who the guy was. Come on, Lil, let's go out to the shore."

Lillian was dressing when Theresa arrived. Theresa had become a frequent visitor. Her little Essex was a familiar sight parked behind the big Packard.

She was dressed in a red-and-white silk gingham dress, with a floppy red hat and red pumps. She looked cool and clean and pretty. She was a heartening visitor and had a manner of dropping in as willingly as though it was a pleasure to visit in the mean little apartment. She could slap at a roach in so casual a manner that Lillian was never embarrassed and she could sit for hours on one of the wabbly Windsor chairs and look comfortable.

LILLIAN, clad in the blue georgette dress that had by now lost all of its original freshness and style, gazed wistfully at Theresa's trim summer togs.

" Don't let me keep you in," Theresa said. " I'm just barging around, and if you have to go somewhere don't let me interfere."

" No, glad to have you," said Lillian.

The two girls lit cigarettes and settled down to talk. Hubert stared out the window at the clean little Essex. God, his car was dirty! Helen would have a fit.

" Say," he said, " I think I'll take the car and have it washed. I don't want to listen to you two dames gab, anyhow."

Theresa watched him go out. She said nothing of what she was thinking and was surprised when Lillian said, " He feels that he really ought to go back to work, but I want him to wait till autumn when there will be better opportunities."

Theresa nodded slowly. Lillian must know how things stood better than she could possibly know. Perhaps matters weren't as bad as they appeared to be.

" I saw Anna and Cliff last night," she said after a time. " They dropped in. Hymie was under the shower and I was washing my hair when they came. Of all times! I could have killed them."

" I can imagine," said Lillian. " I haven't seen them or the Fishers for ages. They all came in that one night I told you about and never came again. I guess they didn't like the apartment. Too lowbrow for them."

" Anna is going to have a baby," Theresa said.

" Oh, yes? That's a surprise to me. I thought she was going to work for ages yet."

" Well, you know, those things happen."

" Yeh. I'll have to write Anna a letter of good wishes and so forth. Maybe I'll drop over and see her."

Theresa shook her head and looked steadily at Lillian. " Don't," she said.

" Why not? "

" Well, don't, Lillian, that's all."

" But why? "

" Look here, you know I'm not a tale-carrier, don't you? I'll tell you why not, but it's not for the fun of carrying tales. It's because I hate to see you hurt by a little skunk like Cliff Sullivan."

" What's the matter? "

" Don't laugh—it's pathetic. We were all talking, you know, and Hymie happened to mention you. As a matter of fact we were talking about hair on account of me standing there drying mine and Hymie said you had the loveliest hair he had ever seen. That from my devoted husband, mind you. Anyhow we talked about you for a

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He struck a match, and the next moment he had begun to puff.

He lowered the tankard. "This," he said, "is the end. From this moment I go off the stuff."

March 23, 1929

Liberty

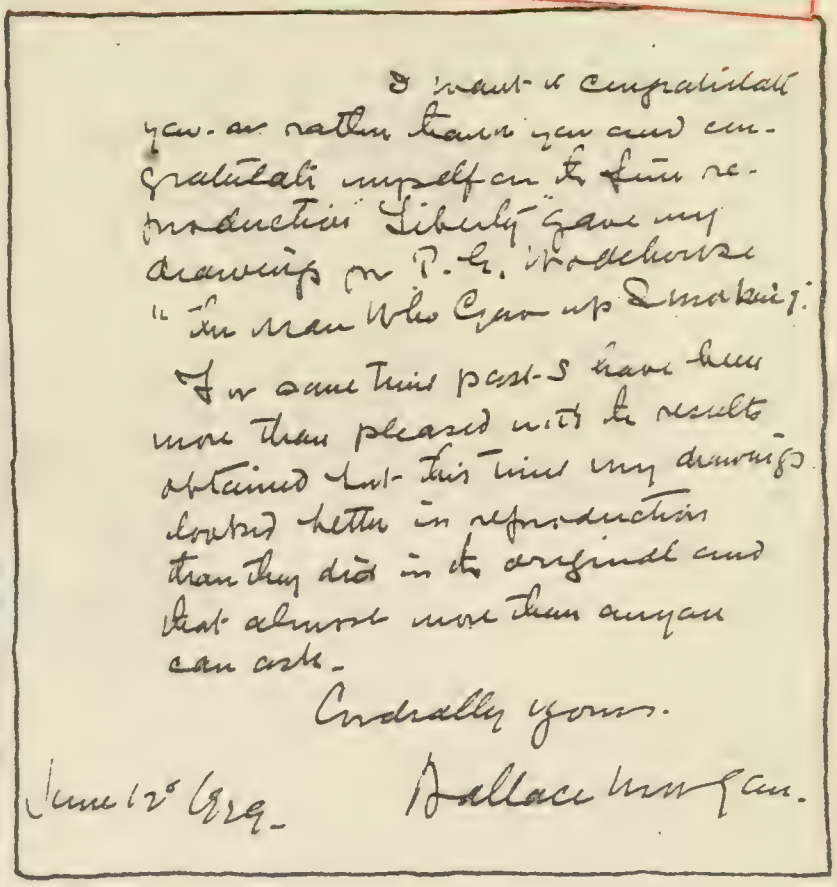
# The Man Who Gave Up SMOKING

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

With the easel as a basis, the two men for some tense minutes played a game of round-the-mulberry-bush.

A Story of Love's Lunacy

By P. G. WODEHOUSE



I want to congratulate you—or rather thank you and congratulate myself—on the fine reproduction LIBERTY gave my drawings for P. G. Wodehouse's "The Man Who Gave Up Smoking."

For sometime past I have been more than pleased with the results obtained but this time my drawings looked better in reproduction than they did in the original, and that's almost more than anyone can ask.

WALLACE MORGAN

LIBERTY'S striking two-color rotogravure printing is available to advertisers in two different color combinations. Many advertisers are already using it with signal success!

These illustrations from a P. G. Wodehouse story in LIBERTY are the work of Wallace Morgan. Morgan was one of the handful of picked men designated official government artists during the World War. He has the rare capacity for caricaturing an author's characters without making them seem unreal. Such deftness of touch requires the most careful reproduction.

LIBERTY
*A Weekly for Everybody*

[KEPT
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minute or two and Cliff said that they wouldn't be seeing you because a woman in Anna's condition couldn't afford to be seen being friends with you. He said that people would start saying that maybe Anna wasn't married either and when the baby came people might say it was a little basket. That's what Cliff said. Basket instead of the real word. Cliff is so cute that way, the skunk."

"Well, maybe it's all for the best," said Lillian. "People know what they want to do about things."

"If it wasn't for you," Theresa said hotly, "Anna would have a basket that could walk and say 'dada' by now."

"Oh, Theresa!" Lillian was shocked. "Who told you that?"

"Hymie. Anna told him herself one night when she was plastered. Told him not to tell me, but she was barking up the wrong tree when she picked Hymie. He told me, but, of course, he wouldn't tell anyone else. She told him, too, about a lot of other things you had done for her and Cliff."

"Well, why doesn't Louise come around any more? She isn't having a baby, is she?"

"Not that I know of."

"Why can't she be seen with me? I'm too common, I guess, for a famous man's wife to be friends with."

"To hell with them, Lillian. They're a bunch of oil cans."

"I know it. I guess I always knew it, but I've never been one to like people for a reason."

"Yes. I never sponged on you or talked about you and still you like Louise better than me."

"No, I don't. Maybe I did once, but living in this lousy place with nothing to do but think, you get kind of sensible even if you fight against it."

Hubert came back just as Theresa was saying good-by to Lillian. She was inviting them to Sunday dinner at her house and Lillian was accepting. Hubert was glad. Sundays were mean, hard days.

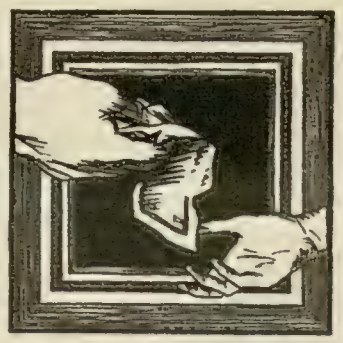
"I guess it's too late to go to the shore now," Lillian said.

"Yes, I guess it is."

"Well, we'll have a good dinner at home. I'll run out and get a good, thick steak and corn on the cob and tomatoes and a real creamy cake. How does that sound?"

"Fine."

It was while they were eating the good, thick steak that a thought occurred to Lillian. "Say," she said, "you know what we ought to have done? We ought to have gotten a cheap dinner tonight and gone to the shore tomorrow."



"Gee, yeh," said Hubert. He stopped chewing as though it were not too late to conserve. "Oh, well, what the hell!" He resumed his chewing as he spoke. "There'll be many more days to go to the shore."

After dinner Lillian went to the couch and Hubert to his big chair. It was too warm for checkers or the movies. They were silent for more than an hour listening to the cry of a baby, the shouts of children in the street, and women talking to each other down at the door.

They were in bed by 10 o'clock.

## II

SOMETIMES Hubert worried about the situation a little. Once he even went so far as to ask himself what the outcome could be. He had borrowed, now, from Carl Feldman, Arch McKay, two of the boys at the club, and once, on the street, encountering Bert McKay, he had borrowed five dollars from him. It seemed so wasteful not to make use of that accidental meeting. Bert had looked at him strangely and Hubert knew that Arch had told him of the fifteen which he had borrowed in June.

It was July now and Hubert had not seen Arch since the day they had lunched together. He had fixed it all right, though. He had said, "Tell Arch I'll be up to see him tomorrow, and I'll give you this five then, too."

There were other men with whom he had been friendly. Some of them would probably let him have fifty or even a hundred, but they were men who had a speaking acquaintance with Helen. Gee, if they ever told her it would be awful. Helen would sure have plenty to say.

Gosh, it was July now and not a job in sight. Maybe when the weather got cooler and the important business men were coming back from the shore and the mountains, maybe then prospects would be brighter. But now there were rent, gas, electricity, two mouths to feed, and a Packard to support.

Hubert sat in the car and ran over in his mind the names of everybody he knew. Some had already been borrowed from. Some had no money. Some weren't extra friendly toward him and some knew Helen too well. The car was parked on 213th Street, right beside Isham Park. He was supposed to be out interviewing various business magnates but there was nobody to interview and there was no use worrying Lillian by telling her so.

He had driven his car to its present whereabouts an hour before and there he sat with three dollars and a half in his pocket, wondering to whom he could turn for help. He knew there was no use in asking Cliff or Billy for the money he had once given them. They would only assure him that they, too, were broke. Cliff probably was—and now with the baby coming and all . . . But Billy—he ought to have money. Hubert felt sure, however, that Billy would never return a nickel he had borrowed and it would be humiliating to ask for it. Now whom could he borrow from?

A GIRL with a floppy red hat passed close to the Packard. Hubert looked at the hat and got an inspiration. Maybe there was nothing in the idea—still, it wouldn't hurt to try.

She would be awake. She wasn't the sort who slept late. Anyhow it was after 11. He lost no time in testing the merits of his inspiration. He went at once to the apartment on Broadway where lived his friends the Mosses. During the five-minute ride Theresa had become very dear to him. The more he thought of her, the more kind-hearted and understanding she seemed. She wouldn't even be surprised to see him alone and at this hour. She had become, in that short ride, the sort of friend who anticipates one's every need.

Theresa, however, disappointed him on one score. When she opened the door she said, "Well, for heaven's sake!" Then she laughed and said, "Come on in. I guess I didn't sound very hospitable, but I wasn't expecting you, you know. Come in."

They went back to the living room to sit down. Theresa lit a cigarette and asked how Hubert and Lillian were. She was plainly curious as to what had prompted the call and Hubert was loath to come to the reason for his visit.

For more than a half hour Theresa manufactured conversation, now and then permitting a minute's silence to fall encouragingly.

At last Hubert said, "Theresa, I hate to ask you what I've come to ask you today. I really do. It goes against my grain and if it wasn't for Lillian I'd take a licking before I'd ask you this. But, you see—I guess it's pretty plain to you—things have been going pretty bad with us."

Theresa nodded.

"Well, fact is, I'm in an awful bad way. Lillian doesn't realize how bad and I don't want to tell ner. No use in worrying her, I figure. I'd like to know—fact is, I want to ask you to lend me a hundred dollars."

Theresa swallowed and looked hard at Hubert for a minute. "What can you do with a hundred dollars?" she asked.

"What can I do with a hundred dollars? My God, Theresa, feed myself and Lil and attend to a lot of things."

"Yes, but don't you see what I mean—a hundred dollars won't last long—and then where are you again? Right back where you started from."

"But I hope to have a job by then."

"Look, Hubert, a hundred dollars can't last two weeks with all the things you seem to have to do with it, and in two weeks you won't have a job if you haven't gotten one in all the months you've been looking."

*"OH, Theresa!" Lillian was shocked. "Who told you that?"*

"Well, see, I've got a good one in view."

"I'd sell the Packard if I were you, Hubert." Her tone was a trifle cold.

"But I can't, Theresa. See, I need it for a front. You know how the world feels toward a guy who can't put up a decent front."

"Yes, but I think you're carrying an unnecessary burden."

"Besides," he went on swiftly, "Lillian is crazy about the car. I hate to take it away from her. Not only that—if I sold it she would know we were busted and probably worry herself to death."

"Say, don't you think she ought to know how things stand? How about giving her a chance of getting out from under?"

"What?" Hubert stared dumbly at Theresa and then, when she did not answer, he went on: "Oh, you mean give Lil a chance to get away. She don't want to go away."

"How do you know she don't? Maybe if she knew things were so bad, she'd want to clear out."

"Oh, no. Besides, things ain't so terrible when I got the offer of a good job and I still got the Packard."

"Don't you own any property up your way?"

"Sure. Lots of it. But, see, Helen would find out about it and know that I was keeping somebody when she saw how much money I've been through."

"Well, suppose Helen did find out? She couldn't do more than divorce you."

"Oh, Helen's a kind of sad case, Theresa. You know, old and settled and still crazy about me. I couldn't hurt her that much."

"No, I suppose not."

Theresa said nothing more for a time. Hubert talked on about Helen's pitiable condition. Presently Theresa interrupted him to ask, "Is Lillian feeling low-spirited?"

"Very."

"What's she low-spirited about if she don't know how badly off you are?"

"Well, of course, she knows that we haven't money for clothes and parties and things like that. The only thing is that she thinks this is all going to be over right away."

"Isn't it?"

HUBERT cast his eyes upward. "God knows," he said. "But I thought you had a good job right around the corner."

"I have, but whether I'll take it or not is another matter."

"What would make you refuse it?"

"Too small a salary."

"But you're getting nothing now and you're managing somehow," Theresa pointed out.

Hubert reached for one of Theresa's cigarettes. He was glad that he wasn't married to Theresa. Helen had been a much better choice. This damn woman should have been a district attorney.

Theresa sat tapping her left foot thoughtfully on the floor. Many thoughts went through her head. Hymie worked so hard for his money, poor soul. It wasn't fair to give it away to a guy who sat on his can and hoped for the best. Still, what would become of Lillian if Hubert decided that he couldn't possibly be annoyed with the affair any longer? What was to prevent him from suddenly departing to return no more? And maybe Lillian cared about this jackass. There was no accounting for tastes.

Perhaps a hundred dollars would last him till he got a job. But maybe he had no intentions of getting one. Maybe he'd just break away from Lillian one of these days and go back to wherever the devil he came from. Well, if he was that kind, a hundred dollars wasn't going to keep him from leaving Lillian flat. But maybe it would

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEPT
Continued from page sixty-five]

keep him with her a little longer, and if she loved Hubert— Oh, there was no figuring the thing, but anyhow—

"Wait a minute," she said. "I'll get dressed and you can drive me to the bank."

"I can get a check cashed," he said.

"We have no checks," she answered. "We're poor people."

Hubert held his tongue after that. He said not another word until Theresa had drawn a hundred dollars from her account and handed it to him. He said "Thank you" then. They were on Dyckman Street outside the Bank of Washington Heights. Hubert was uncomfortable. Suppose Lillian should walk by?

"Get in; I'll drive you home."

"No, I think I'll walk over and see Lillian. Cheer her up a little."

"You won't tell her about this, will you, Theresa? I don't want to worry her, you know, about debts we owe and especially to you."

"Why especially to me?"

"Oh, she'd think I was awful, picking on her friends to borrow from."

Theresa laughed and walked away. Hubert decided that he didn't like her. Still, he had a hundred dollars now and it felt darn nice to have it, too. Maybe before the hundred dollars dwindled he'd have a job. He'd written to Box 247X in answer to an advertisement that called for an intelligent man over thirty to fill an executive position. Everything looked quite rosy. There only remained the thinking up of a story to tell Lillian concerning the hundred dollars.

Well, he'd say that the week his son had started work he had given a hundred dollars to him with which to buy a suit and a coat. Given it to him, of course, not loaned it. But the darn kid was so perky now and so tickled to death with being a business man that he had insisted upon returning it. That was a good story. Now what would he do with the rest of the day? Let's see—where was that Vilma Banky picture playing?

Box 247X never answered Hubert's letter. Well, it probably wouldn't have been much of a job anyhow. He felt that he ought to get up to the club again and tell a few more fellows that he was open for offers, but he remembered that he owed a little money up there and sort of hated to go back till he could pay it.

He looked through the ads in the papers every morning after he had left Lillian. He would buy the papers on Dyckman Street and park on the Drive, looking them over. There were, however, very few ads that would appeal to a man of intelligence and executive ability. And fewer still that wanted answers by mail.

Hubert was not interested in the ones that wanted a personal interview at once. He couldn't see himself in line with a lot of down-and-outers asking a perfect stranger to give him a job. The ads that spoke of glittering opportunities for the right man always had box numbers, so Hubert wrote to three or four but received no answer. His wonderment knew no bounds.

THE hundred dollars which Theresa gave him did not last long, as there were many claims upon it. Hubert thought of selling the Packard and then beating it out of town with Lillian and beginning everything over. He thought of it as one thinks of a play one has seen. Very entertaining indeed, and very competently handled, too, but, of course, no one ever behaved like the hero. Still, a very nice story to recall now and again.

Only ten dollars was left of Theresa's hundred when the gas company threatened to discontinue service in the little kitchenette. Lillian had always been careless about paying bills and when there had been plenty of money at hand no inconvenience had arisen from her neglect. It had been easy to pay the fellow when he showed up with the final notice. But now it was different. Very different. Five dollars and twenty-one cents takes an awful fall out of one's last ten-dollar bill.

Hubert considered the matter. Certainly he wasn't going to pay out of that solitary bill, and the gas was needed very badly. He got his hat and went out.

At the Dyckman Street corner he paused and considered the matter. The sun was hot. He took off his hat and fanned himself idly. The sun sparkled on the plate-glass windows of the stores across the way. Hm, there was the butcher shop they used to deal in. Nice fellow, that butcher. Very obliging.

Briskly Hubert crossed the street.

It was a long, narrow store with plump chickens and tender-looking roasts displayed on white enamel trays under glass. Hubert saw that the owner of the shop, who had always given him his personal attention, was at the moment engaged. A somewhat fussy young woman was picking out a few lamb chops and Hubert waited patiently for the butcher to notice him.

The fussy young woman was at last satisfied and took her bundle and departed.

"HOWDY," said Hubert.

"Why, hello, Mr. Cory," said the butcher. "You're quite a stranger. Been away?"

"Yes, we were away for a while. My wife was awfully sick, you know. I had to take her to the mountains."

"Is that so?"

"Yeh, I thought there for a while that I was going to lose her."

"You don't say!"

"It was pretty bad all right, but we've got her around pretty well now."

"I often wondered about her. Never saw her around or anything. I figured you moved out of the neighborhood."

"Oh, no. You can't lose us. We're like the bad pennies that always turn up."

"I asked Marty here a couple of times if he thought we'd done anything you folks didn't like. You know—some folks are strange. I thought maybe you got a tough piece of meat once or something. You know, accidents can happen and some folks don't know they're accidents."

"Oh, no. Nothing like that. Say, I always said you carried the best line of meat I ever ate and that the service here was good, too."

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say that, Mr. Cory. I don't like to lose a good customer."

"Don't worry. You haven't lost us. It's only that we were away and when we got back I wouldn't let my wife do any cooking or housework. You know how those things are. But I'm pretty tired of restaurants now and so is she. I guess you'll be getting a ring from us some day next week asking you to send over a good thick steak."

"Ha-ha. Well, glad to hear that."

"Say, could you cash a check for me?"

"Sure. Wouldn't be the first one I cashed for you."

"It sure would not. This is a little large, though. Three hundred and fifteen dollars."

"Oh, say, I'm sorry, Mr. Cory—I really am. I haven't got that much."

"Gee, and it's too late for the bank and here I am flat broke. I wanted to take Mrs. Cory to a show tonight, too. The poor girl just wanted to see one tonight. It's so long since she's been able to go."

"Well, now, that's too bad. Say, I could let you have some money, Mr. Cory. How much would do you?"

"Twenty or twenty-five would be great."

"All right. Here's twenty-five. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, yes, twenty-five. I hope that'll help you."

"Oh, that'll be fine. I'll be in tomorrow to see you about it."

"No hurry, Mr. Cory—no hurry. I won't lose any sleep worrying about it. Ha-ha!"

"Ha-ha!" echoed Hubert.

He went across the street. He looked back at the butcher shop and saw the obliging little butcher standing in his doorway. He looked clean and cheerful there. Nice fellow. Probably rolling in money. Sure, all those guys were rolling in money. Well, maybe not rolling but they got along all right.

Hubert decided that when things were breaking right again he'd bring the butcher a couple of good cigars and the twenty-five bucks and tell how broke he'd been and how the big check had just been a stall. They'd have a good laugh together over it. Hubert remembered Carl Feldman just then and frowned. No use in worrying about Carl. That guy was making plenty of jack. Besides, Carl knew that a fellow like Hubert Scott wasn't going to rook him for a lousy hundred bucks.

He was two doors away from his apartment before he remembered that he had no plausible story to tell Lillian that would explain the presence of this twenty-five dollars. She'd never believe that he had just walked out and found it lying on the street. Not even if he went over to Woolworth's and bought a little purse to put it in. No, that story would seem a little far-fetched, he was afraid.

Gee, he hated to be lying to Lillian all the time but there was no use of her worrying about debts. He'd tell her everything when he got a job. He'd even tell her about Theresa then. But now let's see—he had only been gone about fifteen minutes, so she'd know that the money had come from somewhere in the neighborhood. That made it bad. Maybe he ought to get the car and ride around for an hour. But she saw him now. Damn it! There she was up at the window.

He smiled at her and entered the house. Now who in the devil could he have met? Billy? What was the use of giving Billy credit for having returned a loan? Cliff? The same went for Cliff.

HE walked upstairs. Lillian had opened the door and was waiting for him.

"Gee," she said, "it's roasting in here tonight."

"Yeh, it's pretty hot. Anyhow you can put one worry off your mind. We'll have twenty-five dollars this evening and we can pay the gas bill."

"How's that?"

"Well, I called up a fellow. Jack Roberts, his name is. He belongs to the club. A nice fellow. Long about a year ago—yes, I guess it was just about a year ago—he borrowed twenty-five bucks from me. I hate to ask a fellow about any money I've loaned him, but, gee, when you need it you need it. I called him up and he says he's going downtown tonight and will stop and give me the money."

"Here?"

"Gosh, no. He knows Helen. I'm to meet him at Broadway and Dyckman Street. I told him I was down here attending to some business and that I ran a little short."

"Won't he tell Helen?"

"Well, that don't matter. See, if she says anything I can say I was doing some business for Steve Flynn."

"You know," Lillian said, "sometimes I think Helen must be awfully thick."

"Why?"

"Because. For instance, now—where does she think you sleep every night?"

"Sometimes in a hotel and sometimes at Steve's house. I tell her I'm too tired to make that leap home every evening. She never asks what hotel. She trusts me."

"I wonder if you couldn't really get a good job with Steve Flynn?"

"No. I saw him about it. Close? Why, that guy's closer than all the Scotchmen they tell jokes about. He wanted me to start at thirty-five hundred a year."

"Heavens!"

Hubert took a little walk at a quarter of 8 and when he came back he gave Lillian the twenty-five dollars.

"You know," she said, "I didn't believe that fellow would show up. I'm pleasantly surprised to see the money. You know what I figured? I thought he'd figure that you didn't really need the money bad and he'd just let it ride."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

To Those Readers . . .

who have frequently complained because their favorite newsdealer was "all sold out" of LIBERTY—here's good news!...LIBERTY is now releasing for sale more copies each week than before. LIBERTY is trying to keep pace with public demand. Your newsdealer will do his best to have a copy of LIBERTY for *you*....But to make sure—better see him *early!*

KEPT
[Continued from page sixty-seven]

"Oh, no. I've never known Jack Roberts to say that he'd be at a certain place and then not show up. He's a nice chap. I'd have had you meet him, only on account of him knowing Helen I couldn't."

"Of course not."

The gas bill was paid and Hubert and Lillian got their trip to the shore. They breathed the ocean air, got sand in their shoes, and ate a huge shore dinner. It seemed queer to them to be here alone. Last year the Fishers had sat with them at this same table and there had been much conversation and laughter. Lillian and Hubert talked hardly at all and neither said anything which caused the other even to smile. Lillian thought that the beaches were falling off dreadfully. One used to actually enjoy them. She thought perhaps they were cutting prices and letting the common element in. That always ruined a place.

Hubert paid the check and they started for home. It was a long ride and the traffic was heavy. Lillian wanted to drive. She felt sure that she could make the trip more swiftly than Hubert. He always permitted every car on the road to get in front of him and he shunned every short cut. When she ventured that perhaps he was tired and would like her to drive, he answered sharply. He had grown very funny about the Packard, she thought. He never let her touch it any more, although it was older now and certainly not as well cared for.

He sat at the wheel of his wife's car and thought his thoughts. Certainly he was going to have to repeat on somebody. Somebody who had already loaned him money was going to have to do it again.

By morning he had decided to whom he would turn a second time. He had a faint suspicion that Carl Feldman would turn him down. The McKay brothers probably would, too. Besides, they wanted to know too much. He didn't want to go to the club. There were a couple of fellows there who would probably ask him point-blank to return what he had borrowed. There was only Theresa. She might turn him down, too. But you couldn't have a fellow arrested for asking. He kind of hated to ask Theresa again. She might think he had an awful nerve. But, hell, who was he going to ask? And if she turned him down what in the name of God was he going to do?

He appeared at Theresa's apartment promptly at noon. He rang her bell and got a warm smile ready for her. Nothing happened. She was out. Hubert's smile disappeared. Women nowadays thought of nothing but gadding about. He decided to wait a while. He had nothing to do anyhow. He took his newspaper out of his pocket and carefully separated the help wanted sheet from the news section and laid it on the fourth step. He sat down and at once became engrossed in the baseball news.

AT a quarter of 1 Theresa came up the steps with her arms full of bundles. She looked at him without surprise this time.

"Hold this, will you, till I get my key out?" She handed him a large moist bundle on the top of which peaches and oranges fought for space. There were string beans and lettuce in the bag, too. Hubert saw them when the bag broke. The accident occurred in Theresa's kitchen, so it was not as annoying as it would have been on the steps. Hubert called her attention to the fact that the bag *could* have broken out there, but she continued to swear violently at the fruit and vegetables and he decided that she was just hot and tired.

She put meat in the ice box, but left the other things on the table. They went to the living room then. Theresa threw her hat on the gate-leg table and lit a cigarette. She was frowning deeply and made no effort to open the conversation.

Hubert said, "Awfully hot today, isn't it?"

"Yes," Theresa agreed.

"Thought it was cool in the hall there. I'd only been waiting about five minutes when you came along."

"Is that all?"

"That's all."

Hymie was soft. Too soft. He had said, "Gee, Theresa, I don't think he's a bad fellow. Dumb but not mean or anything. I'm glad you gave him the hundred bucks. If he comes back don't turn him down. Of course, if he keeps coming, we'll have to. But we could stand one more touch."

Theresa tightened her lips. Hymie was too soft.

"Theresa," Hubert said, "I wish I had come here today to pay you the money I owe you. But don't worry—I will pay it. Soon now. Fact is I came to ask you today if I could borrow a little more. I'm flat as hell, Theresa. I need another hundred."

"Honest, Hubert, I'll be frank with you. I don't see how you have the crust to drive that Packard up here and ask me to lend you money. Hymie and I have a little money. We're not starving. But I'll be damned if we consider ourselves in a position to support that kind of a car. You have a nerve, Hubert."

HE ran his hand nervously over his face. "Yes, I know I have, Theresa. You're right in bawling me out. I'm not the kind of a guy that has nerve as a rule, either. I wouldn't dream of coming to you this time or the other time and asking you for money if I hadn't promised to support Lil."

"But I didn't promise to support her."

"No, I know you didn't. But I know you like her. Nobody could help but like her. She's so good-hearted and even-tempered. I figured you for her friend and you'd be the last one—next to me—who'd want to see her in trouble."

"How about that job you nearly had?"

"They took another fellow for it."

"Why?"

"He—he could speak Italian."

"What kind of a job was it?"

"Why—it had a lot to do with interviewing Italians."

Theresa stared at him and he grew uncomfortable and fidgeted in the chair.

"I think you should sell that Packard today," she said.

"Then where would I be?" he wailed.

"Probably eight or nine hundred dollars ahead. Do you like being flat broke?"

"No, but I'd never get a job if I didn't look prosperous."

"You haven't gotten one looking prosperous," she said cruelly. "On the other hand a great many fellows without Packards have been known to connect with jobs."

"Yes, but, Theresa, I'd have to explain to Helen."

"Tell her you got tired of the car. After all, it isn't her business."

"Oh," Hubert groaned. "You don't understand."

"No, I'm pretty thick."

"I didn't mean that. Theresa, for the love of God, if you can spare a hundred dollars let me have it! I'll pay you back. Honestly I will. I'll give you a hundred per cent interest on the two hundred before the winter months. You'll see—I'll connect with something."

"Don't talk like that, Hubert. I'm not lending you money as a business venture, you know. Come on—drive me down to the bank and I'll let you have it. But I don't give a damn what happens to you after this. Don't you dare ask me for any more money while you have that car."

"All right, Theresa. Thank you." There was defeat in his tone. She had the feeling that he would have cried had she kept him in suspense a minute longer. Did Lillian believe that he was going to have money to scatter again—or did she love the poor sap? The question occupied Theresa all the way to the bank and back. She gave Hubert the money outside her own door.

"Thanks, Theresa. Thanks a lot. Say, you won't—you won't mention this to Lillian either, will you?"

"No," she said shortly.

"Thanks, Theresa."

He drove away then. That was the day Hubert first saw Emil Jannings. He liked him a lot, too.

---

*Theresa's loyal friendship for Lillian ended in a strange way. Next week you'll learn how it was broken off.*

# A Baseball Drama

## *The Game that Gave President Barnard His Greatest Thrill*

By Hugh Fullerton

Int. News Reel photo
*E. S. Barnard, president of the American League.*

PRESIDENT BARNARD, head of the American League, without hesitation picks as the greatest game he ever witnessed, and the greatest pitchers' battle in the history of baseball, the game played between the Cleveland and Chicago teams in Cleveland on the afternoon of October 2, 1908.

When the Chicago White Sox under Fielder Jones—the famous "Hitless Wonders" of baseball history—and the Cleveland team, led by Napoleon Lajoie, met on that afternoon, a situation existed in baseball that never has been paralleled. In the National League three teams were battling neck and neck for the pennant with the end of the race but a few days off. In the American League Detroit, Chicago, and Cleveland were fighting within a few points of each other. Detroit was leading the race that day with Cleveland and Chicago almost tied and but a few points behind.

Brown Bros. photos

F. Jones, manager of White Sox. Ed Walsh, Chicago's mound ace. Pitcher of the perfect game—Joss. Nap Lajoie, the Indians' great chief.

Both teams knew that the result of the season probably hinged upon that struggle, and the managers chose two of the greatest pitchers of baseball to face each other. Manager Jones sent his great ace, Ed Walsh, to use his spit ball to hold back the Cleveland pretenders, while Lajoie put the burden upon the broad shoulders of the handsome, graceful, smiling Addie Joss who, but for his untimely death, would have rated as one of the leading pitchers of all time.

The teams were tense with excitement and the greatest week-day crowd in Cleveland's history was gathered to watch the duel between the two leading moundsmen of the league—with the championship probably the reward of the victor.

Probably never before or since has as close a match been played. Save for one momentary slip on the part of Frank Isbell, the game would have been perfect, and it is probable neither team ever could have scored against the marvelous pitching and the brilliant defense of the two teams.

Cleveland's defense consisted almost entirely of the pitching of Joss and the superlative playing of Lajoie. Lajoie on that day rose superbly to the occasion with two put-outs and eight assists. Three times, by the most astounding running one-handed stops and scoops of hard-driven balls, he cut off seemingly certain base hits.

For nine innings the White Sox, raging and fighting, were held helpless before that pair of athletes. Not one of them reached first base. As inning after inning passed, the crowd grew more and more excited, screaming for Joss to pitch a perfect game.

In the ninth inning Jones sent in three pinch hitters, and, as John Anderson, the final hope, hit a feeble bounder, the crowd rushed the field and lifted Joss to their shoulders.

On the other hand, Walsh was pitching a different sort of game—in some ways even more remarkable. Only one player on the White Sox had a difficult chance in the field. Only four of the Cleveland players managed to hit the ball beyond the infield. Only five of them reached first base. Walsh struck out fifteen of the greatest batters in the league—Goode, a great lead-off man, four times; Lajoie twice; and Clarke twice.

Cleveland had but one real chance to score a run—and scored it. That came in the third inning, before the immense crowd sensed the fact they were to watch an epoch-making duel. Joe Birmingham made a clean base hit. An instant later Walsh, using his puzzling balk motion, hurled the ball to first base and caught the fleet Birmingham ten feet from the bag. Like a flash he turned and sprinted for second. Frank Isbell, hurrying his throw, placed his fingers upon the wet spot on the ball made by Walsh in his spit-ball pitching. The ball shot crooked, hit the runner, and rolled away, while Birmingham raced on to third. Then Schreckengost and Walsh crossed signals, the ball escaped the catcher, went to the stands, and Birmingham sprinted home with the run.

An instant later Schreck's finger was broken by a pitched ball, and Chicago's chances for the pennant were jarred to their foundations.

Beaten that day, the White Sox fought back and won the next, but Detroit beat St. Louis to cling to the slender lead. On Sunday the White Sox moved to Detroit and whipped the Tigers 3 to 1, while St. Louis and Cleveland played an eleven-inning tie game. On Monday Chicago beat the Tigers again, as St. Louis and Cleveland divided honors in a double-header, and the pennant race was so close that only four points in percentage separated the three leading teams.

Then on the final day, Wild Bill Donovan, rising to great heights, shut out the White Sox with two hits, winning 2 to 0 and capturing the championship, with Cleveland just behind and Chicago, instead of being champion, trailing both.

THE END

### The Box Score

CHICAGO

| | AB. | R. | H. | PO. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hahn, rf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Jones, cf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Isbell, 1b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 1 | 1 |
| Dougherty, lf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Davis, 2b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Parent, ss | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Schreck, c | 2 | 0 | 0 | 12 | 1 | 0 |
| Tannehill, 3b | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Walsh, p | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| Shaw, c | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| White,* | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Donohue,† | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Anderson,‡ | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 27 | 0 | 0 | 24 | 8 | 1 |

CLEVELAND

| | AB. | R. | H. | PO. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Goode, rf | 4 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Bradley, 3b | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Hinchman, lf | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Lajoie, 2b | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 8 | 0 |
| Stovall, 1b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 16 | 0 | 0 |
| Clarke, c | 3 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 1 | 0 |
| Birmingham, cf | 3 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Perring, ss | 2 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Joss, p | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Totals | 28 | 1 | 4 | 27 | 16 | 0 |

* Batted for Shaw in ninth.
† Batted for Tannehill in ninth.
‡ Batted for Walsh in ninth.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Chicago | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | —0 |
| Cleveland | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | x | —1 |

Stolen bases—Birmingham 2, Lajoie, Perring. Bases on balls—off Walsh 1. Struck out—by Joss 3; by Walsh 15. Wild pitch—Walsh. Time—one hour and forty minutes. Umpires—Connolly and O'Loughlin.

# How Many Mistakes In This Picture? $1,000 for Answers Every Week

## Rules and Regulations Covering This Contest

**These Prizes Are Offered Each Week**

| | |
|---|---|
| First prize | $500 |
| Second prize | 200 |
| Third prize | 100 |
| Forty prizes of $5 each | 200 |
| Weekly total | $1,000 |

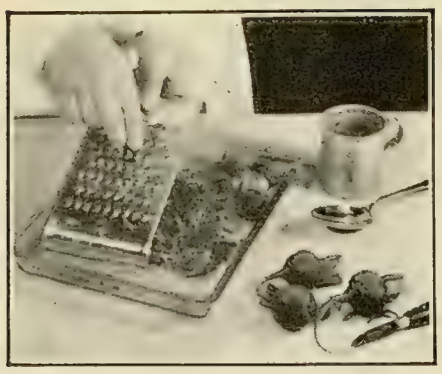
In drawing this picture the artist made between forty and fifty mistakes. How many can you find? LIBERTY now offers $1,000 a week for the most skillful detecting of mistakes in the series of drawings of which this is the fifth.

You may indicate the mistakes by drawing on the picture itself (or a tracing of it) or, if you prefer, you may describe them on a separate sheet of paper.

You need not purchase a copy of LIBERTY to compete. Copies of LIBERTY MAGAZINE may be examined at our various branch offices or at the public libraries free of charge. Neatness and ingenuity of arrangement, as well as accuracy and the number of mistakes detected, will count. In case of ties the prizes will be duplicated.

This contest is not open to professional artists, nor may any employees of LIBERTY WEEKLY or their families compete. Entries should be addressed to MISTAKE PICTURES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and must be mailed within one week of the date of this issue. No entries will be returned, and LIBERTY cannot engage in correspondence on the subject of the contest.

**Announcement of the prize awards for Picture No. 1 will be made in the earliest possible issue.**



*Choppers or shredders may be used in making tempting relishes.*

# Next Winter's PICKLES

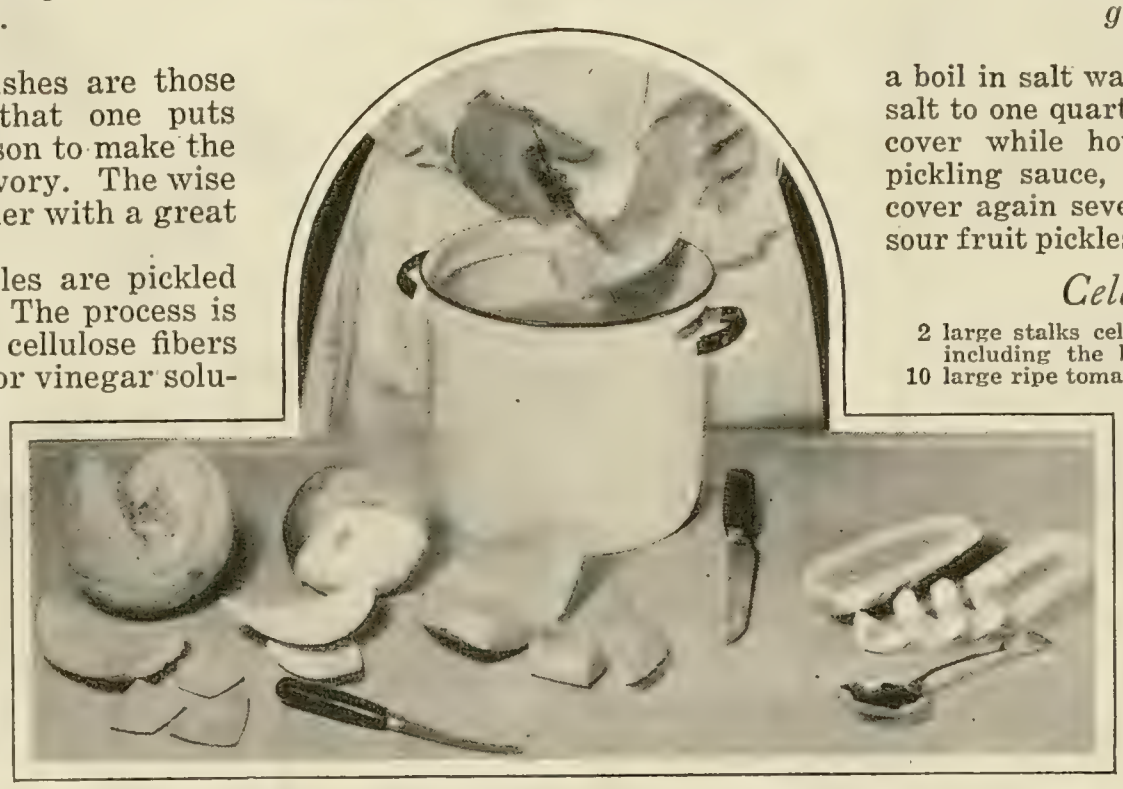
By

ETHEL SOMERS

*Peaches, pears, and crab apples, with cloves, are good for pickling.*

PICKLES and relishes are those zestful snacks that one puts away at this season to make the winter menus more savory. The wise hostess stocks her larder with a great variety of relishes.

Fruits and vegetables are pickled in a similar manner. The process is one of hardening the cellulose fibers of the food in a brine or vinegar solution. Hardening also preserves the food by checking any bacterial action. For this reason pickled foods are a challenge to digestion when eaten in large quantities. Since "variety is the spice of life," the intrinsic worth of these foods lies in their being stocked in variety.



*Cantaloupe, watermelon, grapefruit, and ripe cucumbers offer a delicious variety of rinds for pickling.*

## *Sweet-Sour Fruit Pickles*

1 pound whole fruits, such as plums, crab apples, peaches, or pears, *or*
1 pound fruit rinds, such as watermelon, cantaloupe, grapefruit, ripe cucumber, orange, or sliced green tomatoes
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup vinegar
2 teaspoons whole pickling spice

THERE should be enough sirup for packing. If small quantities are being pickled, the proportion per pound of fruit will have to be increased.

Peaches and pears are peeled before using, though left whole; while plums and crab apples are pickled with the skin on. Peaches are most easily peeled by immersing several minutes in boiling water. The fruit is stuck with cloves, using from two to six whole cloves, according to the size of the fruit and the spiciness desired. Cantaloupe and watermelon rinds are peeled. Orange and grapefruit rinds are not peeled, but as they cook soft in salt water they are scraped free of their white membranous layer, leaving only the outer rind to pickle. The prepared fruit or rind is then put on to parboil in cold salted water (two tablespoons of salt to one quart of water). If the rind or fruit is easily pierced, remove from the water as soon as it boils, otherwise cook a bit longer. Do not overcook. Mix the brown sugar and spice, which should be tied loosely in a cheesecloth bag. Boil this in the vinegar for about five minutes, or to 218° F. Pour this sweet-sour sauce over the fruit or rind, which is still hot from parboiling. Let stand until the next day. Drain off the sirup, heat to 218° F., and pour again over the fruit or rind. Repeat on several successive days until the pickled product is cooked enough to be clear, bright, and shiny yet firm. Keep in a crock or seal in individual jars.

## *Sweet-Sour Vegetable Pickles*

ANY fresh picked vegetable in season, such as green beans, cauliflower flowerets, tiny cucumbers, or pearl onions, may be made into a pickle. Clean thoroughly. (Skin the onions. String the beans before cutting them into convenient sized pieces.) Bring to a boil in salt water (two tablespoons of salt to one quart of water). Drain and cover while hot with the sweet-sour pickling sauce, and drain, reheat, and cover again several times as for sweet-sour fruit pickles.


INJECT the zip and bite of autumn into your cold-weather dishes. Garnish them with the refreshing piquancy of pickles and relishes. For a complete list of fruits and vegetables suitable for pickling, consult the LIBERTY cookbooks. They cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. The coupon below is for your convenience.

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## *Celery Sauce*

2 large stalks celery, including the base
10 large ripe tomatoes
3 large onions
1 small red pepper
2 tablespoons salt
1 cup vinegar
⅜ cup sugar

SKIN the tomatoes and onions, clean the celery, separating it into pieces and using the base as well as the individual stems. Chop the vegetables, add the salt and vinegar, and cook gently for two hours. Then add the sugar. Bring the mixture to a boil and pour into sterilized jars and seal. With poultry, or with almost any cold meats, this sauce will be found a delicious addition.

## *Uncooked Tomato Relish*

½ peck ripe tomatoes
1 cup chopped celery
1 cup chopped onion
2 chopped red peppers
½ cup sugar
½ cup salt
1 teaspoon ground mace
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon black pepper
2 ounces celery seed
1½ pints vinegar

CHOP the tomatoes very fine and drain every bit of their juice, which being rich in minerals should be utilized in a soup. Squeezing in a cheesecloth bag will help. Mix the chopped ingredients thoroughly and then seal in sterilized jars. If it is kept in a cool place this relish will remain in good condition throughout the winter.

## *Cabbage Relish*

1 medium head cabbage, chopped fine
6 green tomatoes
6 medium onions
6 sweet red peppers
6 sweet green peppers
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup brown sugar
¼ teaspoon black pepper
⅛ teaspoon Cayenne pepper
½ tablespoon mustard seed
½ teaspoon celery seed
1 pint vinegar

WASH the vegetables and chop in rather coarse pieces. Cover with salt water (one-half cup of salt to two quarts of water). Soak in the brine from six to eight hours. Drain and rinse with clear water. Bring the sugar, salt, and spices to a boil with the vinegar. Pour the sirup over the mixed prepared vegetables and pack in sterile jars and seal.

THERE are queer things happen under the Malay sun... There are countless, tiny islands where a love-mad ship's officer—or even a girl, like Margaret Rose—might drop out of sight, and no questions asked! Yet seldom if ever do they come back, as Margaret comes back with grief in her heart from—

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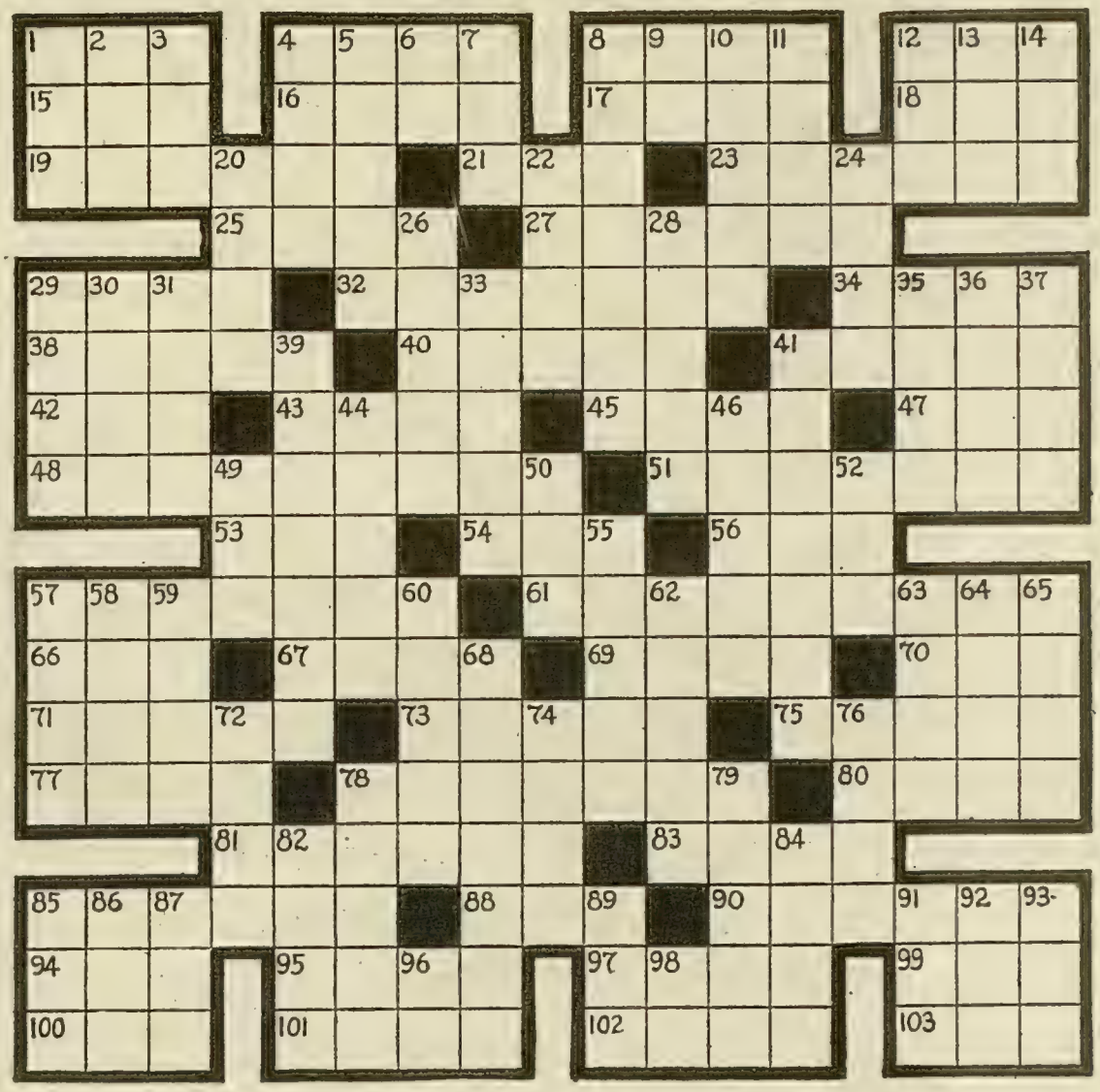
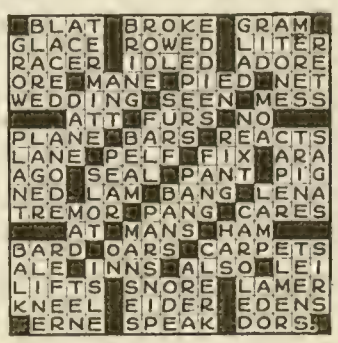


HORIZONTAL

1 To tire
4 Disfigure
8 Man's nickname
12 Simian
15 Eggs
16 American Indian
17 District in India
18 Sol
19 Feast sumptuously
21 Cooking vessel
23 Heats and browns
25 Killed
27 Obliterators
29 Smack
32 Astrakhan
34 Island
38 Paralysis
40 Automaton
41 Classifier
42 Point
43 Sinew
45 Wise
47 Woman's name
48 Strewed
51 Muskmelons
53 Unrefined metal
54 Put on
56 Egyptian deity
57 Precipitates in drops
61 Military units
66 Woman's name
67 Employments
69 Country road
70 Ejaculation
71 Watery fluid
73 Jewish festival
75 Sounder mentally
77 Hirsute growth
78 Variant of No. 32
80 Vegetable
81 Facial expressions
83 A prong
85 Requited
88 Cardinal number
90 Book
94 Bound to pay
95 Orderly
97 Egress
99 Speak
100 Stake
101 Gaelic
102 Extensive
103 Sooner than

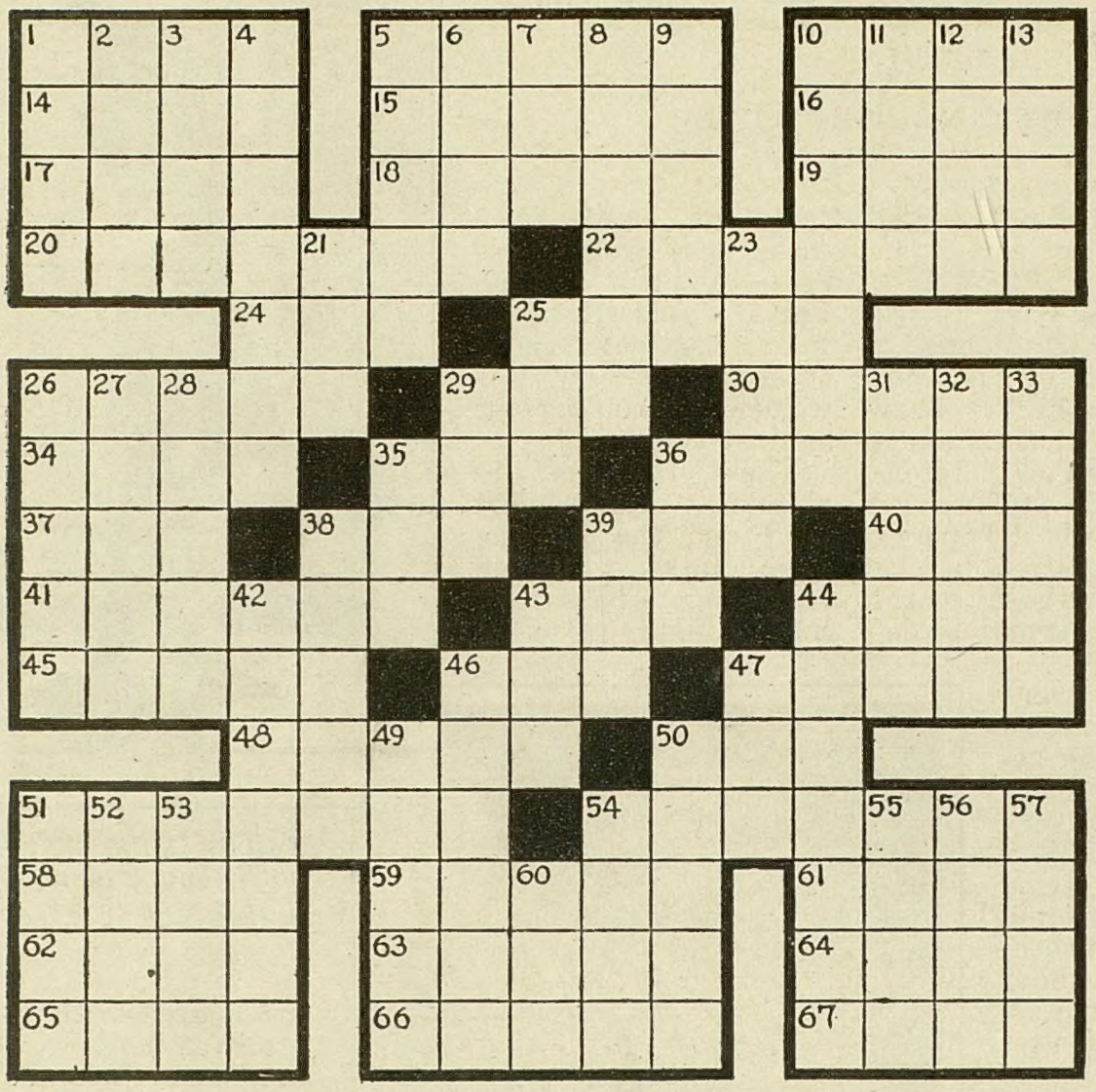
VERTICAL

1 In place of
2 A salutation
3 Restrain from speech
4 Barter
5 Small stream
6 A sloth
7 Corded fabric
8 Goes
9 Latin and French conjunction
10 Badgerlike animal
11 God of thunder (Norse mythology)
12 Beast of burden
13 Place
14 Printer's measures
20 Vipers
22 Pertaining to the mouth
24 A continent
26 Bet
28 Material used in tanning and dyeing
29 Mineral springs
30 Secular
31 Woman's name
33 Propelled
35 Stump
36 River in Siberia
37 Periods
39 Metallic element
41 Begins again
44 Tilts or inclines: said of ships
46 Street urchin
49 Small child
50 A beetle
52 Devoured
55 Containing nephelite (petrography)
57 Shallow vessel
58 Notion
59 Hindu garment
60 Corolla leaf
62 Whole range of the musical scale
63 Not any
64 Pronoun
65 Kind
68 West Indian tree
72 Constellation (one of the Bears)
74 Obliterate
76 Son of Adam
78 Fruit beverage
79 Black and blue
82 Pronoun
84 Memorandum
85 Plunder
86 Sheep
87 Fondle
89 Fresh
91 Employ
92 Disfigure
93 Gaze steadily
96 While
98 Greek letter




Answer to last week's puzzle

# Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

1 Slightly twisted roll of wool
5 Two hundred and five milligrams
10 Pickpockets (thieves' slang)
14 Responsibility
15 An advice boat, or dispatch boat
16 County in Ohio
17 Surrounded by
18 Voluntarily to relinquish an office
19 A city in France
20 Makes over or surrenders by deed
22 Divested or deprived of office
24 Tool for puncturing roofing slates (variant)
25 Forgive
26 Bearded, as grain
29 Product of suppuration
30 Large fish of the mackerel family
34 Idle; worthless
35 To be shaken to and fro
36 Knotlike protuberance
37 Equine
38 Proverb; maxim
39 Exclamation used for rebuking
40 Russian community
41 Impresses
43 Refuse
44 Sheltered inlet
45 Import
46 Twisted; contorted
47 Reduces gradually
48 Hiding place
50 Salt
51 Scarf
54 Haircloth (plural)
58 Genus of liliaceous plants
59 Negotiate
61 House (Spanish)
62 The young of the coalfish
63 Obliterate
64 Ridges of drift
65 Objects aimed at in any efforts
66 Unit of force in physics (plural)
67 Ornamental knobs

VERTICAL

1 Cicatrix
2 Halt
3 Objects used as mediums for the revelation of God's will (Exodus xxviii)
4 To deck out with vulgar finery
5 A younger branch of a family
6 Salutations
7 Margin
8 Actor's side remark (plural)
9 Object taken by savages as a clan or personal emblem
10 Signified
11 Goddess of the rainbow (classical myth.)
12 Coin of India
13 Ovule
21 Cheerless
23 One of many small loops forming an edging or border
25 Mat
26 Stop!
27 Squander
28 Month of the Jewish calendar
29 Scrape with the fore foot
31 Report
32 A fruit
33 Becomes withered
35 Form of to be
36 Mother of Osiris (Egyptian myth.)
38 Small herring
39 Essay
42 Deriders
43 Crude metal
44 Cotton cloth (plural)
46 Long light rowboat
47 Comrade
49 Quoted
50 Locations
51 Part of the neck
52 Ardor; dash
53 Measure for wood
54 A special state of affairs
55 That which is formed in a mold
56 Biblical character sometimes called Edom
57 Variety of carnelian
60 Bear young

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| M | A | S | S | | M | A | O | R | I | | S | C | O | W |
| A | L | T | O | | A | S | T | E | R | | T | O | D | A |
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| M | A | Y | A | C | A | | | Y | O | K | E | L | S | |
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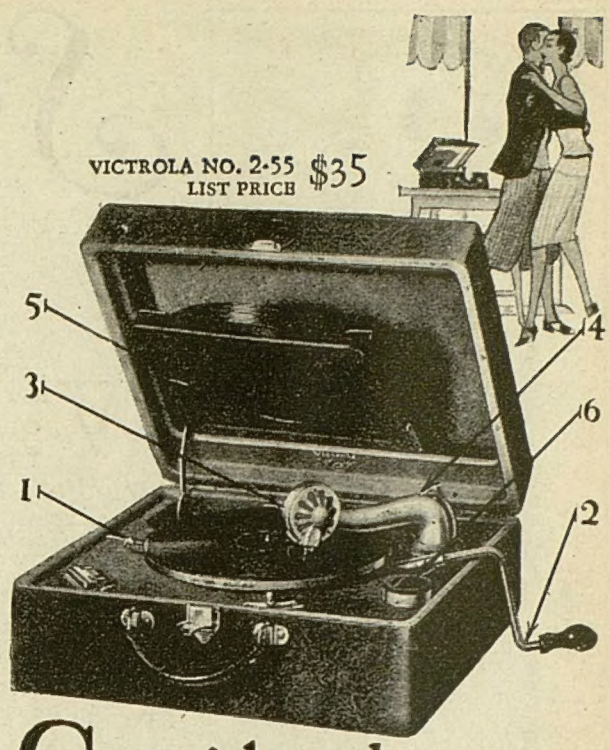
Answer to last week's puzzle


# Consider these points and *hear the Portable* Victrola

You can carry the portable Victrola like a handbag anywhere you can go yourself. Yet it gives you real music—has real Victrola volume and richness. It means a lot more music pleasure at camp, over the week-end, on the picnic... outdoors and in.

*6 Victor Features*

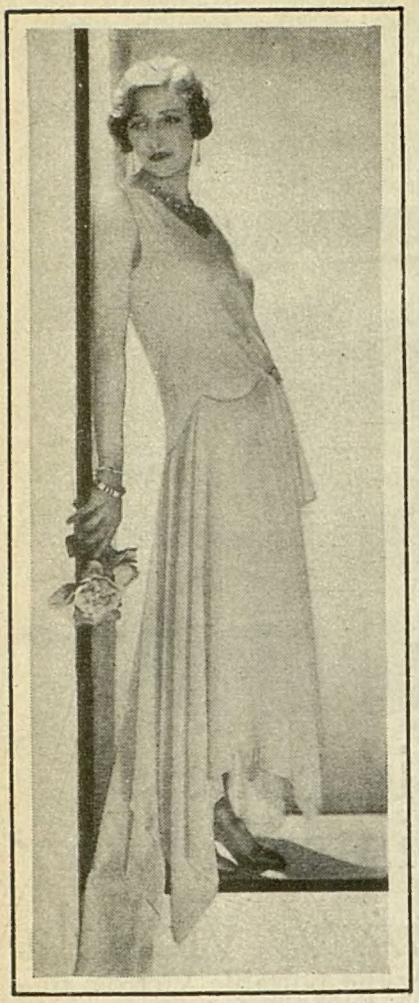
1. *The automatic brake.* The portable Victrola turns itself off after every Victor record is played. An essential convenience outdoors and in!
2. *The special winding feature.* No knocks and bruises. When you wind *this* portable your hand travels in a wide unobstructed circle.
3. *The Orthophonic type sound box.* An exclusive Victor development that insures wonderful depth and realism that modern dancers and music-lovers demand.
4. *Gold-plated or gold-lacquered metal parts.* In every detail of appearance the portable Victrola is an aristocrat. All-steel construction is covered by rich durable fabric.
5. *Combination record container and lid release.* Holds ten 10-inch records.
6. *Special clip and well for tungstone and steel needles.* Nothing has been sacrificed to make this instrument an unfailing joy wherever it is played.

Even at a greater price there is nothing like the portable Victrola. The ideal instrument for the apartment. Don't be content with less.

*Portable* Victrola

# Shock Styles

By
Bettina Bedwell



*From Mlles. St. Claire comes this ravishing dinner dress.*

*Paris.*

WHENEVER a big change comes in fashions, there is a period of shock styles. Shock styles are, at this moment, taking the brunt of a concentrated attack in Paris. They are so different that they catapult the average imagination into revolt. Style habits are disturbed. Flapper fashions are in retreat before siren styles, and the lay world is shouldering arms to defend the rout.

I am told every day, "American women will never accept these new Paris fashions," and every day I see the fashionable American wearing them around Paris. There is nothing startling about these very long, beautifully molded dresses. They are, it is true, radicals, forsaking every precept of the short-skirted, childish mode that is still being worn by many women. This latter was, in its beginning, a shock style — shocking to most people and most bitterly attacked on all sides. And now it seems staid and reliable to eyes thoroughly accustomed to seeing women wear it.

Women, and people generally, didn't mind the new long-skirted, fitted mode when it came out only in the evening. The general attitude toward evening clothes is tolerant, because evening is a time for enjoyment. It is the sure, insidious spread of this fashion to our daytime apparel that is causing the rumpus.

The worst that can be said of the new mode is that it is fascinatingly feminine—a bit of a siren, and more than a little sophisticated. It appears to this trained eye to be a fashion that will go a long way to reënvelop woman in her ancient garment of mystery and charm.

*Worth's most successful evening gown, in three shades of gray tulle.*

*Lanvin adds two entrancing silver-embroidered wings to this black faille frock.*

But in the meantime, and between times, there are constantly increasing numbers of women who are going out among men and doing a man's work. What about them? The only thing the Paris couturiers have done in their case is to bring the sports skirt down a few inches below the knees, and to lift the waistline correspondingly. On the other hand, when these busy women are free to play around, Paris wants them to wear the new shock styles. And very few women are holding out against them.

These fashions are attacking the smart head and the feet no less. Hats for autumn are going to be flattering and feminine to the *n*th degree, with flowers, feathers, velvet, and so forth to adorn them. But you will hear more of this anon. Slippers are getting daintier and more ladylike, and introducing into their make-up fabric leathers, printed like silk or tweed, and they are more ornamental than practical in shape.

*Talbot makes a skirt both long and short for this dress.*

THE first model in our group of shock styles is a frock of white crêpe from Mlles. St. Claire. It has a molded bodice, cut with daytime décolletage and without sleeves. The skirt is circular, and dips in points at the bottom.

A new black satin dinner dress from Suzanne Talbot is shown in the upper right-hand corner. This model is a compromise between the new and the old, being short and girlish, with sophisticated trailing tiered panels.

A dress that has done more to gain victory for the new shock styles than any other is shown in our lowest photograph. It is from Worth, who has copied it for half a hundred of the most distinguished women in Europe, American and others. It is in three shades of gray tulle, with a brief waist and very much skirt indeed.

Our center photograph shows a Jeanne Lanvin frock of black faille which has the fitted and flared line of the shock mode, and a very clever Lanvin detail, which is two silver-incrusted wings at the back of the décolletage.

* * *

Lyon fabric makers predict an almost total eclipse of printed silks for fall and winter.

London is flooding Paris with lighter than feather-weight tweeds—four and one-half ounces to the yard. Moiré, broadcloth, crêpe satin, and transparent velvet are forecast by Paris for fall.

# The only complexion soap scientifically approved by America's eminent dermatologists*

I WONDER if you realize just what it means to *you* that Camay has a scientific approval such as no other soap in all history has ever had.

It means that when you cleanse your face with Camay's soft, exquisitely fragrant lather, you are giving it the finest beauty treatment there is! More—this is just the kind of prescription you would receive if you personally consulted the eminent dermatologists in our largest American cities who are the foremost authorities on the care of the skin.

Why do you suppose these eminent physicians, who have made the skin and its care their life work, gave Camay this unique approval?

I'll tell you—simply because their careful examination of Camay's formula and their numerous tests on every type of feminine skin convinced them that Camay is pure and unusually mild.

I can't tell you the names of these physicians, for they are scientists who are not interested in publicity. But I can tell you *about* them. Fifty-five are professors of dermatology in forty of the great medical schools. Eighteen are consultants at metropolitan hospitals and clinics. All are leading practitioners of dermatology in their communities.

Many of them sent a personal word in addition to their formal approval.

A professor emeritus of dermatology in a large Southern medical school writes:

"The soap lathers beautifully and quickly, leaving the skin with no trace of harshness or dryness."

Another professor of dermatology in a great medical school in the Northwest says:

"I find that Camay lathers freely and that it is remarkably unirritating to the skin."

But none of these things will surprise you, I think, after you've tried Camay for a week. I know that *my* complexion welcomed Camay from the very first night I used it and I'm sure yours will, too. Won't you give it a chance—now?

Helen Chase

**Face Your World With Loveliness** is a free booklet of advice from America's leading dermatologists about skin care. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-89, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**CAMAY 10¢ A CAKE**

**★What is a dermatologist?**

The title of dermatologist rightfully belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

W. Allen Pusey M.D.

(Dr. Pusey is a former president of the American Medical Association, editor of The Archives of Dermatology, and Professor Emeritus of Dermatology at the University of Illinois.)

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# *High-powered* SCREEN-GRID *Radiolas* 44 AND 46

RCA RADIOLA 44—*High-powered Screen-Grid receiver operated by house current (A. C.). Local-and-distance switch. Two-in-one control, magnifying station reader.* *$110 (less Radiotrons)*

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The new Screen-Grid Radiolas are the result of years of research by the great staff of research engineers in the laboratories of General Electric, Westinghouse and RCA.

These high-powered, compact Radiolas mark another great forward step in the refinement of radio design. They are built around the marvelous new Screen-Grid Radiotrons and the special Screen-Grid circuit developed in the RCA laboratories.

Not only more power—but much greater control of this power—as revolutionary an improvement in radio as the development of the RCA alternating-current Radiotron.

Radiolas always embody the newest and best in radio because they are backed by all the world's knowledge of radio design. Year after year they set the standard of fine workmanship and fine performance.

When selecting a new radio set for your home make sure of RCA quality throughout by seeing that it is an RCA Radiola, equipped with RCA Radiotrons and an RCA Loudspeaker.

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*On the convenient RCA Time Payment Plan.*

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RCA RADIOLA 46 — *Screen-Grid receiver combined with the incomparable RCA Electro-Dynamic Loudspeaker in a richly designed cabinet.* *$179 (less Radiotrons)*

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